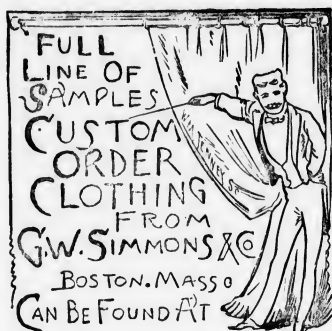


No. 1.

The BATES STUDENT





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VOL. XVII.

JANUARY, 1889.

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THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

H. J. PIPER,	E. W. MORRELL,
A. N. PEASLEE,	G. H. HAMLEN,
N. F. SNOW,	H. B. DAVIS.
H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.	

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy, 10 cents.

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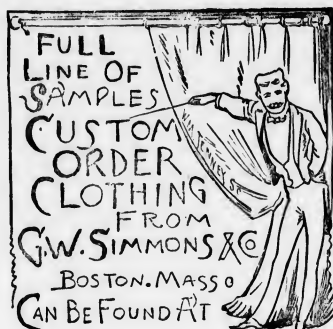
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WE often err in making our reading desultory instead of consecutive. We read books that have no special connection, and frequently hurry through them with no special purpose, unless it be to pass away time. We should make some plan and read for some definite object. If we should take up a line of thought and read upon that, the same as we do on our essays and debates, we should lay up a store of knowledge



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that we should not soon forget. We should become specialists. No person can read long on any subject without becoming a specialist.

Consecutive reading refers not only to the difficult subjects, but also to the lighter ones; to novels as well as to English history. Indeed there are many novels that *should* be read in connection with English history.

After the reading has been carried as far as is convenient, a brief summary should be written. By this method the thoughts will be indelibly impressed upon the memory, and the different books we have read will present one continuous story. It is better to know a few things well than many indifferently.

THERE is no reason why we can not have a successful year at Bates. Everything about the college indicates success. That dear old man, called Athletics, so much mourned here a year ago, has returned to us with his physical system very much strengthened and improved. Now we have within our reach the means of physical training, as well as moral and intellectual. We come to college to be developed. A good education consists, not in stuffing the intellectual faculties, but in wisely training all the natures—the physical as well as the moral and intellectual. Each must be developed; each must yield something to satisfy the demands of the other. The exclusive development of any one will not make a complete man or woman, any more than a highly ornamental piazza makes a house. The

neglect, especially of the physical, may produce serious results. It is safe to say that the frequent tendency among students towards discontent, unhappiness, and inaction, is usually the outgrowth of neglect in physical training. It is the harmonious development of these three natures that makes the fully developed man. So let us train the body as well as the mind. The two were made to go together; one would not be used without the other. Let us take hold of each department of training with energy, and with an iron will to make each yield its best results. Then, when another new year comes, we can look back with satisfaction over the work of the past, and feel that that year was a year of happiness and success.

AMONG the improvements which we hope to welcome in the near future is one which will make some, if not all of us, rejoice. We refer to the proposed introduction of bathing facilities into the gymnasium. A young man who went West from Kennebec County said that, after being accustomed to the Kennebec river for a bathtub, he did not like to bathe in a thimble; and many a Bates boy can sympathize with him. If it be true that "Cleanliness is akin to Godliness," then surely the facilities for cleanliness should be first class. Some of us who have seen the neat, convenient bathrooms at Bowdoin have felt a twinge of envy. But have courage; we are promised some here soon. The introduction of steam into Hathorn Hall makes them possible. And then no

longer will the hapless student, who longs to have at least one good bath before he graduates, be obliged to walk a mile down town and pay a quarter for the privilege. Nor will he need to splash around in a wash-bowl in a cold room. But with modern conveniences close at hand, what has been a bugbear to many, and sometimes neglected, we fear, will become a pleasant pastime.

LAMENTABLE indeed is it, in the end of this century of progress, to see a young man in college, with all the grand opportunities of life before him, frittering away his time playing cards. Yet many do it, with perhaps little thought whether the practice is good or bad. We invite such to consider carefully, seriously, and candidly, the following arraignment of card-playing.

It wastes your time. It wastes your energy. It unfits you for serious thought or study. It belittles you by narrowing your range of thought. As a recreation it is unhealthy, for it usually confines you to a close room. It makes you no better. It makes no one else better. If it does not injure you, it may injure some other who follows your example. It presents great temptation to be dishonest, and thereby weakens your moral fibre, and paves the way to gambling, drinking, and disgrace. You would condemn a Christian who played cards, and thus you condemn yourself, for you have no license to do worse than he. Really great and good men are not given to the habit. It is not what a man would wish to do during the last day or hour of his life,

and therefore he should not do it at all, for he knows not when his summons may come. It does help to kill time, but be sure that murdered time will take vengeance on its murderer.

Now, sir, any of these charges is enough to condemn the practice. Does it have a hold on you? Then for your own sake, for the sake of all who love you and for the sake of all you hold dear, shake it off as you would shake off a viper.

IT must be so because you say so." Often has the writer heard these words, in jest or earnest. Yet they contain an untruth that not every one notices. Nothing is true because any *man* says it is. Only God can say, "My word is truth," and as young men seeking truth we shall do well to remember this. A great name is not enough to prove the truth of any man's opinion. Neither does it follow, because his reasoning is keen and forcible, that his conclusions are true. Especially do we need to use caution in accepting theories. No matter how plausible, or how well supported they may be, the supreme question to be asked of each one is, Is this true? All depends on the answer to that.

For instance: Darwin has advanced a very skillful, well-argued theory of the descent of man; but all his logic cannot make his *theory* the *truth*. Whether he was right or wrong, the truth remains the same, and all he has said about it has not changed it one iota. Furthermore, we should also remember that belief in anything does not prove its truth. Though every man,

woman, and child, in the world, should believe Darwin's theory, it might still be false. If belief of anything proved its truth, then we should have the absurdity of a system of truth for every man, differing somewhat from that of every other man. But nothing is easier than to be mistaken, and it is often easier to believe a lie than the truth, especially when the lie seems to favor us while the truth is apparently against us. But "Truth is mighty, and shall prevail," and wise is he who gives nothing the support of his hearty belief, till he is fully assured of its truth.

WE are glad to see a lively interest taken in the exercises of the gymnasium. Such exercises are almost indispensable to every healthy and vigorous student. The many benefits to be derived from physical training can not be overvalued, and, we are glad to say, the students of Bates are not slow to take advantage of them. Yet, young man, while you are reaping the fruits of this opportunity, be sure to guard against an error into which some have already fallen,—an error of devoting too much time to gymnastic exercises. Remember that the object of the gymnasium is not to send forth trained athletes, but to supply the physical needs of the students. If you can become a good athlete from the exercise your physical nature demands, that is all right; but if you indulge in superfluous exercises, merely to acquire the act of making graceful handsprings or of turning back-somersaults, that is all wrong. You have

thrown away the golden moments which you ought to have given to study or to some other nobler pursuit. Remember that such attainments will not prepare you to fight life's battles. You must make yourself a man mentally as well as physically. To do this you must train the body and the mind to go together like a span of horses. Each must have its share of your time. Then devote as much time to gymnastic exercises as your physical system demands, and then diligently apply yourself in the development and expansion of your mental and intellectual capacities.

SOME one, commenting on "Robert Elsmere," has said that people will be compelled to read the Bible by and by because it is fashionable. Much as we may desire such an event, we can hardly expect it in this country just at present. But we do notice, with pleasure, a growing inclination to introduce some of the Greek of the New Testament as an elective in our colleges. Several, we believe, have already done so.

Like every other question there are two sides to this. There is the disadvantage of having a translation in common use. But any student so minded can procure a translation of any Greek read in college. It may also be urged that the Greek of the New Testament differs from that of classical authors. So does Homer. Yet no one says we must therefore not read Homer.

On the other hand, some of the Greek in the New Testament is very fine;

and some passages, in Paul's Epistles for instance, are difficult enough to satisfy the most exacting. We can easily conceive that, in the hands of the right professor, its study could be made very interesting and profitable. Doubtless one reason why it has been neglected so long has been the prejudice or fear of prejudice against it. But in these days, that seems a very trivial excuse. We certainly hope before long to see it among the electives of at least one term at Bates.

HOW often are we discouraged when thinking of the work that remains for us to do. There are so many duties to perform that we lose confidence in our ability to perform them. We have all read the fable of the pendulum that, thinking of the number of times it would be required to tick in the next twenty-four hours, decided to stop. But, on being convinced that it would be required to tick only once at a time, and would always be allowed one second to vibrate, decided to move on again. No matter how many duties we have to perform, we should remember that we shall be required to perform only one at a time.

We should never let our doubts interfere with our obligations. When we begin to doubt we lessen our ability to perform. Shakespeare says:

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt."

Cornell etiquette requires that no lady recognize a gentleman acquaintance on the university grounds.

LITERARY.

NATURA.

By A. C. T., '88.

I have often stood by an artist's side,
Till I've come to partake of the artist's pride;
The picture he paints is unfinished still,
But I watch as it grows at the master's will.

No old-time paintings are half so grand
As this growing work of a living hand;
For picture and painter both grow dear,
As I watch the painting year by year.

And the painting grows more grand to me,
As the master's purpose I learn to see;
And I watch as each master-stroke is wrought,
Till I learn to think with the master's thought.

And it may be this picture to me so grand,
Is only play for that master hand,
For Nature takes ever the future tense,
The nascent will of Omnipotence.

And who shall say but the birth of time
In the days to come will be more sublime;
Or that future forms will not be more fair
Than ever were seen in earth or air?

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

By B. H., '90.

IN the fourteenth century, under the reign of Edward III., England had attained an outward splendor never before equaled since the time of the Norman conquest. Its foreign wars were successful, its wealth increased, and its chivalry advanced to a high degree. The time was one of unbounded luxury. Elegance in dress and manners was of supreme importance, it being said that even the old-time hospitality had in some cases to be abandoned, that extravagance in dress might be carried to a greater extent. How delusive was all this splendor is disclosed by even a cursory glance at the real England of the four-

teenth century; for, during the reign of Edward III., the terrible pestilence known as the "black death" swept four successive times over the country, lessening the population by one-half. Moreover, Edward himself, although successful for a time in his foreign invasions, was by no means a popular sovereign, and the feeling against him grew more and more intense as his good fortune gradually deserted him; so that England, which, during the early part of his reign, was in the full glory of a war for conquest, was later, only by a desperate struggle, able to hold its own ground.

The church, too, although full of wealth, was also full of corruption. As a result, the people resisted little by little its unlimited power, and, as time went on, lost their faith in the many friars. Then, too, the assimilation of the Normans and English, although steadily going on, was not yet fully completed. Nor had literature of any note yet shown itself in England. Langland had, it is true, written some few works worthy of attention, but aside from him, the writers of the country were obscure.

At this time there appeared a man who was to make the English world for all subsequent time resound with his name and praise. But when or where he made his first appearance is unknown. Strange as it may seem, the early life of England's first great poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, is enveloped in impenetrable obscurity. By many the year 1328 is set as the date of his birth, and by as many contradicted. Oxford is claimed by one as the poet's

Alma Mater; Cambridge, by another. Nothing definite of his life is known until the year 1357, when we find him mentioned as a member of the court. For part, if not all of the time from 1357 to 1367 he was in the service of the monarch's third son, Lionel; and it was probably in the retinue of this prince that he made the expedition into France, where he was taken and held prisoner until released by the payment, on the part of the king, of sixteen pounds. After this year we find him the *valet de chambre* to the king, receiving for his services an annual payment of twenty marks. From the period of his captivity to his entering the king's service nothing is known of his life, but it is during this time that his marriage is thought to have occurred. Over this important event hangs as thick a veil as over his youth. But it is supposed that he then married Philippa Rouet, then maid of Elizabeth, wife of John of Gaunt, and afterwards of Queen Philippa herself. That his marriage was entirely satisfactory to himself we have reasons to doubt, if the many hints in his various poems can be applied to himself. But if nothing else, his wife brought him annually ten extra marks from the queen, which, with his own twenty, enabled him to live in a manner suited to his comfort. That he was held in good esteem at court is evident from the fact that he soon became the royal esquire of the household, was sent on various missions to foreign countries, was made a member of Parliament, and finally became clerk of the king's works at Westminster.

All the more strange does it seem that he who was so esteemed by the court, and who was to become the greatest poet of his time, should have left so little of his life known to the world. The appreciation of a writer's works and influence increases as civilization advances, and to how great a degree can be nowhere better seen than in the life of Chaucer. The saying "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," might read with almost equal truth, A prophet is not without honor save in his own time. Not that Chaucer failed of respect and appreciation during his life, but a tenth part of the admiration now excited by his works would have brought to light his whole life from beginning to end.

The first of Chaucer's works of any note is a translation of a poem of Guillaume Lorris, "La Roman de la Rose." This poem, famous in itself as a French production, was rendered even more so by the admirable translation given by Chaucer. Although looked upon with contempt by Petrarch and others of his time, yet in general it was eagerly read and much admired. In this was shown that wonderful skill in the choice of words to which Chaucer owes much of his fame. One peculiarity of the great poet was his failure to admit his indebtedness to the works so often translated and copied by him, and so largely instrumental in insuring him popularity.

Following this translation, besides minor poems, were written, "Troilus and Cressida," the idea of which was taken from one of Boccaccio's works, "The Flower and the Leaf," "The

Legend of Good Women," and his greatest work, "The Canterbury Tales." In this latter he is thought to be again indebted to Boccaccio, whose Decameron first suggested a poem of this nature to his mind. A subject like this affords a chance for great variety of characters and requires for successful treatment a faithful study of human nature. For all sorts of persons are found among the pilgrims, from the poor parson to the avaricious money seeker. Humor and pathos are introduced into this poem with wonderful skill, while all pains are taken that it may prove interesting to the different readers. How long Chaucer was in writing this poem is unknown, but it is commonly attributed to the last twelve years of his life. Why it was left unfinished—whether because it was the writer's purpose to change the plan laid out in the prologue, or from other reasons—can never be answered; but like so many other things connected with his life, can only lie open to conjecture.

That Chaucer's was a mind influenced by the works of others, there can be no doubt. Not only was he given to translating from authors of other nations, but he also possessed the power of working over an idea suggested by his reading until he made it suit his own purpose. The influence of the French upon his mind was by no means slight, but that of the Italian poets, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio was even greater. Of these, while he greatly admired Dante, yet he was, unconsciously perhaps, influenced by the latter two, and by Boccaccio most of

all. The lofty passion and nobleness of Dante are wanting in Chaucer. A coarser fiber was in his nature more akin to that of Boccaccio. Yet brightness, imagination, humor, versatility, and pathos were all there blended together, forming the mind that has conceived so many productions of unmistakable beauty. The good that he did the literature of his native land cannot be estimated. His style was constantly imitated by succeeding writers, and the name applied to him, "Father of English Poetry," is one of which he was not undeserving.

Chaucer was a student and great reader, devouring with eagerness whatever books came in his way. Love of nature was strong in him, as it must be in every true poet, and as can be seen from the pretty touches found in so many of his poems. Lively and gay in disposition, he was continually bubbling over with mirth, a mirth equaled only by keen satire.

Of his appearance, the best description left us is that given by the Host in the "Canterbury Tales," in which he is spoken of as "an elderly, rather than an aged gentleman, clad in a dark gown and hood, with features mild but expressive, with just a suspicion, certainly no more, of saturnine or sarcastic humor."

AT TWILIGHT.

By M. S. M., '91.

A sky of gloom, a landscape dim; bare trees
With wind-swept boughs that wildly sway and
reel;
A river glistening in the fading light
With cold dead lustre, like a blade of steel.

Brown shadowy uplands swept by moaning
winds;
Dark forests sighing over frozen rills;
Cold spectral gleams of whiteness where, last
night,
The feet of winter, passing, touched the hills.

December twilight falling over all,
Weaving weird shadows in each dusky place,
Folding the sombre world in deeper night,
As if to hide from the dull heavens her face.

A scene that fills our very souls with gloom,
And chills our hearts with shadowy, formless,
fears;

"O, cold, bleak world," we say; the wailing
wind,

The moaning waves, make discord in our ears.

Dim and unlovely, with its brightness gone,
Like a dead world it looks to our dull eyes,
Yet all unmarred, unchanged through storm
and calm,
Deep beneath all a hidden beauty lies.

And through these sounds, that seem to us like
strife,

Is Nature's music flowing sweet and strong;
No pause is there in that fine harmony,
No jarring discord breaks the endless song.

MOUNT DAVID.

By A. N. P., '90.

EVERY student, who has heard much
of Bates College, knows that
Mount David is one of the attractions
of her campus, and comes expecting
much from it. Therefore his first sight
is a disappointment. In contemptuous
surprise, he exclaims, Is *that* the
hill of which so much is told? That
bald rock fringed with bushes and a
few tall pines? It is not worth a second
thought. Thus he turns away and
never really looks at it to catch its
varied expression. Many students live
four years under its shadow without
gaining any better idea of it than this:
For Ruskin's saying, "Few men read
what the sky has to say to them," may

be broadened to include the eloquent world of nature near at hand.

The hill rises about one hundred feet above the surrounding plain. The north slope is gradual, but the other sides are steep, hard climbing, except by the winding paths. The slope is nearly bare, and the west side has only a few small maples and solitary pines. But the east and south sides are clothed with groves of oak, maple and hard pine, and the occasional gleam of a silvery birch is seen among the darker trunks. Through the trees rises the rock-summit, naked as if it would suffer nothing to obstruct its view of the inspiring sky.

This is a meagre outline; yet it presents more than many who daily pass the mountain know of its moods and beauties. It is like a face one often sees upon the street and gives no further thought; but like that face, again, it is capable of a warm friendship. First give it cordial greeting; then study it at every season and hour, under sun and moon and cloud and storm. In spring its buds are bursting with the universal life; among its rocks the scarlet columbine and starry saxifrage spring up, and around it as a shrine the birds pour forth their glad-some matin song. In summer its groves offer grateful shades by noon, and the evening breezes play coolest around its heated ledges. Titian-like Autumn here lays on his brightest colors, softened by umber oak and golden birch, and the climber finds an under-color of rare old wine upon its black-berry vines. Even cold-hearted Winter warms towards it, and I have seen

its glittering sides as rosy as a poet's Alpine fancy beneath the finger of the setting sun.

The friend of the mountain must not forget to study it at all hours of the day, by sunrise and sunset, at high noon and under the reigning stars. He must be as faithful in beating storms as when the skies are fair, the friend of its adversity as well as its prosperity. Then he will learn with Emerson that

"Yonder ragged cliff
Has thousand faces in a thousand hours."

The best acquaintance, however, must be sought in a closer relationship. To learn the whole, one should climb to the summit and see, besides the beauties of the mountain side, the broader view around. It is a regular basin, bounded east by low hills three miles away. The distance increases, turning left or right, to Mount Gile and Lake Auburn in the northwest, and the hills of Poland in the southwest, till the eye catches a glimpse of the White Mountains, a hundred miles toward the setting sun. Every part of the basin is filled with suggestive details. The near view east is the tree-tops and buildings of the college campus; south, the steeples and chimneys of Lewiston, and west, the tree-hidden houses of Auburn, beyond the Androscoggin. The river, bending into sight by the Switzerland Road, above the rushing rapids, comes winding down through the open country to the north.

But all these real and fancied beauties of the mountain are of slight value in the eyes of most loyal sons of Bates,

compared with the old associations that cluster around it. It is the memories of pleasant hours, spent on or near it, that make us sing in the old Bates song,

"The mountain by the campus
We shall not soon forget."

THE HILLS OF GOD.

By G. H., '90.

"Beyond the sunset lie the hills of God."
—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

I have stood, when the daylight was fading,
And gazed at the glorious west,
With its wonderful touches of shading,
And hues like the isles of the blest.

When the clouds that have hindered his shining,
Catch fire from the sun sinking low,
And display to our eyes the rich lining
That mellows the sweet afterglow.

I have seen, in the midst of the splendor,
A shaft of such pure, golden light,
That a ladder, it seemed, light and slender,
Reaching down to the realms of night.

At the foot it was narrow and glowing;
But as it ascended the blue,
Like a stream that is lost in its flowing,
It faded and vanished from view.

Just as if, from the infinite distance,
Its light could no longer come back;
Or as if we need not its assistance
To follow its unerring track.

But in fancy, sometimes, I am thinking
It reaches the hills of our God;
Just beyond where the sun, in his sinking,
Lights up the bright paths he has trod.

And then over my spirit comes stealing
This method of comfort and peace,
That the land over yonder has healing
For the woes that on earth never cease.

And beyond where, in darkness and sadness,
Our sun must go down in the west,
Lie those hills in their beauty and gladness,
That land with its blessings of rest.

WORLDLY SUCCESS AN EVIDENCE OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL WORTH.

By M. B., '90.

WORLDLY success may be considered under three heads, the question of wealth, of fame, and of high social position. Many other things, as honor, influence, and power, suggest themselves to the mind, as being elements of success, but these will be found to be regular accompaniments of those already mentioned.

I propose to consider each of these divisions in turn, and to ask of each separately, first—Is this an evidence of moral worth? secondly—Is this an evidence of intellectual worth?

Following this plan the first question, Is success in the acquisition of wealth an evidence of moral worth? needs no discussion. Stories of persons that have amassed wealth by swindling and by every form of dishonesty are familiar to all. Few, indeed, are so fortunate as not to have some such characters among their personal acquaintances. The name of Jay Gould, familiar to all, although it suggests the idea of great wealth, certainly does not suggest the idea of great moral worth. The second question, Is the acquisition of wealth an evidence of intellectual worth? is less easily disposed of. Many are so entirely destitute of the ability to get rich, that those who have it, seem, at first thought, to possess some great intellectual power, far above that of ordinary beings. There is, indeed, a certain shrewdness that seems to be necessary for money making, and this

shrewdness is often mistaken for intellect. But a careful study of the rich men that come under our observation will reveal the error of this supposition. Few will be found who could be called intellectual men, and some, even, of whom it is commonly said, "That man knows how to make money, but that is all he does know."

Fame will have to be discussed with reference to the means by which it is acquired, prominent among which are success in military affairs, in literature, in oratory, and in politics. Napoleon Bonaparte, Lord Byron, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Grover Cleveland, and many others who might be mentioned, show that success can be obtained in each of these departments without moral worth. The question, Is political honor an evidence of moral worth? would call up the smile of sarcasm on the faces of many who have enjoyed it. In fact, politics have become so corrupt that the best men have given up all interference with them, to such an extent that the word politician has almost come to be a synonym of scoundrel. As to intellectual worth some special genius is generally necessary to gain fame, but this genius is not a proof of great intellect. A person can scarcely be called intellectual who possesses a talent for one thing only, even though he have it in such a degree as to gain fame by it.

The successful generals have, undoubtedly, been extraordinary men, but they have not always been all that one would expect an intellectual man to be. Grant is said to have been a very ordinary youth, graduating at West Point

twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, and displaying no especial ability in any direction until after the outbreak of the war. Many persons who were below the average in most of the so-called intellectual qualities, have had wonderful success in writing. Anthony Trollope, one of the most popular novelists of our day, was such a very dull scholar, that, although he enjoyed fair opportunities, he hardly acquired a grammar school education.

Success in oratory depends as much on the manner of speaking as on the thought, and perhaps even more. If a person is eloquent, he can present very ordinary thoughts in such a way as to make people consider him very smart. Robert G. Ingersoll, by arguments that seem to most intellectual persons perfectly absurd, leads men, under the spell of his eloquence, to reject the Bible and their God.

The characteristics of the successful politician are, a certain kind of eloquence, ability to get on the popular side of all questions of the day, and energy in pushing the interests of his constituency. These are not qualities requiring great intellect, certainly, although their possessor seems to the people that load him with honors one of the greatest heroes on earth.

High social position in our country can generally be gained by wealth or by fame. There is, however, a certain class of society that demands something more than this. It has been said that the chief requisite for admission to the circles of the Boston aristocracy is a diploma from one of our old colleges. Whether or not this is an evi-

dence of intellect. I leave the reader to judge.

It would be absurd to try to prove that no one of intellectual or moral worth ever becomes rich, or famous, or holds a high social position. Nor is it essential to the argument. The point is not that worldly success is an evidence that moral and intellectual worth do not exist, but simply that it is not an evidence that they do exist. Many men and women of notable morality and intellect have enjoyed wealth, fame, social position, and all that worldly success means. Yet, if any large number of people have gained this success without these qualities, it cannot be said to be an evidence of them. In short, if it is true that wealth, or fame, or high social position, is often gained without moral and intellectual worth, it is true that worldly success is not an evidence of moral and intellectual worth.

GABRIEL.

By T. H. S., '76.

With step irregular and slow,
Scarce moving oftentimes, we go,
Goal-ward. The dream of earth, of heaven—
Perfected human life—is given
To slumb'ring youth; yet hardly more
Than dream it is, which hastes away
With Phœbus' steeds that bring the day
The purpose testing. Memory
Of dreams! Like evening clouds they lay
Close knit about life's sunset way,
The largest need in all its store.

Why so? I hear the sound of feet
That hurry haste on every street.
The clarion call to work, the air
Is filling. Onward, everywhere
The people surge, their purpose set
As ocean waves, that smite the crags
And kiss the stars; he fails who lags,
He laughs whose censor shows no debt.

The pages writ with human deeds
We see; the racer runs and reads.
Kind hands to noble conquests beck,
And signals mark the place of wreck.
What heart can faint? 'Tis seen full well
No migrant bird, no flowers that blow
The thorny hedge beside, can know
As we the Father's love: yet so
Implicit are their lives, they dwell
In trust complete, and praises tell.
But why our purpose falls so low
Has been revealed through Gabriel.

Then come, and wait, and listen well,
To learn a truth from Gabriel.
The eastern sky with modest blush
Announced the coming sun. The hush
Of night was gone. The city dear
To prophet, priest, and king, and all
The tribe of Israel, the call
To prayer had heard; and fall
Of reeds, storm-pressed on marshy mere,
Is like the people's kneeling, near
The place they entered not for fear.

They knelt in silence, not a word
They said; but where their wish was heard
It cried: "O when from Zion here
Shall the redeeming Lord appear?
Deliver us. Deliver us."
Within the holy place close by
The incense altar, solemnly
The priest his spices lit with fire;
And as the smoke curled high and higher
He raised his face of strong desire
And cried: "O when from Zion here
Shall the redeeming Lord appear?
Deliver us. Deliver us."

His eyelids fell, when lo! In light
Divine, an Angel met his sight.
God's messenger, with radiant face
Stood there, to speak with tender grace,
And say: "Thy prayer is heard; the day
Is near at hand, in which he whom
Thy soul is pleading for shall come.
With joy and gladness from thy home
Shall go the herald of his way."

And so the prayer was answered; high
Might praise ascend, the day-spring nigh;
But fear and trembling him possessed
Who by the altar stood. "What guest
Is this? Who dares this sacred place
To enter now? Who can this be
That speaks with such authority?

Thy mission quickly tell to me;"
Demands the priest. So oft pray we
And pray with incredulity;
Nor know, nor take our answers free
By heaven sent, rare gifts of grace.

This Angel touched his lyre when time
Was waking. Thoughts of God sublime
He knew; and oft on salient wing
Had sped on errands for his King.
On Ulai's banks long years ago
The seer's sight he led afar;
And when this morning set ajar
Her gates; to him was said, "His star
Will soon arise, the doubts that mar
Men's hopes, no longer need debar
Their peace. Go thou and tell them so."

He looked around, 'twas heaven indeed.
He looked to earth, and there was need.
No beauty was so beautiful
To him, as being dutiful.
"Bearing some part a race to save,
Wherever such a work is given,
Is living still the life of heaven,"
He said: and spread his wings of driven
Snow, work to do, that all might crave.

He left star after star behind:
And worlds, which worlds can never find.
Companion spirits everywhere,
At love's behest, moved through the air.
Their call he answered not; nor could
He wait, nor let his pinions rest,
Until the place his feet had pressed,
By which the incense altar stood.

And now was doubted what he spoke.
'Twas never so before. It woke
His Godlike fire, and with his hands
Uplifted, "*He I am who stands
Within the presence of thy God,*"
He answered back. Ashamed and meek
The priest bowed low, essayed to speak
In vain, and ne'er his voice was heard
Again, until the Angel's word
Accomplished was. At length he stirred
The embers, but the fire was gone,
And he was standing there, alone.
Impatiently the people staid;
And knew, when he, so long delayed,
Came forth, and uttered not a word,
That he had been alone with God.

We call to-day for noble men,
And noble women, too, for when,

Say we, the noble come to rule,
Compose the law, conduct the school,
Make homes and all society,
Our goal-ward move will swifter be.
You have such here, you have them there:
They've always been, and everywhere.
And still what unbelief is rife!
What jealousy, and hate, and strife!
What high pretending chivalry!
Perfected life is far away.

There's *waiting* for the work and word
Of him who stands alone with God.
Alone with God! Then there will be
A silenced infidelity.
Alone with God! Not one can see
A cavil to such ministry.

You note the noble men I ween,
And women, who with timid mien
The hungry lions stand before,
In the arena's ruddy gore.
You hear them, "We about to die,
O Caesar, *Salutamus,*" cry.
But fear possesses them no more.

And who are these by love allied,
That stand the rugged cross beside?
Who hangs there, till the work is done
With nail and spear, which love begun?
Are these sweet spirits sent from heaven,
To whom no mortal griefs are given?
Nay, these are only humble men,
And maids with shy and modest grace,
With matrons mild; and every face
Shines like the sun: each dress is white
With heaven's celestial, sheeny light;
For they alone with God have been.

None but the truest souls may be
Examples for humanity.
And only forms of men are we
Who strive not for such mastery.
Sweet life! 'Tis worth the living well.
Behind, fond hope its promise brought;
Beyond, faith sees its purpose wrought;
And o'er to-day, broods love that's fraught
With power unanswerable, if he
Who gives, receives from deity:
As we have learned from Gabriel.

No student is admitted to the Chambersburg (Penn.) Academy who uses tobacco in any form.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student :

I enclose herewith the printed notice forwarded our alumni, so far as names and address were known, who live in this vicinity. I also enclose a list of alumni present, and a clipping from the *Boston Journal* giving an account of the proceedings. The number present was two more than ever before.

Our next dinner will be between Christmas, 1889, and New Year's. Please call special attention to the fact that all alumni, wherever they live, are cordially invited. It is considered a matter of right or privilege, and not of invitation. We send notices to those only who live in or near Boston, or those we think may possibly come. We wish to meet as many as can come.

Yours truly,

GEO. E. SMITH, *Secretary.*

The following is from the *Boston Journal* of December 28, 1888 :

BATES COLLEGE MEN.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL
DINNER OF THE BOSTON ALUMNI
AT YOUNG'S.

There were lawyers, doctors, journalists, clergymen, teachers, and representatives of other professions among the thirty-three gentlemen who attended the fifth annual dinner of the Bates College Alumni at Young's Hotel last evening. The special guest of the occasion was Prof. B. F. Hayes of the college Faculty, who is the oldest professor at the present time connected with the institution, excepting, of course, Prof. Stanton, who is a few years his senior as a Bates College professor. Last year Prof. Stanton was entertained as a guest by the Boston alumni.

As usual at these yearly gatherings the affair was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the alumni who attended. Before sitting down to dinner at 5.30 o'clock a short business meeting was held and the following officers were

elected: President, L. A. Burr, '79; Vice-President, F. A. Twitchell, '80; Secretary and Treasurer, George E. Smith, '73.

The retiring President, Mr. C. A. Bickford, '72, editor of the *Morning Star*, presided, and about 7 o'clock, after cigars were lighted, he called the company to order. After a few informal remarks himself he called upon Prof. Hayes as the first speaker of the evening. Upon rising to respond, the genial Professor was greeted with a storm of applause.

He spoke of the college at Lewiston as it is at present, and also of what it ought to be, referring to the needs of the institution. "Your *Alma Mater* could not give you a great name," he continued, "until you earned it," but she has helped you. The graduation from the college is but the commencement of life's struggles. It was not so much the amount of information to be got in college as it was the habits of application acquired. [Applause.] Professor Hayes also spoke of the great number of graduates of the college who had become school teachers. They were in the best position to influence the coming generation and ought to realize that fact.

The other speakers were Mr. E. C. Adams, '76; Mr. R. F. Jonhonnott, '79; Mr. C. A. Strout, '81; Mr. Roscoe Nelson, '87; Dr. C. A. Moores of Lawrence, '69; Rev. W. H. Bolster, '69, and Prof. G. C. Chase, '68. The latter is at present connected with the college. He believed Bates College had succeeded and her sons had. The reason why so many of the graduates of the college had adopted teaching was because they had the true instinct of a teacher. There were more graduates of Bates College at present Principals of New England city high schools than from any other college.

The rest of the evening was occupied in singing old college songs and general informality.

The alumni present were as follows : '68, G. C. Chase ; '69, W. H. Bolster, Dr. C. A. Moores ; '70, W. E. C. Rich ; '72, Geo. E. Gay, F. W. Baldwin, C. A. Bickford ; '73, F. Hutchinson, Geo. E. Smith ; '74, Thomas Spooner ; '75, H. S. Cowell, Dr. L. M. Palmer ; '76, Dr. Geo. C. Smith, John Rankin, E. C. Adams, E. R. Goodwin, W. O. Collins ; '77, L. A. Burr ; '78, B. S. Hurd, J.

W. Hutchins; '79, R. F. Jonhonnott, C. M. Sargent, A. E. Tuttle; '80, F. L. Hayes; '81, F. A. Twitchell, C. A. Strout; '82, C. H. Libby, I. M. Norcross; '86, L. H. Wentworth; '87, Ira Jenkins, Israel Jordan, Roscoe Nelson.

♦♦♦

LOCALS.

No snow. No toboggan.

More mud than usual for this time of year.

The students are advised to patronize our advertisers.

As yet few lights illuminate the windows of Parker Hall

Do not play ball in the gymnasium. The gym. is not for that purpose.

Miss Ingalls, '91, spent the holidays with relatives in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Let the base-ball nine now get into gear for active gymnasium practice.

Chapin, '91, has been taking care of the gymnasium during the vacation.

Prof. Angell is preaching at the Free Baptist Church in Greenville, R. I., for a few Sundays.

Said a theological student to a young lady the other night: "I'll marry you for fifty cents." "Too cheap," was the quick reply.

Regular attendance at the exercises of the gymnasium is now required as a part of the college work. To this requirement we gladly respond.

During the rain storm of January 9th, one of the stately elms (?) on the campus between the college and the theological school was blown down.

A Freshman has become so infatuated by dancing, that during the last weeks of vacation he took a private lesson in the Terpsichorean art every other day.

Two of the college classes have received new members this term. Mr. Singer, who has returned from his work on the Fullonton Professorship, has joined the class of '90, and Mr. Berry, from Rochester, N. H., has joined the class of '92.

A large party of friends passed a very enjoyable evening at the home of Mr. F. S. Day, '90, on Wednesday evening, January 2d. A number of the students took part in the festivities. Music for the occasion was furnished by Neal's Orchestra, in which H. V. Neal, '90, is first violin and leader.

A Bates Junior, after elaborately explaining the use of the bar in music to the youth of Auburn, asked, "Now can any of you tell me what the bar is for?" After a few moments, the silence is broken by a shrill-voiced urchin exclaiming, "I know. To keep the cows in the pasture." The Junior tries again.

Base-ball and tennis in January! Wednesday, January 2d, the boys of Nichols Latin School met on the college grounds to play a game of ball. After a few moments of field practice the game was given up on account of the mud on the diamond. On Friday following the theological students engaged in a lively game of tennis on the campus in front of Nichols Hall. Both days were warm and pleasant.

The class of '89 ought to pass a

special vote of thanks to I. N. Cox, who has so ably managed the business affairs of the STUDENT the past year. It is due to him that we have the present enlarged form. Although the expenses were greater and the work correspondingly larger than before, Mr. Cox was without the usual assistant manager throughout the year.

The annual meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society was held at Auburn on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of the last week of December. The attendance was the largest in the history of the society. Many of the leading educators of the State were present. Among the graduates of Bates were the following: G. B. Files, '69; L. G. Jordan, '70; N. W. Harris, '73; A. W. Potter, M.D., and L. Moulton, '77; I. F. Frisbee, '80; A. B. Nevins and J. H. Parsons, '81; Misses A. M. Brackett and K. A. McVay, '84; C. E. Stevens, '86; F. W. Chase, '87. At the opening session held in Auburn Hall, N. W. Harris delivered the address of welcome. This was followed by a very interesting and brilliant discourse on "The Church, the School, the Home," by Rev. A. E. Winship, editor of the *Journal of Education*. The following sessions were wide-awake and full of interest. Many very interesting and instructive papers were read treating on the subject, "How to Teach." At the close of the convention a vote of thanks was given to Mr. F. S. Pierce, '90, who, with a class of his pupils from Auburn High School, furnished singing during the convention.

The will of \$35,000 to Bates College

by the late Mrs. Caroline Wood, of Cambridge, Mass., was contested by Rev. Mr. Moore and wife. The validity of the will was tried before a jury in Cambridge. The presiding judge was the son of Dr. O. W. Holmes. On the disagreement of the jury, the two parties agreed to submit certain legal questions to the presiding judge, with a right to appeal to the Supreme Court. Judge Holmes has decided every legal question in favor of the validity of the will, and furthermore has decided that the contestants shall pay their own costs. Whether the contestants will appeal to the Supreme Court, is not known. If they do the case will be decided next March. Judge Holmes says that they have no case and therefore nothing for which to appeal.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. A. H. Heath, pastor of the North Congregational Church at New Bedford, has resigned that pastorate to go to Plymouth Church, St. Paul.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham, formerly of Boothbay, has accepted the pastorate of the F. B. Church in Amesbury, Mass.

'75.—F. H. Hall, of Washington, D. C., was married, December 27th, to Miss Agnes Hector, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

'76.—Rev. F. E. Emrich, who was mentioned in the last STUDENT as having a call to South Framingham, Mass., has also received an additional call to the Pilgrim Church, Minneapolis.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss, who has lately

been transferred by Bishop Hurst from the Florida Conference to Pine Street church in Portland, tendered his resignation to the Pine Street officers on Tuesday evening. The change from Florida to Maine is a very trying one, and Mr. Foss feels that he ought to refrain from work until the spring conference. Mr. Foss's resignation has been accepted, and Rev. J. A. Hall, lately of DeKalb Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be transferred to this conference and assigned to Pine Street Church.

'81.—There came to Lewiston, Saturday morning, the sad news of the death at Farmington, New Hampshire, the same morning, of Mrs. Henry S. Roberts, formerly Miss Lelia Holland of this city. She was taken suddenly ill with a heart disease, last Monday. Her husband, Henry S. Roberts, A.B., a graduate of Bates College, and now principal of the High School at Great Falls, N. H., and one young child, are left desolate. Mrs. Roberts was about twenty-seven years of age.

'82.—S. A. Lowell, Esq., of Auburn, has been appointed by Governor Marble as a trustee on the State Normal School Board. Mr. Lowell fills the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Richardson, who has been made principal of the Castine Normal School.

'85.—John M. Nichols, formerly of the Rochester (N. H.) High School, has been unanimously elected teacher of Greek and Latin, and vice-principal of the High School in Middletown, Conn.

'85.—Charles T. Walter, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has published a beautiful holiday edition of poems by Mrs. An-

nie Warner Morehouse, '77; entitled, "The Legend of Psyche, and Other Verses."

'86.—H. C. Lowden has accepted a call to the Canton F. B. Church, for the coming year.

'87.—S. S. Wright, of Monmouth Academy, has been elected principal of the Gardiner High School.

'89.—J. I. Hutchinson is agent here for the new college magazine, *The Collegian*.

'89.—C. J. Emerson has been appointed Secretary of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, in place of E. J. Small, deceased.

'90.—Miss Mary Brackett is teaching at her home, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

'90.—Miss Nellie Snow is teaching in York, Me.

'91.—W. M. Davis has recovered from his late illness and is to supply the Free Baptist church at East Livermore.

EXCHANGES.

The few exchanges that have reached our table in the vacation days just past are glad with Christmas song and story. Their joys echo through the fancy like a sweet strain in a melody of yesterday. Those happy expectations have become pleasant memories, and the student once more finds himself at his college duties. At such a time it is hard to criticise words written in anticipation, so let us turn to the regular line of work.

The *Pacific Pharos* presents a new plan, or substitute for examinations, soon to be adopted in the University

of the Pacific. It is well worth consideration, if it will in any way lessen the evil it is intended to abolish. It is as follows :

The daily recitations will count for the student's standing for the term, and the recitations will be made as searching as possible. At the end of the term various subjects will be assigned from the study in hand and the class will prepare articles on the same; which articles will be read before the class and enter into the general standing of the student. By this means the process of "cramming" will be done away with and the recitations made much more interesting and inviting. The subjects to be written upon will comprise all the points of the book, and as they will be carefully prepared each by a separate student, who will give his whole time to the one point of discussion assigned to him, they cannot fail to be of interest and benefit to the class and others who may wish to hear them.

Among the exchanges outside of New England, none has greater literary merit than the *Ursinus College Bulletin*. However, when we see its articles signed by professors and members of '84, '79, '77, and '74, we can hardly take the magazine as an index of the literary work done by students of the college. The same is true of the *Hobart Herald*, in a less degree, while many articles have no signature or class name attached. Only when this is given, can other colleges fairly compare their work, as it is so desirable to do. Let us have more signatures, that we may know what you are doing as fellow editors and students.

Lasell Leaves contains many bright articles, but it is hard to conceive how a ladies' monthly could admit to its columns a poem of such questionable refinement as "Leap Year." What must they expect of college men, when they countenance and encourage such coarseness?

The *Amherst Literary Monthly* sets before us a high standard of what a college magazine should be. Its articles show that it well deserves to be called *Literary*. Such a publication may not be possible in our smaller colleges, but a long stride towards it might be taken by raising the character of the literary department and extending its limits. Some other departments might well be shortened.

For example, the *Hesperus* has a whole column through which the spirit of the punster runs amuck, wresting the King's English from its own high uses and twisting it into every imaginable deformity. In others the locals far exceed their proper limits, and seem to be drawn out to fill up the space.

Every student should regard his college paper as his especial charge, for by it his college will be measured, and every editor should guard each inch of space as a sacred trust, to be filled with nothing less than the best thought of his chosen institution. When this stand is taken, there will be little drawing out or filling in with useless matter. A strong quotation will better fill a vacant space than a cheaply manufactured pun.

Every one interested in college journalism has waited eagerly for the appearance of the *Collegian*. The first number comes just as ours is going to press, and there is time for only a hasty glance at its columns. This glance, however, reveals a rich store of literary work, and shows that we have not expected too much from it. We wish its editors the greatest success in their undertaking and hope to give

their publication the more careful notice it deserves in our next issue.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies all about us in our infancy.

—Wordsworth.

What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things?

—Bailey.

The heart, benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God.

—Burns.

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide.

—Lowell.

From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights that gladden
earth,
Give grace to being and arouse the brave
To just ambition, virtue's quickening fire!

—Thomson.

We sail the sea of life—a calm one finds;
And one a tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.

—Wordsworth.

Who does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mai'r.

—Burns.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm
within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the
jaundice
By being peevish?

—Shakespeare.

Deliberate with caution but act with decision.

—Colton.

The game of life looks cheerful
When one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure.

—Cooleridge.

Let mutual joy our mutual trust combine,
And love and love-born confidence be thine.

—Dryden.

Time past, how transient;
Time present, how evanescent;
Time to come, with many how
uncertain.

—Anon.

Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wain,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

—Longfellow.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At Harvard, Cornell, Ann Arbor, and Johns Hopkins attendance at recitation is optional.

Amherst has sent out two hundred college professors and presidents, and twenty judges of the supreme court.

In the United States, one man in every 200 takes a college course, in England one in every 500, and in Germany one in every 213.

Dartmouth is to build a cage in which to practice ball during the winter. It will cost \$3,000, \$400 of which the president of the college has already subscribed.

The students of Yale are endeavoring to establish a sort of a loan library, whereby the students who are poor may have an opportunity to procure the college text-books free of charge. It is not to be merely a library; and students who are wealthy and are in prosperity are respectfully requested

to make donations of books, clothing, furniture, and such other articles as students may need.

At Oxford, England, there are twelve American students in attendance; at the University of Berlin, six hundred; at Leipsic, over two hundred.

Over two hundred students from Episcopal theological seminaries in the United States left the country during the past year to labor in foreign missions.

The oldest college periodical and the oldest monthly of any kind in America is the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Wm. M. Evarts was one of five students who started it fifty years ago.—*Ex.*

Dr. J. Leland Miller, of Sheffield, Mass., has given \$50,000 to Williams College to found a professorship of American history, literature, and eloquence. It will be the first professorship of the kind in this country.

Twenty-five thousand dollars was spent by Harvard University on its various athletic organizations, last year.

The oldest institution of learning is the University of Bologna. It is soon to celebrate its eight-hundredth anniversary.

The New York Court of Appeals has decided that Cornell University cannot receive the \$150,000 willed to it by Mrs. Jennie McGray Shaw, as it already possesses as much property as allowed by its charter.

There are two graduates from Bates in the Maine Legislature this year, F. E. Sleeper, '67, in the Senate, and O. B. Clason, '77, in the House. In both branches there are twenty-four college graduates; seven in the Senate

and seventeen in the House. Of these eighteen are from the colleges in the State. The following table shows the kind of education of the members so far as known:

	SENATE.	HOUSE.
Common School,	5	68
High School,	5	14
Academy,	12	35
Normal School,	1	3
College or University,	7	17
Medical School,	1	2
Law School,	2	1

The college graduates are from the following colleges: Amherst, 1; Bates, 2; Bowdoin, 9; Colby, 4; Maine State College, 3; Dartmouth, 1; Wesleyan University, 1; New York University, 1; Georgetown College, D. C., 1; Eastman Business College, 1.

POET'S CORNER.

JANUARY.

A fair child by a glimmering sea,
Scanning the mute east wistfully,
To catch a glimpse of sails blown free
From wonder ports,—such sails, maybe,
As flit in dreams from ports of air,—
A child of elfish mien and shy,
Athwart the sheen of whose clear eye,
Oft light-winged visions softly fly,
Leaving a glory there.

The sea is dumb, the woods are still;
No fragrance steals from plain nor hill;
From far-off isles, so white and chill,
Of happy change no voices trill;
To him the universe is given,
An ivory casket locked and sealed,
Which to no key of sense may yield,
But wherein pearls, like hopes congealed,
Garner the tints of heaven.

—James Phinney Baxter.

RIO DE LAS ANIMAS PERDIDAS.

Rapid the current rolls
In the river of lost souls!
Rapid and white when the night
Lies swathed in the warm moonlight.

Rapid and white in the day
 As it swirls along its way,
 Born of the silvery rills
 In the pine and cedared hills.
 Flashing, dashing,
 Swirling, crashing.
 Moaning in the gulch of shadow,
 Laughing through the shining meadow,
 Hugging close the rocky rifts,
 Gliding amid boulder drifts;
 Loving, smiling,
 Care beguiling,
 Cool and limpid in the shade;
 Warm and sunny in the glade;
 Rapid the current rolls
 In the river of lost souls.

—*The Hesperus.*

BUILDERS.

We are all builders in this earthly sphere,
 And from our labors heavenly mansions rise,
 As every noble deed adds shining stone
 To future home, eternal in the skies.

Lay corner-stone of purity and truth;
 On this foundation sure uplift the home;
 Yet bear in mind the structure will not stand
 If love build not from base to rounded dome.

—*Selected.*

FROST PICTURES.

Jack Frost is a wonderful painter, I trow
 He comes from the region of glaciers and snow;
 He works like an elf with his might and his
 main
 To cover with idyls each clear window pane.
 See this etching so dainty—a city of dreams,
 Where graceful and stately each frosted spire
 gleams.

And there are brave soldiers, with visor and
 shield

And glittering battle-axe crossing a field;
 No sound of the bugle, no reveille call
 Can rouse all the cohorts from Jack's icy thrall.
 Oh, varied and rare are the scenes from his
 brush,

How gayly he paints while all nature is hushed;
 Full well does he know that one glance from
 King Sun,

Will spoil all his pictures and stop all his fun;
 His touch is so swift and his paintings so white
 I scarcely can see all their beauty to-night.

—*Selected.*

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The old church bell is tolling
 In accents low and high;
 Her solemn cadence rolling
 On reverent passers-by.

The old church bell is tolling
 The Dying Year's farewell:
 Her tones, deep dressed in mourning,
 Sob out the parting knell.

The old church bell is ringing,
 In peans loud and long,
 A welcome to the New Year
 In cordial, swelling song.

The old church bell is ringing
 And singing with a will:
 As New Year slowly enters
 His waiting place to fill.

—*Tuftonian.*

LIFE.

The poets have known it for ages,
 Have sung it all over the earth;
 This "secret" unguessed by the sages;
 This "mystery" of life and of birth.

The breezes the story is telling;
 The birds sing it out all the day;
 The brook from the mountain springs
 well,
 The song of life singeth alway.

Brook, bird, breeze, and blossoms that
 spatter
 The fields, air, water, and sod,
 All tell, plain as day: *Life is matter*
Just touched by the finger of God.

—*Tuftonian.*

SKATERS' SONG.

With sleigh-bells a-chiming across the white
 snow,

Our skates keep a-timing as onward we go.
 With hearts that are light as the soul of a
 dream,

With hopes that are bright as the moon's
 silvery beam;

On, skaters, on! Our time fleets fast;
 Merrily, cheerily, on! while it last.

Now gliding and singing with spirits as gay
 As sleigh-bells' sweet ringing o'er Thee, snow-
 bound May!

Now swaying and straying far down to the
Mill,

Then up again, up again, skirting the Hill;
On, Skaters, on! Our youth fleets fast;
Merrily, cheerily, on! while it last.

Dear faces are missing from 'mongst the glad
throng,

Dear voices are wanting to swell the old song.
With the river they've drifted away to the sea,
They are slumbering peacefully down by the
lea.

On, skaters, on! Our time fleets fast;
Merrily, cheerily, on! while it last.

—*Ursinus College Bulletin.*

POTPOURRI.

"And now, little girls," said a
Sunday-school teacher, "you may tell
me about the Epistles." A little girl
held up her hand. "Well?" said the
teacher. "The Epistles," said the little
girl, "the Epistles are the wives of
the Apostles."—*Ex.*

MATRIMONIAL.

[Married people will please read as written;
single ones can read the first line, then the third,
the second, and finally the fourth in each verse.]

That man must lead a happy life
Who's freed from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by his wife,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate;
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appears
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride,
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehood that in woman dwells;
The worth in woman we behold,
Is almost imperceptible.

Cursed be the foolish man, I say,
Who changes from his singleness;
Who will not yield to woman's sway,
Is sure of perfect blessedness. —*Ex.*

At a young men's debating club in
Red Bluff, Cal., the following question
was discussed: "Does a chimera rum-
minating in vacuum devour second in-
tentions?" It broke up the club.—*Ex.*

Teacher—"What is a dependent
sentence?" Boy—"One that hangs
by its own clause."—*Selected.*

The editors' drawer culls an interest-
ing bit of biographical information
from the examination paper of a small
boy, who wrote: "Abraham Lincoln
was born in Kentucky in 1492 at the
age of seven years."—*Selected.*

Medical Professor—"Where is the
glottis?" Raw Student—"I don't
know, sir; I think you put it on the
shelf in the dissecting-room with the
rest of your surgical implements."—*Ex.*

[From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.]

It was only an hour that I saw her,
Only an hour in the train,
And I'm pining in sack-cloth and ashes,
Longing to see her again.
She'd a face which a fellow would die for,
A la Watteau in style and petite,
How dainty she was! How bewitching!
And her smile was—Oh, Heavens—how
sweet!

I remember we went through a tunnel,
How my arm did around her waist steal
She liked it, I think; how it thrilled me
When her curls on my cheek I could feel!
But, oh for my watch, new and golden,
Which she swiped on that day in the train!
And I'm pining in sack-cloth and ashes,
Confound her, to catch her again.

—*Yale Courant.*

Conductor (on Georgia railroad)—
"Do you mean to tell me, madam,
that this child is not twelve years
old?" Madam (shortly)—"Well, she
wasn't when this train started, but
land alive, there's no telling how old
she may be now!"—*Wichita Arrow.*

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*WE wish to say just a word, and that of
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quirements of college work. We could easily
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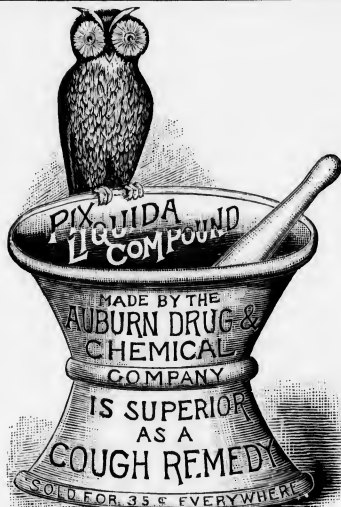
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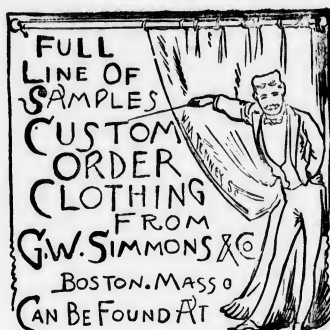
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VOL. XVII.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 2.

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COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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A. N. PEASLEE,	G. H. HAMLEN,
N. F. SNOW,	H. B. DAVIS.

H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.

W. F. GARCELON, Associate Manager.

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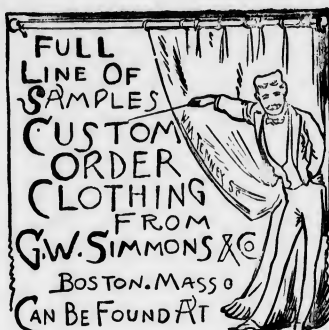
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EDITORIAL.

MODESTY is often mistaken for cowardice. We frequently hesitate from performing a well-recognized duty, and attribute our hesitation to modest estimate of our ability, when it is nothing but cowardice. Modesty shrinks from receiving the reward for labor through fear of not having earned it; cowardice shrinks from the labor itself. Modesty will never hinder us from performing our obligations. Cowardice seeks an excuse for every unrequited duty.

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because of his success which arouses their jealousy. Surely the cause for which he pleads, that of a cheap education for those who are poor but deserving, is second to but few. The leaders of many a less worthy enterprise are welcomed and praised. Why, then, should envy and malice choose, as the object of their spite, the old, gray-headed man, who has given so much of his life to his loved college? Let those that live in glass houses beware how they throw stones.

Even in the minds of some of the students there seems to lurk a doubt as to the propriety of Dr. Cheney's work. Yet those same students would be among the first to "beg" for base-ball by circulating a paper among the business men of the city. "O consistency, thou art a jewel." It is the old story of the monkey and the cat's paw. They care little whose fingers are burned so long as they get their chestnuts, and forget that none of the advantages they enjoy here would exist if some one had not gone a "begging." Let us rather be grateful to him who has been, and is still, doing for us a needful, though distasteful and often thankless service.

LETTERS have been received concerning the advisableness of starting a new society at Bates—a Students' League of the W. C. T. U. Its purpose best speaks for itself: "The Women's Christian Temperance Union, conscious of the many temptations to intemperance and impurity which assail the students of the land while away from the restraints of home, would extend to them its help, sympathy, and co-opera-

tion in battling with the evils which undermine their social and moral life." Its object is to thoroughly study the temperance question; for this purpose adopting a line of work usually pursued by most literary societies. Temperance questions are to be discussed, essays and papers read, and any method adopted which would interest the temperance cause.

While we appreciate the noble purpose of such a society, we question its practicability at Bates. The students here are noted for their temperate habits. There are no dissipated or intemperate students. While that should not be given as a sufficient reason why we should not have such a society, yet, we are inclined to think, enthusiasm is usually lacking where we do not see any particular need for enthusiasm.

We already have several societies which consume the most of our spare time. We should not feel competent to prepare literary work for more than our present literary societies. The ambitious student does not have many spare evenings. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have regular meetings on Wednesday evening, and the literary societies meet on Friday evening. Considering the extra work such a society would require, and the extra evening for meetings, we should hardly consider it practical.

Suggestions were also made, if we did not have room for a new society, to adopt the principles of the League as "a new plank" in some of the societies already existing. This seems more practical, or at least debatable. It would not be well to adopt it into our

literary societies, for that is entirely out of its jurisdiction. It could with propriety, and, we think, with advantage, be introduced into our Christian societies. Passages of scripture might be chosen that would bear on this subject, and an evening could occasionally be given to Christian temperance work. It might be said that Christian societies were supposed to advance temperance work any way. Certainly they are, but if this subject was brought more particularly before us, it might offer new incentives, and open up a wider field of work. Many of the students who are interested in this kind of work might thereby become associate members of the society, and thus gradually be brought into a nearer relationship with Christ. It would be well for the students to be thinking of this matter, and be able to express their opinion upon it.

IT may be a relief to the audience to rise here." This sentence and others like it are familiar to every one who has attended debates and declamations in the chapel. It has its place in the exercises, just as the music and the prayer have theirs. No one can listen to anything for too long a time, be it ever so interesting, without becoming tired and listless. Music rests the mind; rising, the body.

If this applies to listening, how much more does it apply to studying. What student does not know that after he has studied steadily for an hour or so, he begins to get stupid? The sentences are without sense; he reads right over the periods, not knowing that there are

any periods there—much less thinking to "let his voice fall, and stop long enough to count four." Finally he catches himself staring vacantly at his book and *thinking* about something else.

This disease—for it is a disease—is as prevalent among college students as the mumps and measles are among children. It is called "mulling." The only way to cure it is not to have it. One of our Professors told us when we were Freshmen: "Don't *mull* over your books. Study a while and then get up and wrestle with your roommate." This is very good advice. It has been tried and never fails. If you haven't a room-mate to shake, then shake the stove, or the rugs, or almost anything, only *something*.

If the lesson is so long that there is "no kind of reason" in *trying* to learn it, get mad and throw your book on to the floor. It will give you some exercise to pick it up, and Wentworth and Bain do not live in Lewiston. If you have a debate to prepare for to-morrow night and you are going to stay in all day and write on it, go out a while. Perhaps it would even be advisable to go into one recitation, though we would not wish to suggest too extreme measures.

But rules cannot be given for every case. We can only say: When you feel "the mulls" coming on, take a dose of exercise as soon as possible. You will save time in the end. Try it and see.

SOME students seem to have an idea that there is no one in the building but themselves. If they want to make a noise, why, all right, there is no one

to hear them. There is, however, two sides to the story.

When one is trying to think, the cornet does not make a pleasing accompaniment. The mind does not submit itself to keep step with music like a company of volunteers. Besides, the player is ignorant whether the mind wants to think fast or slow, so he does not adjust his music correctly. I defy a man to write a eulogy at the tune of "Yankee Doodle." If the student is trying the intricacies of mathematics, he falls to wondering if that music issues in the form of an ellipse, but as it seems *infinitely extended*, he concludes it is an asymptote. Finally, becoming exasperated, he wonders what would be the result if the musician should fly on a tangent out of his window. If insanity is to be taken from the college curriculum, music must be stopped during study hours.

Worse yet, when you are vainly trying to corner a stray thought, is to have your neighbor throw Indian clubs into the air and catch (?) them—on the bounce. They make a peculiarly exasperating noise, when they *happen* to drop on the floor. But, unheeding, the Freshman—for it *must* be a Freshman—goes on, utterly oblivious of the fact that there are neighbors at the right of him, neighbors at the left of him, neighbors above him, and neighbors below him, trying to think, or, perchance, trying to sleep.

We will say nothing about "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," for fortunately we have few such. However, we would like to ask what is the need of laughing so loud

that one can hear you three blocks away? Does it tire when it is kept up four hours at a stretch? When one comes in late at night, what is the enjoyment of waking up everybody in the building? What peculiar satisfaction is felt by stamping the foot at every step? Is it to advertise the fact that you have been out late? If so, we will reserve a three inch space, so that you can advertise with less noise—only remember it is fifty cents per line.

We have talked in jest, but seriously, boys, the one who makes unnecessary noise, oblivious of the comfort of others, is no gentleman.

THE prospect of an interesting contest in the Base-Ball League next summer is brightening, at least so far as Bates is concerned. We see no reason now why we do not stand a good show in the struggle for the pennant. Last year we were at a great disadvantage, and no one expected to do more than to keep up an interest in the sport. Now it is different. We think our battery, Wilson and Call, will be as good as any in the League; and they will be well supported both in the diamond and in the field. The victories last fall, at St. John, showed what the nine could do before they had played much together. Their enthusiastic exercise daily in the gymnasium is putting them in good trim for first-class work as soon as the snow disappears. A few games before the regular season opens will cement them together, so that, if we mistake not, they will not be easily beaten. We

shall be very much surprised if the "Boom-a-la-ka" does not resound over the Bates campus pretty often next summer.

IT is a fact well known to those who have collected dues of any sort here in college, that it is almost impossible to collect them all. There are always some who do not pay, and it is curious to note that these delinquents are seldom the poorest boys, who might be supposed to have some excuse, but nearly always they are those who are better able to pay. We have in mind several who have graduated since we have been here, owing dues, in one case amounting to several dollars, to one of the societies. Some of these men had promised faithfully to pay "When they got some money," but either the money never came or the promise was forgotten. Yet most of them had money enough to visit places of amusement, once or twice a week, or to pay for a box of cigars or something of that sort. They seemed to have an idea that it made no difference whether society dues were paid or not. Nor have all such graduated yet.

Now we wish to say right here, that it is a disgrace for any man to join a society and then refuse to pay his dues. If he does not feel able to pay, the honorable, manly thing to do is to withdraw, and not to let the matter go till he gets the reputation as a dead beat. It ought to be a point of honor with every college man to pay his due bills as soon as possible after they are presented. The dues in the literary societies, the Athletic and the Chris-

tian Associations are very low compared with other colleges; yet these dues are needed to carry on the work of each. Every one who joins them thereby promises to help support them; and the refusal or neglect of any one, either to pay his dues or to withdraw, stamps him as lacking in at least one of the essential qualities of true manhood.

WHY do some college students accomplish so little? Is the work done a measure of their mental ability? In very few cases it is, but in most cases it is not. In every school there are students of quite marked mental powers, who are doing no more, or, perhaps, even much less than those of more moderate ability. How often we hear this remark: "That fellow is smart. He has a keen mental ability, yet he does not accomplish much." Such ones have the instrument to work with but lack the stimulus of action. They attempt little and so accomplish little. They do not succeed simply because they persist in walking in the light of their own dim burning lamp. One step from this delusive light would save them, but this they never take.

To attempt nothing is to do nothing; to attempt little is to do little. He alone accomplishes much who attempts much. The men who have accomplished much, who have made the most of their lives and who have influenced the world most, were not those who have attempted little or nothing of importance and who never felt the spur of action; they were those enthusiastic, energetic men who attempted a great

deal and who seized every opportunity to act that presented itself. Just so it is with college students; those who attempt little, however able they may be, will accomplish little. One never does more than he attempts to do. But those who attempt a great deal and who are determined to accomplish what they attempt, will derive the greatest benefit from their course of study.

CORRECTION.

In the January number, in the second line of the seventh stanza of the poem entitled, "The Hills of God," the word "message" should be read instead of "method."

LITERARY.

THE WINTER GUEST.

By N. G. B., '91.

All unseen, thro' the midnight darkness,
When the Earth had laid her down to rest,
Thro' the silent hours with noiseless footfall,
From the spirit-land came a courtly guest.

None saw the kingly form of the stranger,—
Slumber had sealed each earth-born eye,—
None heard the sweep of the royal garments,
Nor dreamed that a wondrous guest was nigh.

By the side of the weary Earth he lingered,
A moment paused by the sleeping Land,
Then o'er her cast his ermine mantle,
With a kindly touch of his royal hand.

In slumber deep lay the Earth unheeding,
Till waked at last by the noisy Day;
Then seeing the wondrous robe of ermine,
She knew that a king had passed that way.

The *Cornell Sun* has issued a Sunday edition. This is the first and only college paper within our knowledge ever issued on Sunday. This seems to be an innovation of the general rules.

ON THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

By G. H. L., '89.

OF all our poets none have surpassed Horace in giving to the world a living picture of rural life. The subject is not new. For the charms of a life enwrapped in the bosom of Nature have awakened the slumbering Muse in the breasts of more bards than were ever given a tongue to sing. That the poet ever finds there themes of song that touch a chord in every human heart is a rebuke to those who would deride the lonely lot and scanty returns of the peasant.

The poet, with truthfulness born of inspiration, declares it good for one to be alone with nature and God; that he, like the unsheltered oak upon the mountain top, while exposed to the blasts of cruel winter, is possessed of oaken sinews, and extends his branches unchafed, unbroken toward the bright heaven, unlike the stunted life in the dense forest cities, imbibes the free light, air, and warmth of June. That in his independence and simple pleasures are rewards of labor for which "corroding care" and envied greatness might exchange their millions and fame.

When we consider how humanity has been served by these sons of Nature, we feel that, while the crowded city is useful in its way, still when beholding the army of men who have come forth from their sylvan cradles to become peers of the world, as Beecher would say, we have an idea of what God was thinking when he made a man.

The poetic view of life I believe to

be the true one. The philosopher may discover the law that causes the brook to ripple over its bed or the stars to twinkle in their mazy distance. Yet piercing far beyond, the poet reaches the beauty, the spirit of law. There is a correlation between the inner and outer world, between the spiritual and physical, between the instincts of the soul and the Protean atoms of the universe. It is this correlation that engages and holds the frenzied spirit of the poet. All harmony and beauty of soul is supplemented by corresponding symbolic beauty in nature. In her endless forms in the Titanic passions of the human heart, God has sealed a message. We feel that it is there, but unto the poet is given to break the seal.

Then his revelations are as internal as the truth involved. The truly prophetic utterance of the bard has that within itself which "neither corroding rain nor the furious north wind can destroy, nor the endless series of years nor the flight of ages."

The best criterion of a poem is, has it lived? will it live? Only the exponent of human genius that embodies something of the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth can live. And this poem, together with the legacy of the past, has lived. Across the blackest night of mediæval ignorance, flashes the light of other days in all its transcendent grace and majesty of truth.

After nineteen centuries it has suffered no loss. For who of the thousand that to-day find themselves within the meshes of the lust of wealth, with

much show and little pleasure, would not exclaim with the poet:

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortatims
Patema rura bobus exercet suis
Solutus omni fenore.

Not fiery eloquence nor cutting satire belong to Horace, but a simplicity and beauty that entice where satire fails to rebuke. There is something about that we call beauty that defies analysis, yet renders its influence the more subtle. It would be difficult to tell why the eye delights to linger upon the petaled flower. It may be that in its presence the soul unfolds in spiritual beauty as the bud unfolds in the sunlight of heaven. So far as the thought of man is unearthy, its beauty is of the same nature as that of the flower, the thought of God. Then enough that the poetry of Horace contains a living charm, since this fixes the rank of the poet. For while the cynical critic may criticise the shell, to rightly judge a poem one must be a poet himself.

There are two broad classes of writers. The one records what they observe in the life and writings of others without the assimilation which imagination may effect. The other but indexes the dreams, fantasies, aspirations, joys, and sorrows, that make up their inner being—but trace the deep silent currents of their lives. No one who had not drained the cup to its dregs could portray the phantasms of hell that brood over the clouded brain of Poe. No one who had not, like De Quincey, imbibed the Lethean drug, could have imprisoned the dreams that flit through the brain of the drugged

sleepers. So no one who had not, like Horace, daily wrestled with the forces of nature, and at nightfall gazed on the flickering flame upon his modest rural hearth, could have so truthfully painted the charms of such a life.

Affectation is an abhorred thing. On all its creations is stamped "counterfeit," and in every breast is placed an instinct that, if but left to itself, will interpret the mask. The presence of a pure man or a libertine is felt ere knowledge proclaims. Thus in the poems of Horace, of which this stands a type, there is a spontaneity that bespeaks the fountain within the poet himself. Song comes from his lips as joyously and naturally as wind the rippling rivulets from the Italian hills through his Sabine form. So long as flow those silver streams, so long will reflect his words the image of grace and truth.

HEROISM ESSENTIAL TO CIVILIZATION.

By H. J. P., '90.

IN its broadest sense, civilization means more than refinement and culture. Refinement and culture are, indeed, indispensable to civilization, but they need a stronger element to sustain them. A building formed by merely placing the bricks one upon another would not uphold its own weight. Civilization would totter and fall if it were not sustained by some coherent power. Heroism is the mortar that holds together the component parts of civilization.

No person can express a single

thought that will aid civilization one iota, unless he possesses confidence. A person may have the most far-reaching intellect, and be able to grasp and retain the highest ideas, but, if he has not confidence to believe that those ideas are worthy of presentation, he may always live ignorant of their possession. If a student were too timid to consult his instructor in regard to the answer of a difficult problem, he would still remain ignorant of its solution, though he had worked it correctly a dozen times. I admit, certainly, that many facts have been presented to the world before their validity had been proven. Had their author, however, never dared to subject them to the criticism of others, both he and the world would have been ignorant of their validity. The child may be able to leap over the rivulet at its feet, but, if it does not have confidence to try, it will never know its ability. The mind will never overreach the obstacles that thwart it, till confidence sets it free. Where shall the mind get its confidence? certainly not from itself, for the mind is constantly thinking, discussing, doubting, whether this or that be true. What then gives it confidence to suddenly throw its doubts aside, and present to the world a living fact? It is the heroic nature of the *man*. Heroism, which scorns distrust and insincerity, gives confidence and stability to the mind. Heroism knows not defeat, and will spur the mind on to higher attainments that will lift up the criterion of civilization.

Heroism also gives enthusiasm. It is impossible to accomplish anything

unless there is zeal in the work. One may as well try to overturn a mountain, as to attempt to learn the multiplication table without enthusiasm. Civilization would be slow to advance among a class of people who possessed a half-dead and half-alive intellect. Heroism rouses the dormant powers of the mind. It sees an object ahead and strives to attain it. Borne by such a courser, the mind charges on to the goal. The mind sees difficulty and danger, heroism gives it zeal to overcome them. Among a people that are enthusiastic, civilization must improve, for, when the people advance, civilization can not lag behind.

Another element, equally important as confidence and enthusiasm, is persistency. The society of a shiftless people would never immerge beyond barbarism. Great deeds are not performed by those who constantly begin, and as constantly drop a task. Civilization would not be what it now is, if *all* the people were like the backslider who boasted that he had been converted seven times during one season. We like the spirit of the man who "would fight it out on that line if it took all summer." If civilization is to advance, all must engage in consecutive and persistent labor. It makes little difference how great a task is undertaken, other things being equal, persistency will accomplish it. Great deeds are not wrought out in one day, ay, perhaps not in one generation. Continuous action is the secret of success. Heroism is the essence of persistency. Is the journey long? heroism will give strength to complete it.

Is the hill-side steep? heroism will give energy to surmount it. Is the battle fierce? heroism will give courage to conquer it. When the mind lags, heroism strengthens it. When the wheels of civilization move slow, heroism quickens their motion. It is the unseen element that urges the mind beyond seeming defeat to unconditional victory.

Heroism dispels superstition. There is, probably, nothing that has so clogged the advancement of civilization as superstition. Every age has felt it. The growth of every characteristic in civilization has been stunted by its power. Knowledge has felt it. Christianity has felt it. Galileo fought against the superstition that hung like a pall over knowledge, and conquered it. Luther antagonized the superstition in Christianity and came off triumphant. There were men before Galileo and Luther who possessed intellects as brilliant as their own. What, then, gave these men their supernatural power? It was their heroic nature that burned like a fire within them and gave them courage to express what they believed to be true. We respect them for their knowledge; we honor them for their heroism. They did not, indeed, see the end of their work, but the heroism which they displayed struck a corresponding chord in the hearts of their fellow-men. The little coral insect, digging away in the bottom of the sea, may never catch a glimpse of the sunlight; but he has started the nucleus of a task which generation after generation of fellow-workmen will carry on, until, up

through the depths of angry sea, will rise a spire upon which the rays of the setting sun will dance with celestial beauty. So heroism, planted by God in the hearts of men, will work on through the ages, till civilization is lifted up through the mazy depths of doubt and superstition that surround it.

But more essential to civilization than all else, heroism gives spontaneity of truth. The hero scorns deceit. His impetuosity flings gems of truth from his heart that glimmer through the veil of falsehood like the stars of heaven. Recount all the virtues, and the one that transcends them all is the spontaneous outflow of a truthful heart. Civilization would be dead without truth. If refinement and culture are to advance, they must rally beneath its standard. The man who is to do the greatest good for his country's civilization, is he who has the heroism to stand in any place, and fling the thunderbolts of truth at the ranks of falsehood. Such men are needed everywhere, from the lowly cottage to the White House. If civilization is to improve, we must have heroes who dare to adopt as their battle cry the grand old pæan of truth.

Such are some of the many ways in which heroism aids civilization. The hero is everywhere leader; not alone in war, but also in peace. He it is who gains victories which the coward never feels. He it is who grasps thoughts, which the sluggard never perceives. He it is who reaps the reward of patient toil, which the indolent man never undertakes. I do not profess to know the characteristics of the Divinity, but He who could calmly face the centu-

rions, He who could die on the cross for the sake of His convictions, certainly, He was a hero of the first order. He came into the world to establish a new rank of civilization, and He gave us the grandest type of a hero that ever lived. If we were all heroes and dared to express the convictions of our hearts, what an exalted state of civilization would we have. Our thoughts would be pure; our purposes would be noble; our actions would be Godlike.

MEN.

By F. L. P.

Full of folly, full of error,
Men live on from age to age,
Heedless whosoe'er accost them,
Whether prophet, saint, or sage.

So the poor are with us always,
And the rich grow richer still,
Poverty in filth and squalor,
Riches and "plethoric ill."

Few there are to whom life's labors
Can their richest blessings bring,
From the hut of humblest peasant
To the palace of the king.

For when heaven would gladly bless us
We are won to folly's side;
And when Wisdom smiles and beckons
Foolish council is our guide.

Doubtless we may find misfortune
Will at times befall the good,
But the burden of life's sorrows
We might lighten if we would.

God will judge no man unjustly,
Neither wickedness endure;
They who keep not his commandments
Find his judgments quick and sure.

All men wish the world were better,
That it might be, all men know;
Yet not till deluded mortals
Sordid selfishness outgrow.

Selfish ends are all pursuing,
 Careless of each other's pain;
 Confidence and trust are broken
 For a momentary gain.

Full of selfishness, though knowing
 No true happiness it brings,
 Building hopes on earthly treasure,
 Knowing that it taketh wings;

Joy to-day and grief to-morrow,
 Grief because of foolish joy;
 Full of lusts, indulging passions,
 Knowing these at last destroy;

So in folly, so in error,
 Men live on from age to age,
 Heedless whose'er accost them,
 Whether prophet, saint, or sage.

◆◆◆
 SHELLEY.

By J. I. H., '89.

JUST as the northern lights flash
 up with rich and variegated hues
 from their circumpolar home, waver to
 and fro their trembling spires of light,
 then subside again to the horizon, so
 Shelley appeared for a brief instant
 before the world of English poetry.
 A being not of this world; an Ariel
 singing songs of no earthly beauty;
 a spirit of light walking for a season
 among the gloomy haunts of men.

Shelley's life and poetry were inseparable. As a boy he pursued his way among his companions, wrapped in the solitude of abstraction, revolving in his mind the first confused forms of those problems which absorbed his attention through the brief space of his earthly career. He, even then, occupied his thoughts with "musing deeply on the lot of life."

"While yet a boy he sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin

And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead."

As a youth in Oxford University, these sublime questionings still pursued him, assumed more magnificent proportions, grew daily more absorbing and more supreme. He conceived that in philosophy alone could he find the means for solving the mysteries of life. He had already held boyish doubts about religion. He became a follower first of Hume, then of Plato. Had a kind hand offered to lead him through these labyrinths of thought and lovingly, without bigotry, direct his young mind towards a pure religion, such assistance would have been accepted with affectionate reverence. His was a heart made to worship and love. Love and sympathy would have developed all the latent beauty of his nature, and secured his lasting gratitude. Instead of these he received only scorn and rebuff. His eager questioning was treated with harshness. His fearless spirit revolted against this. He challenged the creeds prescribed by Oxford, and was answered with expulsion from the university. He imagined his father to have laid upon him unjust restrictions and he disinherited himself. He proclaimed with fervent ardor against the social and political wrongs of his day; the English public scouted his sentiments and scourged him from their midst. He found a more congenial home in Italy. Here his imagination was intoxicated with the delicious luxuriance in which nature revelled. Here, secluded from intercourse with all but a few intimate friends, he

passed his days among those magnificent visions that were the constant companions of his solitary hours; some of which he shaped into definite forms of rare beauty, glowingly wrought with exquisite imagery, to live permanently embalmed in the English language.

And here, finally, to close his brief and brilliant career, engulfed in the tempestuous waters of the Mediterranean, he heard

"The sea
Breathe o'er his dying brain its last
monotony."

Shelley in his whole being was pre-eminently a poet, the poet of poets, as he has been styled. Hardly to be thought of as man, his slight, delicate frame, and beautiful, feminine face seemed a fit embodiment of the very essence and spirit of poetry. He combined the daring impetuosity, the eager, undismayed hope of youth, with the keen, flashing intellect of a higher order of being. His mind was in a constant glow of fervent heat. He drank with thirsting lips at the fountain of knowledge.

A subtle metaphysician, he united the most refined searchings of a powerful intellect to the finer intuitions of a transcendently poetic soul. Just as, after the invention of the calculus, the analyst could refine out the most elusive elements and size, as it were, the "ghosts of departed quantities" which had easily eluded the most careful searching of the grosser methods of previous times, so Shelley "caught and gave shape and hue to the most shadowy abstractions which his soar-

ing mind clutched on the vanishing points of human intelligence."

His mind had a strong gravitation towards the spacious and sublime. The facts of the material universe, the generalizations of science were not sufficient for his piercing intellect. He must go further and reach the ultimate condition, the first cause. His vivid and splendid imagination saw in the forces that operate in the physical world, the very essence of life, the spirit of nature interpenetrating and pervading all objects of the world pulsing with a subtle unseen emotion, instinct and throbbing with eternal activity. God was in all and over all. All was God. Every object from the leaf wavering in the breeze to the insect floating in the liquid ether of an Italian atmosphere; from the restless wave of the blue Mediterranean to the heavens above and around swelling away in unfathomable depths of light, all that exists glows and thrills with a passionate life that bathes the whole creation in auroral beauty. The soft cadences of the summer breezes as they sighed through the majestic forests of Pisa whispered to him as the voices of the unseen world. He lived in a world of his own creation where all was beautiful and good. Love was its ruling law combining a perfect harmony of kindness and mutual benefits. He anxiously sought to have all the world share this ideal perfection.

Reform was the one all-absorbing passion of his life. Possessed, himself, of a conscience so delicate as to enable him to analyze and perceive the finest shades of right and wrong, the least

transgression of even the most shadowy and evanescent line of right caused him exquisite tortures of remorse. A mind keenly alive to the most transcendent and abstract notions of truth, goodness, and justice, he bowed to laws of moral equity which his duller mates could neither appreciate nor comprehend.

If he rejected the creeds of the Christian religion as they then existed, he surrendered his inmost soul to the spirit of truth and justice wherever he found it,—in heaven, or earth, or sea, or land. He may not have paid a cringing respect to the laws of men, but he possessed in his soul an eternal law of right which he never dethroned, whether it led him through pleasure or pain, through joy or sorrow.

A nature overflowing with the most refined sentiments of humanity and love he embraced all man and all nature in his heart. But however perfect his theory, he was the poorest of practical reformers. Exquisitely sensitive to the slightest shades of pleasure or pain, nothing short of a perfect condition could satisfy his ardent spirit. But all these things were the unripe fruit, the immature conceptions of youth. "His complex faculties needed length of years for their co-ordination." "During the last years of his life he was becoming gradually ripier, wiser, truer to his highest instincts; and when he reached the age of 29, he stood upon the height of his most glorious achievement, ready to unfold his wings for a yet sublimer flight. At that moment death robbed the world of his maturity. Posterity has but the

product of his cruder years, the assurance that he had already outlived them into something nobler, and the tragedy of his untimely end."

LIFE'S SUNSHINE.

By RHE, '90.

Oft when harvest fields are brown
And chilling rain comes pouring down,
The sun bursts forth with tropic heat,
Blithe spring-time blends with autumn's sleet,
And perfumes fill the air.
Thus when life seems dark and drear
And garnered hopes lie brown and sear,
A breathed prayer, like ray of light,
Illumes the heart, dispels the blight,
And leaves a glory there.

HAYMARKET SQUARE IN LEWISTON.

By J. L. P., '90.

THE busiest quarter of the city is, without doubt, Haymarket Square. Through this runs the principal thoroughfare of the town, where crowds of men and women pass to and from their work. There are always signs of animation in the square. It never seems deserted. In its activity it resembles the forum of ancient Rome, but in no other respect; for Haymarket Square is anything but beautiful in its appearance. There are no buildings displaying fine architectural designs, no statues, no triumphal arches. Only a level stretch of ground—a common piece of road—a place where teams may find an easy turn-out.

Along one side of the square, and really forming a part of it, lies Main Street. The other side extends to a row of plain stores and shops. First

comes the shop of a tonsorial artist, then a few grain and seed stores. In the latter a farmer may find pressed hay, shovels, lanterns, brooms, seed-corn,—in fact, everything necessary for an agricultural outfit. A white path leads from the door of the grain store across the sidewalk. It is where bags of flour and cotton-seed meal are dragged to be loaded upon teams. In the doorways stand the grain merchants in their meal-covered suits, discussing wheat quotations, and business in general.

When spring comes, it comes first to Haymarket Square; for there the snow is always trodden down, and there the first patches of ground appear. It is worth one's while to stop there some noontime, late in winter, and look at the loads of hay and their owners. There, after dinner, the farmers in their rusty-colored coats stand around in groups, talking, very likely, about the crops and the prospects of an early spring. There the country youths, with long red leggins and gay mufflers, lean on their goad-sticks and talk—who knows what? There, the horses, after finishing the little pile of hay placed in front of them, and finding their owners earnestly engaged in conversation, calmly walk along and satisfy themselves from a neighboring load of hay. Some of the horses are blanketed, and eat their dinner from bags or baskets suspended from their heads. Other poor, raw-boned animals have only a square box placed on the ground and filled with oats. Of course it is hard for them to keep their noses all the time in the boxes, and they

often scatter some of the oats outside on the ground. But nothing is lost, for then the doves, with their graceful metallic necks, flutter around the boxes, daintily picking up the scattered bits.

Towards night the farmers hitch their horses to their empty hay-racks and start for home, and the square looks a trifle deserted. But the square is not deserted, when, occasionally, on a summer evening the seller of patent medicines, and other deceptive articles, shouts himself hoarse beneath the flaring light of a smoking torch. That such a scene is fascinating, is proved by the fact that a large crowd of men and boys always patronize it.

One would naturally expect to see Haymarket Square quiet on the Sabbath, but I remember seeing it once on that day present a very lively appearance. A small detachment of the Salvation Army was holding a spirited meeting on the steps of the grain stores, and the air was full of their songs and "Hallelujahs!"

To most persons the square would present little that could be called interesting; but let the student of human nature spend an hour there, if he would observe the various phases of human character.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

Perhaps you may be interested to learn something of this land with a history, and people with an ancestry, for Kingston lies within four miles of the spot where the Pilgrims landed and within the boundaries of old

Plymouth itself. Here the past is living. You see it in the hip-roofed, square-chimneyed houses, and in the old slate grave-stones with their impossible chernbims and almost effaced inscriptions of sixteen and seventeen hundred. You hear it in the names of Standish, Alden, Brewster, Bradford, Sever, Oldham, etc. You feel it in the quiet but deeply-rooted pride of family.

In spite of an innate dislike of genealogy, I find a new and strange fascination in gleaning facts of family history; and a curious consolation in the thought that though none of my ancestors came over in 1620, yet one of them did come in the Mayflower on its second voyage.

The town was once an active seaport, and the families of many retired sea-captains are now living here. Thus the homes are filled with curiosities from foreign lands, which combine with the relics of earliest New England life to heighten this weird effect of antiquity.

The people live in quiet, unpretending wealth in their ancestral homes. Some of these homes, in the extent of grounds and the beauty of their arrangement, would compare favorably with English parks. The chief characteristic of the town is the perfect order and neatness of its grounds; no matter how poor the house, the surroundings are trimness itself. Millions for comfort and taste but not a cent for mere show.

The old inhabitants oppose the introduction of any new industry, their business being conducted in Boston. Thus with the exception of the Tack

and Rivet Works there is no business in town. But at Seaside, half way to Plymouth, are the famous rope-walks, the largest in the world.

The town presents a pleasant alternation of hill and valley, disclosing beautiful views of Plymouth Bay. Across the arm of the bay on the Duxbury Promontory, visible from every direction, is the Standish monument, keeping guard over land and sea. While as you enter Plymouth, suddenly, the Faith monument is revealed, so perfectly symmetrical that it seems a new revelation of beauty.

The points of interest in Plymouth, the Rock, Burial Hill, Pilgrim Hall, etc., are too familiar to need mention. But trips to Plymouth, together with sails, rows, and beautiful drives through the outlying country, count among the attractions of Kingston.

If ever you weary of the rush and turmoil of our American life, do not take the trouble of an ocean voyage, but come to this Old World in the New.

L. A. F., '88.

LOCALS.

Base-horns and Freshmen.

The band will soon organize for regular practice.

Hamlet, Smith, and Avery, '88, were in town a few days.

Professor Dodge and Safford, '89, attended the gymnastic exhibition at Colby.

The annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Associa-

tion will be held in Boston on the 22d of this month.

Prof. (in Political Economy)—
“What is absenteeism?” Thoughtful Junior—“Away-from-ism.”

Venus, Mars, and Mercury are now visible, at the same time, in the evening sky.

Most of the students, who were away teaching, have now returned to their college work.

F. S. Pierce, '90, is giving great satisfaction as instructor of vocal music in the Auburn schools.

Professor Rand was called away from his classes a few days by the sickness of his mother.

Do not forget the next field day. Now is the time to practice. A hot contest for class honor is predicted.

The class of '92 has received two more members this term,—Mr. Jonier and Mr. Shepherd, both of Pike, N. Y.

Nichols Latin School has two new teachers this term. Libby, '89, in place of Tibbetts, resigned; Plummer, '91, in place of Hamlen, resigned.

Prof.—“What is the etymology of avocation?” Inattentive Junior—“The entomology of”—Just then a burst of laughter roused him from his dream of butterfly days.

At a lecture on Optics, the Junior girls had an opportunity to view a spectacle which other milk-maids have experienced,—the “cow's foot in the milk.” The milk, of course, was spilled.

After their regular exercises in the

gymnasium the ladies spend a merry half hour in dancing. It is said that one of the grave Professors frequently looks on with a benignant countenance. We hope he will go no further.

While engaged in exercise in the gymnasium, the students should refrain from bringing the twelve-pound ball into violent contact with the chandeliers and windows. Such encounters may overcome the cohesion of the particles in composition.

Saturday, February 9th, Mr. J. T. Small met the class of '89 and presented a life-size crayon of his son, Everett J. Small, who was a member of that class. Appropriate remarks were made by members of the class. The crayon was made by Curtis & Ross and is a very fine likeness.

F. M. Boker, '89, T. M. Singer, F. B. Nelson, George H. Hamlin, '90, F. S. Libby, W. B. Cutts, '91, A. P. Davis and L. M. Sanborn, '92, have been chosen delegates to the Conference of the New England College Young Men's Christian Association to be held in Worcester, Mass., on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of this month.

Professor Jordan of the Lewiston High School addressed the Polymnian Society, Friday evening, February 8th. His subject was “Educational Methods; their Origin and Development.” The lecture was instructive, entertaining, and highly appreciated. Professor Jordan was one of the charter members of the society.

One Friday night just after the society meetings, a certain Freshman passed along Parker Hall muttering in

a depressed tone,—“Never mind, I’ll strike till the last armed foe expires. I’ll strike for my—” The sound was rendered inaudible by the bitterness that swelled his breast. Young ladies be careful how you speak the point-blank “no” to the tender Freshmen. You had better use “*no*.”

Why does not some energetic individual start a glee club? Such a club ought to have a permanent organization in the college. Although the singers might not all be artists, yet they could discount the spasmodic and discordant voices which now float over the campus. With the material now in college a glee club of eight could easily be formed.

Those strange, weird sounds that have of late so disturbed the serenity of Parker Hall, have been traced to their source. They neither descend from *Coelus* nor ascend from *Avernus*, and assuredly they do not come from the lyre of *Orpheus*. No, they are produced by a Freshman who seems, at various times, to be wrestling with a cornet, a slide trombone, a flute, a bagpipe, and a pumpkin-stalk-horn. To listen one might imagine him a whole brass band condensed. He must be gaining much in lung power. He may become a musician some day, but till then we wish he would practice in some “vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade,” where rumor of his sharps and flats “might never reach us more.”

In a conversation with President Cheney about a year ago, Senator Stanford, of California, promised to

give \$1,000 towards meeting the conditions of the gifts by the gentlemen of Boston and Lewiston. But on his return from Europe last October, he promised to make the above pledge \$7,000, and has now given a check for this amount. President Cheney visited the Senator in Washington, and sincerely thanked him in the name of the college. He gave the Senator an invitation to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Observatory, which will probably take place next June.

Rev. Selah Merrill, D.D., LL.D., is to deliver the following course of lectures at the Maine Street Free Baptist Church, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Bates College: Monday evening, March 4th, “The Holy City of To-day and To-morrow”; Wednesday evening, March 6th, “One Hundred Things about Jerusalem”; Thursday evening, March 7th, “Jerusalem a Key of the Eastern Question”; Friday evening, March 8th, “Haunts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and a Visit to the Cave of Machpelah”; Saturday evening, March 9th, “Galilee in the Time of Christ”; Sunday evening, March 10th, “Evidences of the Fertility and Populousness of the Holy Land in Bible Times.” Dr. Merrill may be considered an authority on subjects connected with Palestine. He was in the Holy Land as Archæologist of the American Palestine Exploration Society from 1874 to 1877, and from 1882 to 1886 he was United States Consul at Jerusalem. During his residence in the country he procured the

largest collection of birds and other animals, coins, utensils of different kinds, and various natural objects, that has yet been made. He is the author of "East of the Jordan," "Palestine in the Time of Christ," parts of "Picturesque Palestine," "Reports on the Country East of the Jordan," and numerous other contributions to Biblical Geography and Archæology. His consular reports to the United States government on fruit culture, climate, and condition of the laboring classes in Palestine are very interesting and valuable.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—We understand that Rev. A. H. Heath, D.D., who has recently resigned the pastorate of the North Congregational Church at New Bedford, is to receive a salary of \$9,000 at Plymouth Church, St. Paul.

'70.—I. W. Hanson, Esq., who was sick for some time, has returned to his place as clerk of the Androscoggin S. J. Court, at Auburn. Everybody is glad to welcome the clerk back to health.

'80.—The following is from the *Lewiston Journal* of January 16th:

Dr. Herbert S. Jordan, whose death was recently noticed in the *Journal*, was the son of Rev. E. S. Jordan, for many years pastor of the Congregational Church at Cumberland Center, and afterwards at Brownfield. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, N. H. He was a member of the class of '80, Bates College, but in his Senior year he was obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

He was a nephew of Mrs. J. C. White and

Prof. Stanton and a cousin of Prof. L. G. Jordan of this city.

The following from the *Waltham Free Press* will be of interest to his numerous friends in Lewiston and Auburn:

"The death of Herbert S. Jordan, a former physician of this city, occurred Wednesday evening, January 9th, of peritonitis, after an illness of less than a week, at the home of his parents, at Upper Gloucester, Me. Dr. Jordan was a graduate of Harvard Medical School, and was a skillful and favorite physician while his health allowed him to practice. He was first settled at Hyde Park, afterward at East Boston, and came to this city about 1884. While here he was for several years an active and valuable member of the Board of Health. Deceased was genial and courteous, straight forward in business, with a purpose irreproachable. His health failing him, he left Waltham for the home of his parents the first of October last. His age was about thirty years. He was an only son, and his sorrowing parents have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in this city. Deceased was an attendant of the orthodox church."

'81.—O. H. Brown, Esq., of Auburn, left home the middle of November to visit his son, Mr. W. J. Brown, who had been teaching at Sauk Centre, Minn., and was seriously ill. After a long and dangerous illness, the son has recovered sufficiently to go South to spend the remainder of the winter, and Mr. Brown has returned home, spending a few days in Washington en route. The son was a member of the class of '81.

'84.—R. E. Donnell, who recently graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School, has been teaching the high school in Dover Village this winter. He has been engaged as principal for the spring term of Foxcroft Academy, which will begin on the 28th of February.

'85.—A long-delayed telegram from Calcutta states that the missionaries,

Mr. and Mrs. Stiles, both of '85, arrived there "well and happy," December 17, 1888.

'85.—At the annual meeting of the Caledonia County Publishing Company, publishers of the *St. Johnsbury Republican*, Chas. T. Walter was re-elected one of the directors. A dividend of six per cent. was declared by the company.

'86.—A. E. Verrill, of Auburn, has taken the Lewiston and Auburn charge of a new weekly society paper. It is to have a "Lewiston and Auburn and vicinity" page in it devoted to society happenings.

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts has been appointed teacher of Latin and Greek in the high school at Pawtucket, R. I.

'88.—F. S. Hamlet and B. M. Avery have each completed a successful term of school lately; the former in Hancock and the latter in Morrill. Hamlet now goes back to his school at Shapleigh.

STUDENTS.

'89.—Miss E. I. Chipman will be absent all this term. She will return next term and graduate with her class.

'91.—"Prof." G. K. Small has finished a very successful term of the high school in Dresden, says the *Lewiston Journal*.

'91.—A. F. Gilmore is to teach two months longer at the high school in Turner, where he gives good satisfaction. He will join his class next term.

'91.—W. F. Ham, who has been sick so long, is still in a very critical condition. Little hope of his recovery is entertained.

THEOLOGICAL.

'75.—Rev. J. M. Lowden has been visiting his brother, H. C. Lowden, for a few days.

'89.—L. S. Bean has been obliged to give up his studies on account of ill health.

'89.—D. M. Phillips has given up his course, and is training for a nurse at the Boston City Hospital.

'89.—E. Z. Whitman has accepted a call to the Second Free Baptist Church at Brunswick.

'89.—C. O. Williams, formerly of '89, now a professor in Hillsdale, is for the present supplying at Somerset, Mich.

'90.—G. E. Paine has not yet rejoined his class.

'90.—G. M. Wilson has returned to his studies.

'90.—H. A. Peary will not be back this term.

'91.—A. S. Jones has accepted a call to a church in Halifax, N. S., and has left his class.

'91.—W. F. Tibbetts has given up his course.

EXCHANGES.

The exchanges are most welcome to the study-table of one who is away from college "teaching the young idea how to shoot." They renew his connection with the college world and transport him for the moment to college halls and associates. They bring back the practice in the "Gym," the lecture and class-room, the meetings of the literary societies, and personal re-

lations with individual students; and fill the day-dreams of the Bates student with echoes of a rousing Boom-a-la-ka. This gymnasium practice, the Bowdoin Senior has no fondness for, judging by his complaint in the January *Orient*. He thinks that years and experience have taught him all he needs to know in that department, and that he should be free to follow his own sweet will as to the amount and time of exercising. He seems to forget that older men than college Seniors have ruined their intellectual power through neglect of this despised drill.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix* calls attention to the fact that our college color is the same as that of Union College, and it is suggested that one college should change. This seems to us neither desirable nor necessary. Bates thinks too much of the garnet to have its place usurped by any other color, and, doubtless, Union has the same feeling. As the two institutions are not liable to be brought into contact in such a way that this uniformity of colors would be the cause of any inconvenience, there is no sufficient reason for such a change, and each may keep its loyal garnet.

The *Chironian* is devoted to the interests of the medical school it represents, and is filled with valuable matter chiefly for those who are interested in that branch of science. We are glad to welcome it to our exchange table. Yet all its anatomical treatises do not explain "in what vile part of the anatomy" of an editorial board is lodged that disproportionate *ego* that prompts the *University News* to follow

the *Tuftonian* in filling its exchange column with compliments paid it by other journals. The *Lookout* has also joined the self-admiring band.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* has a thoughtful article on "The Natural Antipathy to the Negro." It should command a hearing and stimulate some earnest thought. The "Religious Novel" is also discussed in a paper prompted by the appearance of "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher." These books have tempted many college papers to take the reviewer's pen, and they are visited with every shade of criticism. The *North American Review* presents many of these sides, among them a long article by Gladstone. A careful review of the last leaves little desire for reading "Robert Elsmere." He claims that the author has informed herself on only one side of the question she discusses, and has presented as new and incontrovertible, theories that scholars have long since discussed and rejected as untenable. In "John Ward, Preacher," many extreme phases of religious thought are set forth. The author does not seem fully in sympathy with any of them. The chief relief from their variously conclusive reasoning is furnished by Mr. Dale, a quiet scholar, and Max, the rector's dog.

The *Denison Collegian* has a timely article, entitled "Should the Ministerial Student Preach?" It takes strong negative ground as follows: Because he does not understand theology; because he is contracting mannerisms in this molding time of life of which he can never rid himself; because he

preaches to pay his way, and is thus laying the foundation for that mercenary aim too common in the pulpit; because he is dividing his time between two vocations either one of which demands the full powers of any man, and does neither his studying nor preaching well; and because the practice gained is of that superficial kind that does not lay a firm foundation for future success. Has the ministerial student any adequate answer to these reasons?

The *Cushing Academy Breeze* is one of the best papers published in a fitting school. In its last number the Cushing Academy Principal, H. S. Cowell, Bates, '74, closes an article on "Shall I Go to College?" with the following:

The youth stepping from the Commencement stage with diploma in hand, may retain in his memory only a small fraction of the facts he has learned, but he has learned where to find facts, and how to use them. Not the acquisition of knowledge, but *how* to acquire it and how to use it, have been his greatest gain. Not truth, but the search for truth gives him greatest joy. If he has acquired a thirst for knowledge, he has found a treasure more valuable than knowledge itself.

The *Boston Musical Herald* contains much to interest the general reader as well as the musician. The January number has a fine portrait and biographical sketch of Boston's veteran music publisher, Oliver Ditson.

Many exchanges have conflicting reports as to the origin of college journalism in America. Will some one inform us authoritatively whether Dartmouth or Yale deserves the honor?

The first number of the *Collegian* leaves no room for doubt as to the suc-

cess of the undertaking. The American undergraduate can now claim a broader hearing than before for his literary efforts. The weakest part of the whole is "Seth Grinnell," but even that is commendable as far above the ordinary college story. Still the hero seems an impossible character, and an extract from a *Collegian* editorial seems in point. In inviting contributions, its editor says:

Make the stories concise, not elaborated into intricate plots and tinted with weird scenes, but take life for a model; let the essays deal with subjects of interest, and be aglow with the force of plain language expressing valuable ideas; the poems should be simple and direct, verbosity will not be tolerated, and obey form. In whatever there be written, make the key-note sound from out the chord of humanity, mankind as it is, and not as it cannot be.

The work in which the editor evidently finds most pleasure and therefore gives most pleasure to his readers, is the exchange column. Under the heading Eclectic and Critical are valuable criticisms on leading college journals, and choice selections from their columns. No editor of a college paper can afford to be without the *Collegian*. It is a comprehensive record of the doings of collegedom and a model of college journalism.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At Amherst, the examination system has been entirely abolished, and a series of written recitations given at intervals throughout the year has been substituted.

At the University of Virginia, ap-

plause in class-room is very common and consists in kicking against the benches. Many of the students own dogs and bring them to the lecture-rooms. Foot-ball and tennis are the favorite games at the university.

Of two American students in the Royal Naval College, England, one obtained first place at the recent general examination, and the other fifth place.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* pays each editor from \$140 to \$150 per annum. The *Yale News* pays each senior editor from \$250 to \$275 per annum.

Two of the students of Brown University have recently published a volume of "Brown Verse," which is compiled from verses written by undergraduates of that college since 1793.

William and Mary College is to be re-opened, after a long period of inactivity, as a State Normal School. It is the *Alma Mater* of Presidents Jefferson and Monroe, and one of the oldest colleges in the United States.

There are 58,000 volumes in the university library at Ann Arbor. Among these are the best Goethe collection in America and the next best Shakespearean collection.

I. V. Williamson, the millionaire of Philadelphia, is about to found an institution similar in many respects to Girard College. He is determined to begin operations at once, the entire cost of which will be \$5,000,000. It is to be an institution for the education of boys in all departments of mechanical labor.

In striking contrast with the customs of to-day stands the following extract

from the laws of Yale College, published in 1774 :

"Every Freshman is obliged to do any proper errand or message required of him by any one in an upper class, which if he refuse to do, he shall be punished." As singular are some of the regulations of Harvard College enforced a century ago :

"No Freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard, except it rains, hails, or snows, be he on horseback, or hath both hands full.

"No Freshman shall be saucy to his Senior, or speak to him with his hat on.

"No Freshman shall intrude into his Senior's company.

"The Freshmen are to find the rest of the scholars with bats, balls, and foot-balls."—*University Herald*.

The condition for the admission examinations at Harvard in 1675 were as follows: "Whosoever shall be able to read Cicero or any other such like classical author at sight and make and speak true Latin in verse and prose, and decline perfectly the paradigms of names and verbs in the Greek tongue."

Among the students at Princeton College is one 73 years old. He is studying for the ministry, and expects to graduate this term.

Johns Hopkins publishes seven magazines; one devoted to mathematics, one to chemistry, one to philology, one to biology, one to historical and political sciences, and three of local interests.

The Junior class at Colby has instituted prize debates in place of the Junior exhibition. Half of their number will support the affirmative and half the negative of a given question. From these a committee chooses three of the

best who shall take part in a public debate. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best argument.

Somebody has been looking over Princeton's list of graduates who have become prominent in public life, and finds that it includes two signers of the Declaration of Independence, twenty-seven delegates to the Continental Congress, one President (Madison), two Vice-Presidents and five nominated as candidates, seventeen cabinet officers, one chief justice, five associate justices, seventeen foreign ministers, fifty-one senators, and one hundred and fifteen representatives, besides two speakers of the House.—*Ex.*

A professorship of American History, Literature and Eloquence, the first of the kind in this country, will be established at Williams College. Dr. J. Leland Miller, of Sheffield, Massachusetts, has given \$40,000 for that purpose.

The student at Bucknell University, who has his room most tastefully furnished, receives a prize.

The largest university in the world is Rudolph Allreits, at Vienna. It has 5,222 students and 285 professors. The richest is that of Leyden, in Holland. It has real estate to the value of six million dollars.

POET'S CORNER.

COLLEGE DAYS.

As when the fleecy cloud, upon a morn,
Brings, dove like, to our view its silvery breast,
And borne through azure paths, from out the west,
Sinks soft and silent in the home of dawn;
So, in life's path where cares dire and forlorn,

Besiege the lives of all; yea, e'en the best;
Glide on our student days, so richly blest
With joy, while troublous care is put to scorn.
Yes in the morning of our life their birth
They take, and joyously move on their way:
And thoughtless of the common cares of earth
Pass quickly by and end their fleeting stay:—
Nor sink fore'er, but soon, with goodlier worth,
Find sunlit day, though busier in array.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

AT MIDNIGHT.

From far within the boundless evening sky
When white mists rose to dim his liquid light
The moon has slowly drawn anigh to earth;
And as the soothing night winds far and wide
Are roaming lightly o'er the unvexed world
A soft beam kisses every new born wave.
This hour the fond moon woos the tranquil sea

Until she swells her bosom to the night
And murmurs to her sands in ecstasy.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

OUR BIRDS.

To cheer,
With plumage gay,
In tender arms of trees,
Our birds have warbled forth their lays
All filled with melody and praise
Borne on the gentle breeze
At break of day,
So clear.

With breast
Now torn, one falls
All lifeless on the mead.
We can but feel the pain and loss,
That gold has gone and left the dross,
For sport, a wicked deed!
The mate-birds call
Attest.

At best,
There can be found
Nowhere in summer's sheen
A better boon to make us glad
Than birds. For them the trees are clad
With vestures fresh and green
To fold around
Each nest.

We long
For your return.
Oh, may we early hear,

When spring shall come and bring the time
 For you to fly to native clime,
 . Your notes afar and near.
 The breezes yearn
 For song.

F. B. N., '90.

KRIEGESGLÜCK.

Merrily peal the bells
 Heigho! so gayly!
 The breeze with music swells,
 Swells ne'er so gladly.

Noisily clash the arms,
 Heigho! so wildly
 Fierce men there fight in swarms,
 Fight ne'er so madly.

Silently come a few,
 Alas! so slowly!
 They weep for lost friends true,
 Weep ne'er so sadly.

—Dartmouth.

THE BETTER LAND.

By G. H., '90.

In the land beyond the sunset,
 There are mansions bright and fair,
 And all those who here prove faithful,
 Will the Master welcome there.

Feet may falter, hands grow weary,
 Heart may ache and eyes be dim;
 Soon will end the dreary shadows,
 And we'll rest in peace with him.

THE LESSON OF CONTENT.

Each day on unreturning wings
 Its task of honest duty brings;
 And he who, like the lark that sings
 With rapture on its spiral way,
 Performs his work with hopeful cheer,
 However small or vast his sphere,
 Will find that heaven is always near
 The songful soul that cheers the day.

The modest minstrel of the sky,
 Soaring to heaven's windows high,
 Flooding with music far and nigh
 The rapt heart in the human breast,
 Aims not at portals in the sun:

But when its airy task is done,
 Unconscious of the honors won,
 It flutters to its lowly nest.
 Could I put heart-pulse into speech,
 This is the lesson I would teach:

Whatever is beyond thy reach
 Strive not with anxious soul to get.
 When pride misleads at last we find
 That we have lost sweet peace of mind,
 Kindled the envy of our kind,
 And made ourselves the slaves of debt.

The sparrow cannot soar and sing
 Like the sky-lark on vibrant wing;
 And yet the small, brown, twittering thing,
 Falls not unnoticed from on high.
 Its mission is among the leaves;
 Its home beneath the cottage eaves;
 And not where rain and sunlight weaves
 A bow across the arching sky.

—*Phenological Journal*.

A SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

As I sat at the dawn, the magical light
 Streamed o'er the weird billows of vanishing
 night;
 And the great glowing lord of the day was
 adorning
 With tinsels of gold the veiled vista of morn-
 ing.
 Soon a gentle young shepherdess happening
 to pass,
 In her beauty sat down by my side on the
 grass.
 We beheld in the distance the garlanded hills,
 We were lulled to repose by the laughing of
 rills;
 On the sward the blithe children of Flora
 were blooming,
 Far and wide with their fragrance the ether
 perfuming;
 And I plucked the sweet woodbine that clus-
 tered around,
 And a wreath on the brow of the maiden I
 bound;
 But e'er her dark locks that chaplet had
 pressed,
 Love stealthily found a home deep in my
 breast;
 And I called her my own by the bright prat-
 tling stream,
 My ideal born from this sweet morning dream!

—*Southern Collegian*.

POTPOURRI.

Who is it takes away the joys
Of college life from all the boys,
And all their fun and sport destroys?
The Co-eds.

Who is it stands in class so tall,
A foot and a half above them all,
And makes them feel so awful small?
The Co-eds.

Who bears such scorn, contempt, and woe,
As did the martyrs long ago?
O "heaven is their home," we know,
The Co-eds.
—*University Cynic.*

Adam had one thing in his favor.
Eve couldn't ask him whether he had
loved any other woman before he met
her.

A stranger passing a church yard
and seeing a hearse standing hard by,
inquired who was dead. The sexton
informed him. "What complaint?"
asked the inquisitive one. Said the
old man: "There is no complaint;
everybody is satisfied."—*Ex.*

SYMPATHY.

A Sophomore bold and careless and gay,
One afternoon of a winter's day,
Fixed himself up and went to the play.
It was Richard III. and a matinee.
The Sophomore sat in the front parquet,
All was as serene as a day in May,
Until King Richard began to pray
"A horse! A horse!" in a pitiful way,
When the Sophomore sprang from his seat
they say,
And cried, the poor King's fears to allay,
I'll get you a horse without delay,
I know how it is, I have felt that way!"
—*Brunonian*

Major premise—Students come to
the university to improve their facul-
ties. Minor premise—The professors
are their faculties. Conclusion—Stu-
dents come to the university to improve
their professors.—*Ariel.*

A Pittsburg optician makes the state-
ment that gum chewing has a harmful
effect on the eyes, and when carried to
excess is apt to cause blindness. The
constant moving of the jaws affects
the nerves that lead from the spine to
the optic nerves, and strains the latter
until they give out.—*Chicago Herald.*
Let the Co-eds. take warning before it
is too late.

Die Sophs. spielen ball vollig wohl,
Die Freshmen gewinnen jedes game;
Die Juniors konnen nicht spielen ball zu all,
Aber sie bekommen da just the same.
(Now go out in the street and die.)—*Ex.*

Noted in the faculty's almanac:
"About this time, look out for 'cribs.'"—*Ex.*

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

One night an owl was prowling round
Looking for mice, when on the ground
He spied a cat, and straightway flew
Quite close to it. "Tu whitt, tu whoo!"
Quoth he, "may I again ne'er stir,
If here, dressed in a coat of fur,
I do not see a four-legged owl.
Oh, what a very funny fowl!
It makes me laugh, so droll—ha! ha!
Ha! ha!—it are,—ha! ha! ha! ha!
It are, it are, it really are
The drollest thing I've seen by far!"
"You're much mistaken, scornful sir,"
The cat said, as she ceased to purr;
"For though, like one, I often prowled
About at night, I am no owl.
And if I were, why, still would you
Be queerer creature of the two;
For you look, there's no doubt of that,
Extremely like a two-legged cat.
As for your grammar, 'pon my word
(Excuse this giggle), he-he-he-he,
It be, it be, it really be
The very worst I ever heard."
—*St. Nicholas.*

The following is told of a recent
graduate of the Divinity School. One
day near the beginning of his course

he started out to preach, accompanied by the usual hand-satchel. Before going far he passed a group of urchins playing near the roadside. One of them called out, "Say, mister, what yer got in that bag." "Brains," was the reply, "Don't you want some?" Never mind, Mister, yer'll need them all," retorted the young phrenologist.

THE CHINNER.

Listen to the chinner's song,
As for rank he wrangles;
'Round his tutors all day long
Glib, his tongue he angles.

Never goes he to the gym.,
Time he cannot squander.
What are health and strength to him?
For of rank he's fonder.

But the Fates in accents grim
Now have sternly said,
Every absence from the gym.
Means an awful dead.

So, henceforth, in tights you'll see,
Picturesquely grouped,
Literary shapes of whom
Love of rank has scooped.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

This is Edward Hale's story: A man had sold himself to the devil, who was to possess him at a certain time, unless he could propound a question to his satanic majesty which he could not answer, he being allowed to put three queries to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he consequently appeared. The first question the man asked was concerning theology, to which it caused the devil no trouble to reply. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended on the third. What should it be? He hesitated and turned pale, and the cold dew stood on his forehead, while he shivered with anxiety,

nervousness, and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture, the man's wife appeared in the room with a bonnet in her hand. Alarmed at her husband's condition, she demanded to know the cause. When informed, she laughed and said: "I can propound a question, which the devil himself can not answer. Ask him which is the front of this bonnet." The devil gave it up, and retired in disgust, and the man was free.

—*Salem Gazette.*

He was dissipated,—In the chemical laboratory: Professor—"What has become of Tom Appleton? Wasn't he studying with the class last year?" "Ah, yes; Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals, very. That discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?" "Yes." That's him."

—*Journal of Health.*

"Have you read Robert—" Stop!
In mercy spare me, just *this* time,
Ask if I've committed any crime
Since last we met—if all are well
At home—speak of the rainy spell,
Election frauds, Lord Sackville's woe—
"Progressive schemes," perhaps, but, O!
Pray hesitate ere you begin
The same old query that my kith and kin
Have uttered fifty times this year,
"Have you read 'Robert Elsmere'?"

"Have I read Robert—" I" Yes,
Thank Heaven! the deed is done!
At last I've read it, though it weighed a ton.
Now when a friend I chance to meet
In church, theatre, or upon the street,
I shall not rush into a store
Or turn aside as oft before,
Lest I should hear that everlasting same—
"Have you read Robert—what's his name?"
But bow and say with eager zest,
"I've read your Robert and he needs a rest."

—*Boston Transcript.*

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in Wentworth's *Elements of Algebra*, and *Plane Geometry or Equivalents*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are \$180. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise. Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT, Thursday..... JUNE 27, 1889.

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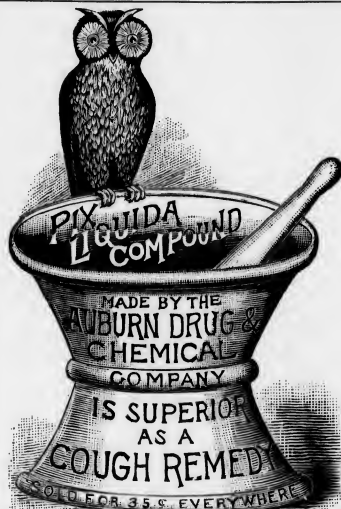
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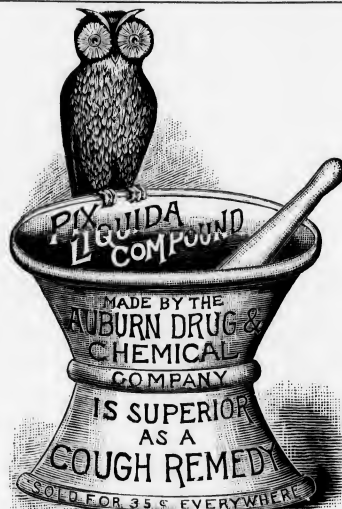
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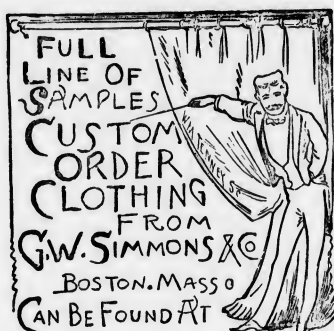
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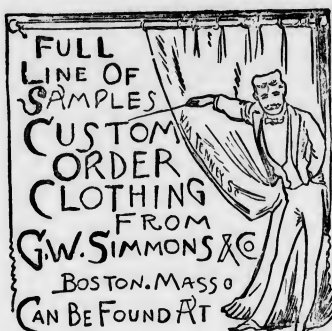
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enliven your mind, not only by that
common knowledge necessary to the
citizens of every prosperous commu-
nity, and by that requisite for a particu-
lar occupation or profession, but also
by a broad field of liberal study in the
various departments of science and
literature.

To think that a liberally educated
man is tied up to two or three great
learned professions is a complete ab-
surdity. In fact there is no profession
which he may not enter with some de-
gree of success. He may pursue a
political career, he may speak from the
pulpit, he may plead at the bar, and
practice the physician's art; or he may
engage in a commercial life or any
honest business, and, without impro-
priety, retire into private life upon a
farm. He is not limited in his choice.



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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

MARCH, 1889.

No. 3.

THE BATES STUDENT

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LEWISTON, ME.

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EDITORIAL.

WHETHER you have decided upon your life-work or not, you should form a definite purpose in your college course. Let that purpose be to secure a liberal education. Attend to every department of study with earnestness, and seek to obtain that higher and broader knowledge of science and letters that constitutes true, liberal education. Thus you will symmetrically develop all your faculties, expand and enliven your mind, not only by that common knowledge necessary to the citizens of every prosperous community, and by that requisite for a particular occupation or profession, but also by a broad field of liberal study in the various departments of science and literature.

To think that a liberally educated man is tied up to two or three great learned professions is a complete absurdity. In fact there is no profession which he may not enter with some degree of success. He may pursue a political career, he may speak from the pulpit, he may plead at the bar, and practice the physician's art; or he may engage in a commercial life or any honest business, and, without impropriety, retire into private life upon a farm. He is not limited in his choice.

The liberally educated man can do better at his profession than the man not thus educated. The liberal training received from classical and scientific studies makes him more accurate, skillful, and powerful in the discharge of his professional duties. His wide range of view enables him to grasp his profession in all its complexity, and to see its most remote relations to society and to the universal range of knowledge.

IN this hurried, busy life of ours we are apt to drift into many mistaken ideas. College life is supposed to broaden a man's possibilities, but it may effectually narrow them. Not that our college studies will make us narrow, but the selfishness that sometimes surrounds them. Not education alone but usefulness is the key to success. Education, like wealth, should never be the end, but rather the means to the end which we strive to attain. Surrounded by our books and busy with our studies, we are apt to make education alone the goal. It is a worthy ambition to be called the best scholar or best orator in the class, but when one strives for that alone it is the height of selfishness.

Should one, then, remain at the foot of his class from fear of becoming selfish? Certainly not. What motive should, then, actuate one to become the best scholar in his class? He should not think of the valedictory at all, but strive only to make the best of his opportunities so that he may become of the highest usefulness in the world. But, you ask, may one's motive not be misunderstood,

and he be wrongfully stigmatized as selfish and egotistic? No. A man and his motive are one. He becomes electrified with it, so that whoever touches him receives a shock. A student in the middle of his class may make his selfish ambition disgusting, while he who stands at the head may never be accused of selfishness or egotism. A student who has a pure motive will never lack friends, no matter how high up the ladder he may climb. Let us, then, enter the lists determined to make the best of ourselves, for our friends, for our country, for our God.

NEARLY all the students who have been teaching this term have returned, and in their various classes are working hard both to improve the present and to make up for the past. But many obstacles are in the way; one cannot go around them, and when he tries to cut his way through he finds he has lost his tools and must go away back to the first part of the book to search for them. When you get to a hard place like this, I beseech of you, fellow-student, don't have the blues. What though you may see before you an empty scale-pan, which not long ago was full enough of silver dollars to partly balance the loss of those six weeks? What though you may fail in recitation regularly three times a day? Don't get discouraged. What good does it do? Reason a little in this matter, and instead of moaning over what you have *lost*, ask yourself instead the question *What have I gained?*

First, some one might suggest, *money*. Yes, but if one's sole motive in teach-

ing is earning money, then let him earn it in some other way. It will be better for him and *much* better for his might-have-been scholars.

But if one wants *experience* the school-room is the place and the *only* place to get it. Where better than in the hard district school can one learn self-reliance, independence, quickness of thought and action, and all those valuable qualities which go to make up the true, firm character? How can one gain real dignity so well as by wearing it every day in the school-room and not saving it all for Sundays at church?

Teaching is different from learning, which a student does the most of his time at college. It develops another set of his faculties just as the chest-weights and parallel-bars develop two sets of muscles. He must learn to think quickly and to express his thought readily and clearly; he must now explain to his scholars, *before* he has been explained to himself. And so if he improves both his character and his mind by teaching, is not that something to counterbalance the loss of those six weeks of college life?

WHAT is to be done in regard to our foreign population? This question, although somewhat trite and seemingly worn threadbare by its continued discussion, nevertheless presents itself forcibly to us when we, for a moment, stop to consider, not only what may be the future possibilities attending a continued influx of foreigners, but also what is the present effect of past immigration. According to the "Tenth Census" our foreign popula-

tion numbered 15,000,000, about one-half of whom were foreign-born, the remainder American-born of foreign parents, three-tenths of the entire population. "In 1870 the foreign element constituted twenty per cent. of the population of New England and furnished seventy-five per cent. of the crime. Seventy-five per cent. of the brewers and maltsters were of foreign parentage, and sixty per cent. of the saloon keepers, while a great portion of the remaining forty per cent. were of foreign extraction."

Here, then, is the chief evil. Immigrants are not of the classes which tend to make a people capable of governing themselves, but are of the worst, most ignorant, and lowest classes which can be found in Europe. Again, they do not understand our idea of liberty and freedom. To them freedom means license, self-gratification only, and from this mistaken idea come many of the atrocious crimes which they commit. Another evil is the colonization of different nationalities in our country. Vast numbers of them form colonies in our Western states, where they keep up their native customs, language, and religions. States within a state, working with widely different ends in view. As one author has aptly expressed it, "If our noble domain were tenfold larger than it is, it would still be too small to embrace with safety to our national future, little Germanies here, little Scandinavias there, and little Irelands yonder."

Herein lies our future peril. If, as is not to be doubted, the West is to control the government at no far future

day, then it is necessary that some precautions be taken which shall tend toward the breaking up of those little foreign countries which are establishing themselves in our midst. If a foreigner wishes to make his home in America and enjoy the privileges of American citizenship, let him become an American in every sense of the word. Let him forever renounce allegiance to his native country and mother tongue, and accept the speech of the country which has adopted him. Let this and none other be the condition of American citizenship.

WE students were pleasantly surprised a short time ago to find some new hymn-books adorning the chapel pews. We had noticed for some time that the old ones were looking somewhat sickly, as if worn out in the good cause, and gradually they had dropped off on account of broken backs or other injuries, until it was hardly possible to find one. But now these reinforcements make hymn-books plenty, and there is no excuse for a student if he does not sing. Some seem to have the idea that hymn-books are made only to furnish good opportunities for the practice of reading, writing, and drawing at prayer time, but our students are supposed to have completed their primary school education before coming to Bates.

Prompt, spontaneous singing engaged in by all makes our devotional exercises both more elevating and more pleasant. Since the new books have come we notice a decided change for the better in this respect, but there is

room for improvement and why not improve?

When we had but few books we were obliged to sing familiar tunes over and over, but now that we have more books why not strike out and sing some new pieces? "What a Friend we have in Jesus" and "I need Thee every Hour" have served us faithfully for a long time; so why not give them a short furlough and call some new soldiers into the service,—some of the grand old hymns perhaps?

It is the duty of every student who can sing at all to sing; and, above all, when we *do* try a piece not quite familiar, don't stop short and listen to see how it sounds. Pieces are not in the habit of sounding well if nobody sings.

There is only one rap more. As we now sing the Gloria, if you'll notice, the first three or four words are sung by about as many feeble voices coming from the four corners of the room—I suppose each class chooses one delegate to look out for these words—and then the whole force come in on the next line. How would it sound, I wonder, if we should all start together at the *beginning*?

PUT your soul into your work. If you are teaching never let the thought of so many dollars a day be uppermost in your mind. He who teaches with thoughts of pay always before him falls far short of successfully filling his position. If you are studying do not think that remaining in your room during the specified study hours, and preparing your studies suf-

ficiently to make a fair recitation will make you competent to fill positions which you may subsequently be called upon to occupy. Never before have the influences thrown about our boys and girls tended so strongly in the wrong direction as at the present day. Where shall they learn how to meet these tendencies, how to withstand these influences except in the school-room? Who shall teach them except our common school teachers? Teaching does not consist merely in having the pupil learn and recite what is in the textbook. "He should be taught the habit of truthfulness, and developed to a delicate sense of honor, and be inspired to form lofty ideals of manhood, charity, rectitude, love, goodness, and that he should be strengthened in the resolution to be earnest and persistent in the achievement of these ideals." Society, the state, the nation, are dependent, for their present and future prosperity, upon the education which the young receive in our common schools. Since the tendency is to make teaching a profession, the most of our teachers must in the future come from the colleges. Hence the necessity of being a thorough, conscientious student. The careless, listless young man makes a half student, a half teacher, a half citizen, a half man. "The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation: and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine; property and its cares, friends, and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting." Therefore put your mind, your soul, and all that you are into your work.

BE in earnest. Here lies the secret of progress and the assurance of success. In those words is implied the inward conviction of the mind accompanied by the warmth of the heart for a good cause. To be in earnest requires the concentration of effort, the direct application of all the energies to a single point. It means, be a whole man, whether you are a student in college, a teacher in the school-room, or a farmer in the country. Did you ever attempt to teach a school, or to work out a difficult problem in mathematics, when you were not in earnest? How poor and unsatisfactory the result! Your school was a failure and a torment to your soul, and your problem, a stone upon which you could make no impression. But just be in earnest. How different that school! No longer a failure and a torture of your life, but a success and a source of good, both to yourself and to your scholars. How different that problem! The task, before a torture, is now a source of pleasure; that stone is cleaved, and the gem longed for in vain before, now comes forth to meet your delighted eyes. Just so it is all through life. Be in earnest and you succeed; but be remiss and you fail. Then let your motto ever be earnestness and your watchword success.

A new Presbyterian college is to be located at Marshall, Mo. The town gives one hundred and forty-two thousand dollars in money, and twenty thousand dollars in land. Generous place!

LITERARY.

TWO CITIES.

By M. S. M., '91.

I look from the mountain top into the west,
Where the sun his cloud curtain draws going
to rest.

Below the dim city lies throbbing with life,
For not e'en the twilight calm hushes its strife.

I hear distant sounds of the hurrying feet,
Of the workers that throng thro' each alley
and street.

How ceaselessly ever in joy or despair
Life's restless tides flow thro' the dim city
there.

But over the tree-tops, just lifting my eyes,
I look where another—a fair city—lies.

From its rose-purple battlements airy forms
lean,
With faces as sweet as those seen in a dream.

See how o'er its domes and spires soft rose
bloom falls,
What a dreamy light shines from its fair palace
halls.

Here blooms a bright garden of beauty untold;
There a shallop rocks light on a lakelet of gold;

And see! from yon castle wall, light hands, in
showers,
Are flinging bright roses and sweet passion
flowers.

Is it only a dream—that fair city of light,
Built up of the clouds that the sunset makes
bright?

Or is it the real, and that city below
A city of shadows where phantom lights glow?

Do I live among shadows and, catching a
gleam
Of the real and the true, say, "It is but a
dream?"

Who knows? Our weak sight cannot pierce
thro' the veil
Of the sense; would we lift it our trembling
hands fail.

But ah! it may chance when things unseen we
view

That our truths be found dreams and our
dreams be found true.

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO
WASHINGTON.

By F. J. D., '89.

ON a winter's day, the 22d of February, the greatest tax collector of all the year exacts loving toll from every heart that beats loyal to America and America's well being.

In a common service of grateful remembrance we yield loving tribute to him, who from revolution brought independence; from the subject remnants of a kingdom brought civil liberty; from thirteen separate and weak, struggling colonies brought a great nation. We revere him who bound together in immutable harmony, conflicting and jealous interests through the instrumentality of that constitution, our glory and the admiration of the world.

We remember that winter when a few undisciplined, needy settlers stood opposed to a great nation; defenceless against hunger, for food was wanting; defenceless against cold, for shoes and blankets were wanting. Oh, Valley Forge! Oh, Washington! we thank thee. Thy courageous conscience could neither be frozen out, starved out, nor tired out, nor intimidated. By that struggle, that long cold vigil, those bloody foot-prints, and that heroic suffering, we would try to be somewhat appreciative of our blessings and opportunities. From the North, East, South, and West flow invisible currents of reverent gratitude. From every institution of learning, from every establishment of mercy and charity, from homes at every point of the compass gathers near the Delaware

a deluge of loving remembrance. It flows over the fields of Bennington, Camden, Monmouth, Valley Forge; sweeps through Yorkton, and breaks into silent music against that grave by the Potomac where Washington sleeps.

The young Greek can look with sad contemplation through the pillars of the Parthenon upon buried greatness and say: "Greece was my country; Pericles my countryman." It is a noble title. The young Roman can look upon the melancholy ruins of the Coliseum and say: "Rome was my country; Brutus my countryman." It is a proud title. The young Venetian can

"Stand on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on either hand,
And think over the far times when many a
subject land
Looked to the winged Lions' marble piles
When Venice sate in state throned on her
hundred isles,"

and say: "Venice was my country; Tasso my countryman." It is a fair claim. The young Frenchman can look through the arch of triumph and say: "France is my country; Napoleon my countryman." It is a great connection. The young Englishman can look upon Windsor Castle, with its architectural beauty and great historical associations, and say: "England is my country; Gladstone my countryman." That is a grand title. But the young American can look upon the best school system in the world, the most intelligent, progressive, and happiest working class in the world, upon a land of liberty, peace, progress, and Christianity, and say: "This is my country; Washington was my country-

man." I ask if there has ever been a claim that included so much for humanity, for life and its sweetest hopes and possibilities, for justice and individual happiness.

As the anniversary of his birth calls us into considerations of a wider character than home or business ties to our country, it is fitting to consider its great founder, Washington, and his services to America.

I select three traits of his character, his courage, his devotion, and his calm wisdom. It is difficult to appreciate the order and greatness of his courage. It was not the courage of conquest, not the courage of glory, nor the courage of rage or revenge. It was the calm courage of conscience. We often think the age of remarkable opportunities, great distinction, and crisis is past. Many a man of to-day wishes he could have lived at the time when the constitution was imperiled by the doctrine of state rights, and thinks he would have thrown his life into the distinguished service of its salvation. He is sure he would have done it, the opportunity appears so plain and evident. But the chances are a thousand to one that, had he lived then, he could not have detected the danger, nor interpreted the times.

It is easy to see how the wreck could have been prevented after the ship's torn side reveals the rocks, but only the great navigator can meet the danger a great way off and save the ship days before it reaches the latitude of danger. Who has not said to himself, if he could have lived in colonial days, he would have earned the gratitude of

posterity. The issue was plain, there was oppression and attack by Great Britain, revolution by the colonies. He would have united his power to the struggling colonies and steadfastly battled the storm and privation for independence. Yes, in these days by the light of Barnes' History, that looks easy. There are not ten men in a million who are living to-day, who, if they had lived then, could have detected the issue at stake. The penurious saw not the issue, but said, There is nothing to fight for, there is no visible estate to battle for. We have only a little land. If we are neutral, we can keep our homesteads and save our crops; if we fight, we may be killed, and in the end gain nothing. The crafty did not see the issue, but said, What is the necessity of making such a rumpus over a tax on tea? If we are neutral, we can remain comfortable, and in some way dodge the demand. If we fight, what shall we gain? Nothing at the utmost but a free tax. But few of the brave and the wise saw anything beyond a quibble and a short insurrection. Washington, in that distant era of our history, stands grandly alone. In the tea tax he saw the ancient principle of monarchical oppression. In the growing dissent he saw the grandest revolution for civil liberty the world has ever known. In those struggling towns and lonely settlements, he saw stretching away, Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, those manufacturing towns along the rivers, and those great agricultural communities in the interior. His great soul saw that, and also the suffering, the priva-

tion, the long hard struggle, but his great courage faltered not. Regulus immortally resisted Rome, but wealthy, powerful, independent Carthage was at stake. Eight long years Washington, with only a few detached subjects, resisted Great Britain with villages at stake. Caesar made immortal conquest in and about Rome, but a great empire and subject nations was his prize. Washington revolted against a great nation with seemingly no other prize to be gained than the right to say how much they should be taxed. Napoleon intimidated all Europe and founded a great military empire, but he had an army matchless in enthusiasm and equipage, backed by a powerful nation. Washington defeated Great Britain, and founded a government on the principles of justice and equality, with only a small army poorly armed, needy and suffering untold agony, backed only by thirteen colonies.

That was courage, sublime, Godlike courage, courage of the soul, the conscience, and of an unwavering belief in God.

Perhaps his most remarkable distinction was his devotion to the cause in which he was engaged. There was a penurious and vacillating Congress, quick to censure, but slow to appropriate even the barest necessities for the soldiers. The soldiers, therefore, were loth to recruit. There were many like Gates and Conway, self-interested and obstinate, clamorous to be recognized, but resenting a slight. Arnold, jealous, self-willed, goaded almost to madness by the way Congress treated him,

sold his country for eternal shame. These same blunders of Congress, the same causes of jealousy and contention were pressing against Washington, and had he been jealous, or self-willed, or obstinate, or hasty, he would have failed. He sank himself in his cause. His self-renunciation and devotion were supreme. The shafts of resentment, of jealousy, could not reach him. He was not insensible, but nothing could supersede or detract his devotion to that Continental army, and to the cause of freedom. How often great men to-day withdraw from great enterprises on account of real or fancied personal injury. How quick a slight will curdle enthusiasm. Washington was the light and soul of the army. His devotion neither slept nor slumbered, but pursued the apparent path of duty until the hopes of Lord Cornwallis were at an end. And his works tumbling in ruin about him compelled that surrender which marked the sunset of British rule in America and the sunrise of our loved and happy country.

But the crowning element in the character of this great man was his calm wisdom displayed from the surrender at Yorktown to the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. Great discontent prevailed among the officers and men. The army was almost destitute: there were days when the troops were absolutely in want of provisions, and "the pay of the officers was greatly in arrears." Meantime, "anonymous papers of a dangerous character having been circulated, Washington summoned his officers and addressed them in be-

half of Congress." Influenced by him, they passed resolutions declaring that no circumstances of distress or danger should induce them to sully the reputation and glory they had acquired at the price of their blood and eight years of faithful service.

Washington the soldier was merging into Washington the statesman.

At this time the "government of the colonies was prostrate in the dust, and it was feared there was not energy enough in the state to establish the civil powers." There was a general want of compliance with Congress. The prediction of trans-Atlantic foes, "leave them to themselves and their government will dissolve," seemed about to be verified. Washington stayed the rising discontent and ripened legislative assemblies into a plan from which our Constitution was formed. On the 30th of April, 1789, George Washington became the chief magistrate of our great nation. The calm wisdom of his administration was recognized by the sovereign states of Europe.

Washington sleeps by the Potomac, but as long as courage, devotion, and wisdom abide in our land, his name shall be revered. As wise patriots, devoted citizens, and courageous men, may we cherish his great memory in our loyalty to our native land!

REWARD.

By G. H., '90.

I think the noblest souls of all
Are often to the world unknown;
But hearing always duty's call,
Eternal ages are their own.

REBECCA.

By T. M. S., '90.

IDEALS of character are as numerous and varied as humanity. Some are exalted to a perfection of beauty beyond all possible human attainment, while others are ignoble compared to the ordinary characters with whom we touch elbows every day. In the whole galaxy of ideals there is none more simple, more pure, more noble than Scott's fair Jewess, Rebecca. Beautiful in person as the proudest queens that have swayed the realms of luxury and fashion, no less was she beautiful in character. Nor were her virtues so ethereal as to be intangible, so manifold as to be incomprehensible, so transcendently lofty as to discourage the aspiring. Hers was a nature subject to like passions with ourselves, and yet possessing a purity of thought, a grandeur of action, a loftiness of purpose that nobly vanquish evil and enthrone the good—a nature that stirs the best within man and makes the heart leap with diviner aspirations.

The Jewish race had long been despised as the off-scouring of creation, and detested as the embodiment of sneaking meanness and soulless greed. We might expect Rebecca to have inherited the views of her race. She sees an impassable gulf between her and the Christian world. Daily insults brand upon her heart the wrongs of her people. A galling sense of injustice might have generated hatred toward her oppressors. But no; her virtues yield their rarest fragrance only when she lies crushed and helpless at the feet of her enemies. Hatred toward

her oppressors, retort for their insults are as foreign to her as thermal springs to the north pole. She bears herself with a proud humility, whose charm and dignity are at once the admiration and the envy of the nobility.

She attributes not to mortals the cause of her oppression. A hidden hand wields the lash. 'Tis heaven's decree to which she calmly submits. Man is but the Almighty's tool and does not merit her displeasure. All humanity, too, are children of the one great Father. Jew and Gentile, friend and foe, alike have claim upon her generosity. As gentle as a mother's touch, her delicate hand soothes the fevered pain alike of noble, churl, or outlaw.

She recognizes, too, the dignity and grandeur of the human soul. Nor can any consideration induce her to mar it. As easily remove yonder sun from his course as swerve Rebecca from her sense of honor. Insidious advances, however blandly made, never escape detection from her faultless intuition. The severest test discloses no alloy in her pure nature. The Knight of the Temple may dazzle with promises of awaiting renown and envied splendor, but with proud lowliness that scorns the very appearance of baseness, the intrepid maiden rises to a sublimity to which his base imagination dares not ascend, and bears with her the dignity and grandeur of womanhood. Destruction in whatever form is preferable to dishonor. What is a leap from the verge of yonder parapet into the very arms of death compared to a stain on her character! To spring from a

dizzy battlement and land a shattered corpse below, to perish in a shroud of flame with the castle's smouldering ruins for a sepulcher, to burn at the stake a victim of demoniac superstition—enduring the more cruel taunts of human fiends,—these have no terrors to a conscience dauntless in its fidelity.

But the sublimity of her character is most strikingly revealed in the influence she exerts. No one knows her but to revere her. Race contempt is slain. Beneath her spell the vilest soul is transformed. Virtues, pure and lofty, long dormant in the Temporal's breast, are revived by her presence. He who yesterday would mock at purity, to-day would die for her honor. Well might she espouse the cause of humanity. None more rich the needy to aid; none more able the debased to elevate. Loyal Jewess though she was, few are more truly Christlike.

"In pureness and in all celestial grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excel, and seemed of angel race,
Living on earth like angel new divined,
Adorned with wisdom and with chastity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautify."

UNDER THE SNOW.

By N. G. B., '91.

Under the snow
The wild flowers grow,
While the cold March winds are blowing—
The snow-drop white
And the crocus bright,
And the violets—all are growing
Under the snow.

Under our feet,
'Neath the ice and sleet,

While the rain is drearily falling,
My listening ear
Can almost hear
The flowers to each other calling,
Under our feet.

In a little while
The sun's glad smile
Will tell them their chains are broken,
And the winter drear
Will flee in fear

When the magic word is spoken,
In a little while.

We patiently wait
Till the spring-time late
Shall banish the winter dreary;
And till God's smile makes glad
The hearts that are sad,
And the feet shall find rest that are weary,
We patiently wait.

THE FIRST OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS.

I. WHAT PRODUCED THEM AS A BODY?

By C. D. B., '89.

POETS are poets, whether they be Ayrshire plowmen, negro slaves, or men born with the golden spoon of luxury in their mouths. Largeness of soul makes poets. Poetic fire, if born in the soul, cannot be quenched. The physical and mental atmosphere surrounding it, however, may add fuel to its burning and itself blaze, or strangle and smother it, with unflammable gases, into smouldering. Primitive ages are unproductive in poesy, not from a want of poetical genius but from a want of causes to arouse and stimulate it into action. In more progressive ages there are innumerable conditions that aid its development—ambition, contact of mind with mind, and contemplation of the vast and infinite in the material and spiritual universe.

Poets, no less than sculptors, architects, philosophers, and painters are in one sense the creators and in another the creations of their age. From this none are free. Poetical genins, as it manifests itself, is the bodying forth of a large imaginative and emotional mental life, modified, more or less, by external influences. In the "Iliad," Homer urges the necessity of union and good understanding between confederate states and princes engaged in war with a powerful and common enemy; for in his time the Median monarchy was becoming so potent that the united exertions of the Greek states was required to prevent their enslavement by their encroaching neighbor. Virgil, who lived in the age of the Roman emperor, Augustus, when the Roman government was changing from a republic to a monarchy, mingled in the "Æneid" the free spirit of a citizen with the servility of a courtier. The lot of John Milton's existence was cast on that border-land that separated the Renaissance from the Reformation. Consequently he was a pagan in expression and a Puritan in thought, and blent in his poetry the earnestness and severity of Calvin and Luther with the splendor and magnificence of Spenser and Shakespeare.

Say what you will, literary works mirror the age in which they are written. Physical and material conditions, form of government, religion, customs, morals,—all these and many more help to form the mold into which literary genius runs itself. Shakespeare's characters are true to nature, but they wear an Elizabethan dress. So are Burns';

but were Robert Burns alive to-day in Christian New England would he write "The Jolly Beggars" or "Tam O'Shanter"? Goethe wrote Greek tragedies, but there is that about them which savors of Goethe and the nineteenth century.

It is our intention, governed somewhat by the above thoughts, to show what produced the nineteenth century poets, what their characteristics were, and what gave rise to them.

I. Could the nineteenth century poets have flourished when Roman Caesar crossed the British Channel and had his egg-shell boats cracked against her chalky cliffs? No; and why not? The naked savage that runs upon the ocean shore may, stringing a tortoise shell, produce thereby an unttaught harmony, but his songs will be in one sense like those of the birds, non-progressive; for the germ of genius in his soul reaches out in vain for mind-soil from which to obtain nourishment. But let this same savage grow up surrounded by a Greek or an Italian civilization, and what grand possibilities open before him? Poets must have materials and implements to work with and a stimulating mental atmosphere around them before they will labor. A people spring into existence as the Athenian Greeks, speaking the same language, governed by the same laws, and worshiping the same gods. Centuries pass. Against Persian Xerxes, shoulder to shoulder they fight at Marathon, Salamis, and Platea. A national kinship is created, and a mind-atmosphere that even the children breathe. Then, the way being thus prepared, poets appear.

Again, before poetry or the fine arts can flourish, wealth must be accumulated, so that people may have leisure to cultivate the finer elements in their natures. In conjunction with this, often a new event or idea sets the whole machinery of the mind in motion, as the introduction of Greek learning into Italy was the mainspring of the Italian Renaissance. The truth of the former of these thoughts is amply proved by the fact that the greatest poets, painters, sculptors, and architects flourish in the midst of the greatest national prosperity. When Athens was the first state in Greece, came Phidias, Æschylus, and Sophocles. When the Roman legions had robbed the Orient of her wealth appeared Virgil and Horace. In the age of Louis XIV., when France held sway over central Europe, flourished Corneille, Racine, and La Fontaine. When popedom was at the zenith of its power, and held its iron hand upon the wealth of Christendom, Michael Angelo chiseled his David, Dante wrote his "Divine Comedy," and Raphael painted his Madonna. When England had shaken herself loose from the Continent, when she had conquered Pope Sextus V. in the shape of Spanish Philip's Armada; when, in the words of her greatest poet, she was a match for "the three corners of the world in arms," lived Shakespeare, Jonson, Spenser, Bacon, and Hooker.

So two causes united to give us the nineteenth century poets, England's marvelously increasing material prosperity and a revolution in European thought.

The Indies pouring into her lap their almost inexhaustible riches, her naval victories against France and Spain under Nelson, her leadership in the overthrow of the Napoleonic empire, the improvement of the steam engine, the invention of the spinning-jenny and power-loom, and the great innovations in her modes of agriculture, transportation, and drainage, were causes that gave England sway over more extended realm than ever the Roman arms reduced to subjection. They doubled her population in fifty years; increased her imports threefold, her exports and tonnage of vessels, sixfold; and, creating an intelligent and industrious middle class, made possible and necessary a much more extended and catholic literature than had hitherto existed. This rising tide of prosperity bore on its bosom education and enlightenment. Leisure for reading and travel, that before had been the privilege of the favored few, now became that of the many. Throughout the length and breadth of the land a broader and deeper intellectual life was leavening the masses.

Meanwhile, German and French thought was making itself felt. The Germans, under the leadership of their Goethes, Kants, and Schillers, invading unexplored intellect realms, were procuring new fruits and meats of thought. The French were concocting from atheism, sentimentalism, immorality, and democratism, a mixture that, fermenting into madness and anarchy, became a social dynamite which, exploding, shattered into atoms their monarchy. Of these mental viands the English

poets ate and drank immoderately. French and German ideas everywhere gave impetus and direction to poetic thought, without which the nineteenth century poets would not have appeared so soon, perhaps not at all. Everywhere we find the English Pegasus weighed down by a foreign burden and guided by a foreign bit. What produced anarchy and the guillotine in France spent itself in vain words in England. For she had long ago changed her absolute monarchy for a constitutional one, and thus effectually bridged the chasm that yawned between feudalism and democracy into which France blindly plunged.

So the first cause, material prosperity, broadening and deepening human experience, rendered the poetical era possible and necessary; while the second, a revolution in European thought, supplying the mind with materials for thought and contemplation, roused it to action and characterized its productions.

(Concluded in April number.)

SHELLEY'S "LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR."

By E. F. N., '72.

IT is always interesting to be admitted in any degree into a poet's work-room. In addition to the curiosity that prevails concerning their personal habits and associations, there is also much interest felt in their literary methods. This extends to the fashioning of single poems, so that besides the many who are charmed by the finished product, there are some to whom the interlined manuscript is

nearly as valuable. An essay of Mr. Horace Scudder "On the Shaping of Excelsior" is a notable instance of the interest which skillful hands can develop from a poet's manuscript. It is not without something so interesting that I have to deal. I wish only to call attention briefly to a well-known lyric of Shelley and a few variations in it as cited by Robert Browning. I begin by quoting the lyric, well known as it is, for convenience of reference, giving it as printed in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*:

I arise from dreams of Thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of Thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fall
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
O! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.

It is quite possible that most of those who may read this are familiar with the letter from which I quote. It was the joint production of the Brownings, and was written to Leigh Hunt, October 6, 1857. I find it in a brief memoir by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, prefixed to Mrs. Browning's letters to R.

H. Horne. The quotation is from Mr. Browning's part of their joint letter. The allusion "to the destruction of a volume of 'Lamia, Isabella,' etc.," is obscure to me, and I only mention it to indicate the "book" mentioned in the following extract, which needs no explanation: "Is it not strange that I should have transcribed for the first time, last night, the 'Indian Serenade,' that, together with some verses of Metastasic, accompanied the book? That I should have been reserved to tell the present possessor of them . .

. . . *what the poem was, and that it had been published!* It is preserved religiously; but the characters are all but illegible, and I needed a good magnifying glass to be quite sure of such of them as remain. The end is that I have rescued three or four variations in the reading of that divine little poem, as one reads it, at least, in the 'Posthumous Poems.' It is headed the 'Indian Serenade' (not 'Lines to an Indian Air'). In the first stanza the seventh line is, 'Hath led me'; in the second, the third line is, 'And the champak's odors fail'; and the eighth, 'O! beloved as thou art!' In the last stanza, the seventh line was, 'Oh, press it to thine own again.' Are not all these better readings (even to the 'Hath' for 'Has')?"

In Palgrave's, as will be seen, none of these variations are given, save the third. I have no copy of Shelley at hand. In a number of *The Independent* issued last year, Mr. T. W. Higginson writes, concerning "one of Shelley's own note-books, filled to overflowing with his poems in manu-

script, and rich in those interlineations and corrections which let us into the secret places of a poet's mind." This volume is now the property of Harvard College Library, having been for some time in its keeping under the restriction that no extracts be made from it. That restriction is now removed. In the list of poems in Shelley's handwriting appears "The Indian Serenade" ("Lines to an Indian Air"). Mr. Higginson gives some reasons for thinking that this note-book does not include Shelley's final corrections. As the authorities of the library have already published a facsimile of "The Skylark" as it appears in manuscript, there may yet be an opportunity to learn something which will help to show whether the accepted or Browning version of the serenade is nearer the original.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

The third annual convention and banquet of the New England Intercolllegiate Press Association was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, on Friday evening, February 22d.

The convention was called to order sharply at 5 o'clock, by President Abbott. The main business of the meeting was the remodeling of the constitution and the election of officers. About twenty delegates were present. The following papers were represented: *Amherst Student*, Wm. E. Chancellor; *Bates Student*, A. L. Safford, I. N. Cox, C. J. Emerson, G. H. Hamlen;

Boston University Beacon, J. W. Spencer, C. J. Bullock; *Brunonian*, V. P. Squires; *The Cadet*, C. G. Cushman; *The Collegian*, Samuel Abbott; *Dartmouth Lit.*, O. S. Warden; *The Dartmouth*, B. F. Ellis; *The Tech.*, W. H. Merrill, Jr.; *Tuftsian*, Geo. H. Hero; *Wesleyan Argus*, F. M. Davenport; *Williams Lit.*, F. J. Mather, Jr.; *Williams Weekly*, C. L. Ward; *W. P. I.*, Edwin G. Penniman.

The officers for the present year are as follows: President, Samuel Abbott; Vice-Presidents, G. H. Hamlen, O. S. Warden, E. G. Penniman; Recording Secretary, J. W. Spencer; Corresponding Secretary, F. M. Davenport; Treasurer, V. P. Squires; Executive Committee A. B. McNeill, J. S. Bacheller, H. A. Hathaway, C. G. Cushman, B. Colby, H. A. Smith, and the chairmen of the *Harvard Advocate*, *Bowdoin Orient*, and *University Cynic*.

At the banquet, which followed the business meeting, the committee on resolutions, consisting of F. M. Davenport, W. E. Chancellor, and A. L. Safford, presented the following:

Resolved, That we cordially thank the outgoing board of officers for the efficient manner in which they have performed their duties.

Resolved, That this association hereby endorses *The Collegian* as a magazine for which, we believe, there is a call in the literary world, in college and out, and recommends it to the careful consideration of all the newspapers and magazines of the various colleges of the country and to their readers. The success of an intercollegiate magazine seems to us inseparably interlinked with the success of all intercollegiate journalistic associations, and we believe that the promotion of such enterprises as *The Collegian* cannot fail to foster the true ends of college living.

Resolved, That it be the sentiment of this association, feeling the vacancy made by the

death of Mr. Small and appreciating his valuable services, that sympathy be expressed to his college mates, his friends, and his relatives.

Resolved, That we advise earnest effort on the part of our officers to promote a friendly sentiment among all the colleges of the land and to that end hereby instruct the executive committee to endeavor to form an Intercollegiate Press Association of the United States, and report one year from now as to the feasibility of the project.

Resolved, That we extend greetings to the Central State Intercollegiate Press Association. We note with great pleasure the increasing interest in college journalism and the growing tendency to the promotion of good fellowship and mutual helpfulness.

Hereafter the convention will be held at Boston, on the 22d of February, excepting when the 22d falls on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, in which case it will be held on the preceding Friday.

C. J. E., '89.

LOCALS.

If you come to a puddle and can't go around,
Rubbers are low and you can't go through,
Rubber boots are at home or can't be found,
Then, fellow-student, what can you do?

Have you had the measles?

C. A. Record, a former member of '90, is in town.

Again we practice walking the tight rope from Hathorn Hall to the street.

The Juniors have been having some *shocking times* in the lecture-room lately.

The Eurosophian Society has recently organized a glee club of ten members.

At the last meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, held in Boston, G. H. Hamlen, '90, was elected First Vice-President.

I. N. Cox, C. J. Emerson, and A. L. Safford were also present.

The Sophomore prize declamations and the Senior exhibition occur this term.

The Sunday evening lectures by Rev. Mr. Twort are enjoyed by many of the students.

Several of the students closed their labors in the evening school, Friday, March 8th.

E. H. Thayer, formerly of Bates, '89, now of Amherst, and H. J. Chase, '91, were in town a few days.

Don't cut pieces out of the papers in the reading-room. The one who buys them may want that very article.

Prof. in Psychology—"In considering this subject, what is the first question that arises?" Student (reciting)—"Why are we here?"

Prof.—"If our supply of flour should be cut off, what could we live on?" Mr. N.—"Wheat, I suppose, and other grains."

We are glad to hear that the Freshmen have started class prayer-meetings. They are something that no class should do without.

Plummer, '91, will drill the Sophomores in fencing movements for the exhibition. Mr. Plummer has spent a year at West Point, and is one of the best men in Maine at fencing.

A certain Junior, reciting upon the parts of the steam engine, described the *eccentric* as a wheel with the center not quite in the center. We should say that that Junior has a somewhat *eccentric* idea of wheels.

Professor Dodge and Plummer, '91, attended the exhibition given by the Turnverein Athletic Association, of Portland, and took the part in the programme of fencing with sabres.

"Why do you keep shaking one hand all the time?" asked one young lady of her next-door neighbor in the gym?" "So as to remember that that is my *right* one" was the quick reply.

One of the editors came out of Parker Hall at noon not long ago with a big valise in his hand. "Going away?" inquired a friend. "Oh, no, I'm going for my dinner," he replied.

Thursday, February 28th, was the annual day of prayer for colleges. The sermon to the students by Rev. Mr. Summerbell was listened to with great interest. His subject was, "Paul the Student."

Prof. in Political Economy—"What is the reason that so many more *women* apply for some positions than *men*?" Student (quickly)—"Why, because there are *so many more* of them, I suppose."

Washington's birthday came with its usual respite from toil. The programmes of the societies consisted mainly of parts appropriate to the day, and after the meetings a sociable in the Eurosophian Rooms was enjoyed by the members of the societies.

The prize declamations of the Middle class of Nichols Latin School occurred Friday evening, March 8th, at the Main Street F. B. Church. The speaking was very good throughout, and reflected much credit on their instructor, C. J. Emerson, '89. The first

prize was awarded to Miss W. J. Woodside; the second, to Mr. W. W. Harris.

The Juniors have been given some wise advice. 'This is what that oracle, "The German Reader," says to them by the mouth of one of its priestesses: The priestess (translating)—"The lesson of this story is that it is advised, when one marries, that he take a wife from his own class."

Several members of the class of '90 lately visited the machine shop, and several stray locomotives that they found lying around in the region of the Maine Central Depot. They are now prepared to give positive information to all, concerning the "D-valve," the "dead-point," the propeller of a steamboat, the throttle valve of a locomotive, etc., etc.

"What do they call those long things that the girls wear 'round their necks?" asked an observing Freshman of an acquaintance. "They have some up to the college that are simply *immense*. Why, Miss —— has one that is long enough to send a message on from Brunswick to Lewiston if you wanted to, and not *stretch* it any either."

Miss Chipman, '89, while at Rochester, N. H., gave instruction to a class of twenty-four young ladies in short-wand and dumb-bell movements and club-swinging. February 20th they gave a very fine exhibition at the Opera House, assisted by Professor Doldt, of the Portland Turnverein, Professor Dodge, Day and Garcelon, '90, and Plummer, '91. "The exhibition,"

says the *Rochester Courier*, "was equal to any circus ever seen in Rochester." We feel assured that the reporter who classes a gymnastic reception given by young ladies and college students with a circus must be a long way behind the times.

The lectures on Palestine, given by Rev. Selah Merrill, D.D., LL.D., under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A. were attended by full audiences throughout the entire course. Dr. Merrill is a very interesting speaker, and has spent seven years of his life in the Holy Land. His lectures were witty, instructive, and were listened to with the closest attention from beginning to end.

The students have decided to give a gymnastic exhibition in City Hall near the beginning of next term. The exercises will be given by classes, and the Athletic Association will give a prize for the best drill. The parts are taken as follows:

Young Women's Class,	Clubs.
Seniors and Juniors,	Rings.
Sophomores,	Short wands.
Freshmen,	Dumb-bells.

All the boys will give a long-wand drill together.

On the evening of February 27th occurred the "Senior's Spread." The banquet was in charge of D. F. Long, the *restaurateur* and caterer. The menu was extensive, and everybody was in the best of spirits. After the banquet the following toasts were proposed by toast-master Daggett: 'Eighty-nine; Saturday night; Loyalty to *Alma Mater*; The Friend at the Feast; The Ladies; The Gentlemen; Senior Ambition. The toasts were responded

to in order by Mr. Hatch, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Libby, Mr. Saford, Miss Wright, and Mr. Emerson. In addition to these, Mr. I. N. Cox responded to the toast, Next Season's College Sports, and Mr. Thayer, now of Amherst, responded to the sentiment, "Ever to thee my heart is fondly turning," as a tribute to Bates College, his original *Alma Mater*.

Eight delegates from Bates were among the hundred and fifty college students who assembled February 15th, at Worcester, to attend the Convention of New England College Y. M. C. A.'s. The meetings, beginning Friday evening and lasting through Saturday and Sunday were full of interest, and their influence will be felt through all the colleges. Sunday afternoon, at a meeting for young men, seven hundred and one were present by actual count.

At the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, February 20th, our delegates reported, for the benefit of those who stayed at home, on the things that impressed them most at the convention. "Bible Study," "Personal Work," and "The Responsibilities of College Men," were some of the subjects, and the zealous way in which they were treated shows how great are the questions, and how great the interest in them.

It costs from four to twelve hundred dollars a year to send a boy to college. The money invested in the four hundred dollar boy yields the greater returns.—*Coupe D'Etat*.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood will resign the pastorate of the Broadway Free Baptist Church, Dover, N. H., the last week in April, and make a tour in Europe.

'74.—Rev. A. J. Eastman has resigned the pastorate of the church in Ashland, N. H.

'78.—Rev. J. Q. Adams left his home in West Buxton, Me., February 28th, en route for Florida, where he will remain until the first of June, in hope of recovering his health.

'84.—S. F. Sampson and A. E. Verrill have opened a law office in Pollister Block, Auburn, Maine.

'85.—At the annual meeting of the Caledonia Publishing Company at St. Johnsbury, Vt., Charles T. Walter was elected director. Mr. Walter has been spending a short time lately with his friends in Lewiston.

'86.—A. E. Verrill, who has been studying with Savage & Oakes of this city, has been admitted to the Androscoggin Bar.

'87.—At a special meeting of the Lewiston School Board, Monday evening, John R. Dunton was elected principal of the Lewiston Grammar School, out of over thirty applicants for the position. Mr. Dunton is a native of Searsmont, Me., and is about thirty years of age. He graduated at the Castine Normal School and was elected principal of the Belfast Grammar School. He occupied this position until the time of his resignation to enter Bates College. He graduated

at Bates in the class of '87, and soon after was elected principal of the Leominster, Mass., Grammar School, which he retained until called back to Belfast to accept the position of principal of Belfast High School. He is a teacher of rare judgment and capacity and is a great favorite in all the places where he has taught. Mr. Dunton began his labors in Lewiston, Monday, February 25th.

'87.—H. E. Cushman of Tufts Theological School, preached recently in the Bates Street Universalist Church of Lewiston.

'87.—F. W. Chase has been spending his vacation at his home in Unity, Me. He will return to Lisbon next term.

'88.—Henry W. Hopkins has been elected principal of Somerset Academy, Athens, Me.

'88.—F. A. Weeman has been employed to take the Lewiston school census.

'88.—W. S. Dunn is stopping at East Poland, having finished his school at St. Albans.

'88.—H. J. Cross is principal of the High School at Winn, Me.

'88.—Miss Nellie Jordan is spending her vacation at her home in Alfred.

STUDENTS.

'89.—Miss Plumstead has rejoined her class.

'89.—Miss Chipman has finished her term at Rochester, N. H., and returned to her college work.

'90.—W. H. Woodman has finished his school at Gray.

'90.—Eli Edgecomb has been teaching at North Leeds.

'90.—Miss Brackett has returned from Harper's Ferry, W. Va., where she has been teaching this winter.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee has completed a successful term of the High School at Ashby, Mass.

'90.—Miss M. V. Wood is teaching in Dover.

'91.—N. G. Howard and W. S. Mason have returned from their schools in Raymond.

'91.—H. J. Chase is teaching at Bowdoin Center.

'91.—F. W. Larrabee has returned from his school in Eliot.

'91.—Miss Larrabee has returned from South Paris, where she has been engaged as assistant in the High School, a pleasant and profitable term is reported.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Nearly every college paper for February has some favorable comment on the *Collegian*. We readily join the line in response to a request for a notice of the second number. Its literary department is in advance of that in the first issue, and is of such broad range as to interest every one who cares for literature as such. It includes stories, descriptions, poems, and literary criticisms. Chief among these last, is one entitled "Nature in Thoreau and Burroughs." The author, in common with all nature students, is a great admirer of the latter; but, whatever may be the grounds for criticising Thoreau, he brings but poor support to his objections, and fails to apprehend the wholly

wild nature of the hermit. Did he appreciate the truth that "there is no great or small when things are viewed rightly," he would find nothing surfeiting or superfluous in comparing a battle of ants with human warfare. He has tried to measure Thoreau by Burroughs, and they are as incommensurable as the native backwoodsman and the summer Rambler. The following stanzas from "The Dead Nun" show the *Collegian's* standard of poetry:

The cloister waiteth, dark and chill;
The convent court is deep with snow;
In moaning gusts the wind is shrill,
And on the midnight, deep and slow,
The convent bells toll wailingly
The dead nun's dirge; storm-shrouded, low,
Peal out the death-notes solemnly,
Uncertain in the muffling snow.

The chapel doors burst sudden wide;
In blazing light the altar swims;
And loud the organ's pealing pride
Swells with the pomp of triumph-hymns
Deep chanted by the priestly choir,
Beneath a bishop's croziered rod.
Upon the streaming incense fire
Ascend to heaven, Bride of God!

The *Williams Literary Monthly* is fortunate in having so constant and talented a contributor as Mr. Israel A. Herrick. We clip the following from an essay on "Chaucer's Love of Nature":

We consider Chaucer's poetry in its relations to Nature, as it affected him in the simple pleasure which he felt in the open air, as he used it in personifications, and as it was made a background for human actions, divisions which fit in with the productions of his early, more mature, and latest years. . . . While we smile at the extravagant praises and vows of service he has lavished on the daisy, though the birds sing sweeter, the trees are greener, and the sighing of their branches is softer in the worshipful mouth of May, yet we find his interpretation of Nature, "Vicar to the Almighty God," essentially true.

Here is also one of his poems that is far superior to those usually found in college journals:

THOUGHTS ON A RAINY NIGHT.

How keen the howling wind against the window breaks!
How madly leaps the dancing, sparkling, snapping fire,
Curling and twisting in fantastic shapes and forms
Like eager demons chasing demons at their play.
The distant forest crackles in thy blackening log,
Without the rain is drenching fields and empty streets;
Drop follows drop, in haste to reach the thirsty earth;
Some falling into brooks and ponds are lost to view,
The dark soil snatches others to its swarthy breast,
Or on a leafy tree descending, they become
The bath of bee and glitter with a thousand rays.
Some feed the grasses and refresh the dusty roads;
But here and there one falling to the earth aright
Preserves the bloom of some choice flower or struggling shrub,
Which, else that it had come, had drooped and after died,
And *one* soothes the last anguish of a dying man.
So men, the most of them in this our busy world
Accomplish nothing, but become another drop
In Life's still country lake or seething city sea.
A few their mission find to furnish choice delights
For all their fellow-men. 'Tis these who draw for us
True pictures of their age and of their day and thought.
These live in mem'ry longest since their mortal names
Unto immortal works forever are attached.
But in a thousand comes a rare and noble soul
Whose drop of water to a suffering fellow-man
The lost soul saves, and thus performs earth's highest good.

One of our exchanges recently took the *Nassau Lit.* to task for not maintaining its former standard of excellence. This may have been true of some past numbers, but the February issue surely deserves no such charge. Its poems are neither so numerous nor so good as those in some of the monthlies; but this is pardonable, especially when we recall Carlyle's saying, "No man should write poetry unless he must sing the thought that is in him." This bit, however, is worthy of notice:

VESPER.

How dear to me the sunset hour
'Tis then the Master Painter plies
His unseen brushes on the skies;
Reveals His wealth of power.

Of other days come memories
When Life was brilliant as the west.
By them my soul is lulled to rest
As though by well-loved melodies.

Its stories are good and do not run in the ordinary ruts. By far the ablest article in the number is a long essay entitled "Humor and Its Disciples." The author deals skillfully with the difficulty of defining it, and by careful references outlines its province and work. The extracts here given will show in a degree his method of treatment:

So far is the love of the humorous from being out of place among man's better qualities, that it is entitled to be deemed as excellent a part of his humanity as his love, his ambition, or his reflection. So far is humor itself from tending to degrade him that it may be regarded as not the least of the forces which uplift and broaden him. Let us not fall into the error of supposing that it serves no other or better purpose than to make men laugh. To awaken pity, to direct philanthropy, to arouse scorn for imposture and pretence, to kindle hatred for untruth, to stir up tenderness for the poor and weak, to attack pernicious customs and

petty vices—all these good works does true humor include within its mission. . . . Or more justly, perhaps, we may liken wit to a marble statue, whose fairness delights and whose symmetry charms, but whose cold impersonality and rigid inhumanity chill and repel; while humor is a warm flesh-and-blood personality—a human thing, capable of sympathy and response. Humor demands always good fellowship; wit shrinks from it. . . . Verily, wit is the child of man's intellect, but humor is the offspring of his whole humanity.

We should be glad to see *Education* oftener on the exchange table. The last number received contained much of interest and profit to the large proportion of Bates students who teach during their course. Especially valuable hints are given in "A Year with Longfellow," showing what may be accomplished in small schools in the line of literary culture by giving time and thought to a single author.

The *Wesleyan Argus* is justly incensed at the wide circulation given to an account of an extreme case of hazing at Wesleyan University. The report was wholly unfounded; but of course the denial will not be so widely circulated as was the story. Let every college paper do its part towards correcting this base slander against an honorable institution.

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COLLEGE NOTES.

One million dollars have been subscribed for the erection of a college at Washington, D. C., for the education of Indians.

The corner-stone of a gymnasium building was recently laid at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. When completed it will be quite an imposing

structure, the only negro gymnasium in the world. Much of the work of procuring funds has been done by the students.

Prof. C. H. F. Peters, of Hamilton College, and Chas. A. Borst, of Johns Hopkins, are in litigation over the ownership of a catalogue of 35,000 stars. This is the largest that has ever been made.

At the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and the University of Maryland, the ten students having the highest marks in the Junior and Senior years will hereafter be the Commencement orators.

Girard College has an endowment of \$10,000,000; Johns Hopkins, \$4,000,000; Harvard, \$3,000,000; Cornell, \$1,400,000.

Startling! The young ladies of Cornell caught a live mouse in their hall. And yet higher education of women is condemned.

Nineteen thousand dollars in prizes and the income of \$180,000 in scholarships are annually given at Amherst.

A Western college has a father and son in the graduating class, the father being 65 years old and the son 24.

We learn that a professor in a Berlin university has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust. We are friends of temperance in college and out of college, but what chance has it when an impecunious student can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence-rail?

A note is going the rounds of the college press with effect that at Rutgers, nine-tenths of the students are

professed Christians and nearly one-half are studying for the ministry. The Freshmen and Sophomores recently had a rush in the chapel. The trouble arose from the fact that both classes wanted to hold a prayer-meeting there.

Stanford University will probably secure as its president, Gen. Francis A. Walker.

The salaries paid Scottish college professors are far in excess of those paid in American universities. The most valuable professorships are those in the Medical Faculty at Edinburgh, some of which pay \$15,000, and none less than \$5,000. In the Faculty of Arts, the chairs of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics are worth about \$9,000 a year at Glasgow, and about \$7,000 at Edinburgh.

The Rev. A. P. Peabody of Harvard, in a recent letter, said: "I am accustomed to say to young men who are ambitious to write well, 'Study the English Bible. It will be worth more to you than all oral or written rules and than all other examples of English composition.'"

Out of three hundred and eighty universities and colleges in the United States, only one hundred and seventy-five publish papers.

The cost of education has been gradually increasing during the last few years in eastern colleges. Probably this fact is owing not so much to the cost of tuition as to greater extravagances and wealth of these better days. Some of the luxuries of fifty years ago are now considered necessities by the

college students, and all of this goes to raise the average expense. The following table, collected from the catalogues of the various institutions will be of interest both to students and non-students :

	1840.	1888.
Amherst,	\$118 to \$162	\$144 to \$268
Dartmouth,	102	232 to 312
Williams,	85 to 142	245 to 364
Yale,	140 to 210	330 to 600
Harvard,	85	584 to 1,360

Below is a list showing the number of bound volumes in the libraries of the principal colleges of the United States : Harvard, 340,000 ; Yale, 200,000 ; Lehigh, 67,000 ; Hamilton, 25,000 ; University of South Carolina, 30,000 ; Boston University, 5,700 ; Brown, 66,000 ; Colby, 21,000 ; University of Vermont, 36,000 ; University of California, 38,000 ; College City of New York, 25,000 ; Ohio University, 8,000 ; Williams, 25,500 ; Rutgers, 30,000 ; Maryville, 10,000 ; Roanoke, 16,000 ; Wooster, 12,000 ; University of North Carolina, 25,000 ; Bates, 14,326 ; Bucknell, 10,600 ; University of Toronto, 30,000 ; University of Nashville, 15,000 ; Princeton, 63,000 ; Adelbert, 22,800 ; University of Virginia, 40,000 ; Vanderbilt, 15,000 ; Swarthmore, 20,000 ; Bowdoin, 48,000 ; Dickinson, 33,000 ; Syracuse, 75,000 ; Madison, 18,000 ; Cornell, 150,000 ; Union, 36,000 ; Columbia, 90,000 ; Dartmouth, 68,500 ; Tufts, 25,000 ; Pennsylvania, 21,500 ; Alleghany, 12,500 ; Lafayette, 22,000 ; Sewanee, 80,000 ; Wesleyan, 35,000 ; Oberlin, 8,800 ; Hobart, 21,750 ; Mt. Union, 5,000 ; Vassar, 16,000 ; Wellesley, 40,000 ; Rochester, 23,000 ; University of Tennessee, 6,000.

POET'S CORNER.

FRIENDSHIP'S CHAIN.

I know a chain more precious far
Than any wrought of gold;
It ne'er wears out by time or use,
'Tis stronger when 'tis old.

The bond of friendship is that chain,
Uniting us below,
And every link's a trusted friend,
Whose worth I've learned to know.

—*Wesleyan Argus.*

COMING TO ANCHOR.

The ship stands out in evening's glow
Upon a glassy sea;
And as the shadows longer grow
You hear no sound, save, far below,
The lap of waves, unceasingly.

The sunset fades; the stars peep out;
The moon's approach is slow;
Hark! in the distance, just without
The harbor's mouth the sailors' shout
So clear and sweet, "Heave O, yo ho!"

The ship's lights twinkle on the deep,
Her bells ring out, and cease,
The night begins her watch to keep,
The sea resigns herself to sleep
With one long, silent breath of peace.

—*The Dartmouth.*

IN LATER DAYS.

In later days it may be they will write
Upon her grave these words: "Here lieth she
Whom a sweet poet sung." 'Twould better be
And truer, to carve upon my headstone white,
"He ne'er had sung who rests beneath this
knoll,

Had she not put the music in his soul."

—*The Dartmouth.*

TO ALMA MATER.

O *Alma Mater* dear! To whom we turn
Our wandering thoughts, with hearts that
yearn
For thee and thine; thy praises we would sing.
From by-gone days whate'er time shall efface,
From memory's tablet it can ne'er erase
The fondest thoughts of thee, and of thy grace;
Which like our hearts shall ever to thee cling.

As through the flitting cloud the sunbeams
shine,
And lighten all with radiance divine,
So through the clouds that drift across life's
way
Thine influence sheds on us a cheering ray.
And as we strive to climb the path of fame,
The light that guides us on, shall be the flame
Which shines from *Alma Mater's* laureled
name.

—Brunonian.

PHILOSOPHY.

Live while live you may !
Sport in your youth with zest,
Life is but short at best,
All things have their day,—
Live while live you may.

Drink while you can with joy,
Drink of life's pleasures all,
Fairest are mixed with gall,
Sweetest will soonest cloy,—
Drink while you can with joy.

Love while love's fires burn warm,
Love while love's flames leap high,
Deepest of love may die,
Drowned in life's surging storm,—
Love while love's fires burn warm.

Strive while your life is strong,
Strive to dispel the night,
Strive for the truth with might,
Strongest can strive not long,—
Strive while your life is strong.

Live while live you may,
Life is so brief, so poor,
Death comes swift and sure,
All things have their day,—
Live while live you may.

—*The Haverfordian*.

Then Truth is not a song, a vague ideal,
The varying color of a rainbow beam;
And Life is not a poet's moody dream,
Mere music or wan moonshine—Life is real.

Our joys and sorrows are not vanities,
Weeping and laughter are not idle shows;
For to a loving friendship they disclose
The soul's eternal truths and mysteries.

Our God is not a dream-god, as some say,
Our faith a childish droning of dim creeds;

Behold our martyrs' grand heroic deeds,
To all an acting of a foolish play.

Our days, 'tis true, are lived but half in light,
In suffering for the lowly of all lands;
But, Oh! the greater toil that waits our hands,
The greater call to work with all our might.

Lo, through the listening silence of the years,
While on the toilers march in grim array,
I hear the day ring back to greet the day,
The battle pean of the pioneers.

—*Nassau Literary Magazine*.

THE WRECK.

Hark, how she grinds
On the rasp of the keen-pebbled shore!
List to the winds,
As they speed through her sails with a roar!

Fret, all ye waves,
Burst in full charge on her quivering hull.
Open your graves
To the deeps where the caverns lie dull.

Upward and down,
Beaten and bruised by nature's array.
Morning doth frown,
Fragments float on the froth of the bay.

Faces are gone,
That smiled when sun sank into the sea:
Hearts are forlorn,
And for aye, in the huts on the lea.

—*The Collegian*.

RONDEAU.

For summer days I often sigh,
When hills and woods in sunshine lie,
And merry birds sing in the glade,
While squirrels peep out, half afraid
To watch the wand'rer passing by.

The green fields and the azure sky
Then with each other seem to vie,
Which the more beautiful is made,
In summer days.

But now the leaves are seared and dry;
The merry birds all southward fly;
In vale and dell the wild flowers fade
And autumn winds the land pervade,
Ah! all in vain on thee, I cry,

O summer days!

—*Undergraduate*.

POTPOURRI.

"Who reigned after Saul?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of little Bessie. "David." "And who came after David?" "Solomon." "And who came after Solomon?" "The queen of Sheba."—*Luthervill Seminary*.

"He died on the field," she sobbed as she stood at his tombstone; "a gallant soldier, no doubt," broke in a sympathetic old man. "Oh! no, sir, he was hit by a base-ball bat."—*Whittenberger*.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

They strolled along through the woods together—

A manly youth and a maiden fair—
Gathering leaves in the autumn weather,
Tinted with colors rich and rare.

He said: "You are like the leaves in autumn,
With your cheeks of red and your hair of gold,
And your heart, like the leaves, the frost receives,
Ere its hues are seen—for your heart is cold."

The maiden answered, "It may be so,
You have known me long and perhaps know best,
But the frozen leaf soon thaws, you know,
After it's gathered and properly pressed."

—*Ex.*

"Tit for Tat: Mistress (to Bridget)—
"Is it possible, Bridget, you are looking through my trunk?" Bridget (calmly)—"Yis, Mum, an' didn't I catch you looking through mine the other day?"—*Epoch*.

Professor—"Give the present tense of the German verb 'to eat.'" Student—"Ich liebe, du liebst—" "O, Mr. Manker, is that all you think about?" despairingly uttered the young lady professor.

Prof. (dictating Greek prose composition)—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Sophomore (waking up)—"It is under my chair, sir. I wasn't using it."—*Central Luminary*.

A SERENADE.

A youth went forth to serenade
The lady whom he loved the best,
And passed beneath the mansion's shade,
Where erst his charmer used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light
Came dancing o'er the hill-top's rim;
But no fair maiden blessed his sight,
And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze,
He drew much nearer than before:
When, to his horror and amaze,
He saw "To Let" upon the door.

—*Lasell Leaves*.

Irate passenger (as train is moving off)—"Why the — didn't you put my luggage in as I told you, you old—" Porter—"E—h, man! yer baggage es na sic a fule as yersel. Ye're i' the wrang train".—*Punch*.

IN EXAMINATION.

Engraved on his cuffs
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States;

And they found in his palms—which were hollow—

What is frequent in palms—that is, dates!

—*University*.

Bob—"I tell you that new teacher is lightning." Bill—"No, he ain't; lightning never strikes twice in the same place."—*Ex.*

He was rescuing her from the waves, but it looked as though they would never see Boston again. "Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped; "Hold on tight. "Don't say 'hold on tight,'" gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of Atlantic Ocean, "Say hold on tightly."—*Ex.*

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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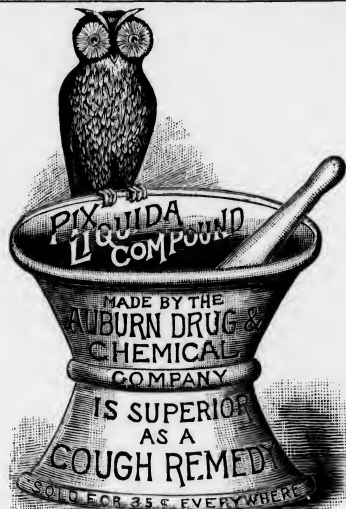
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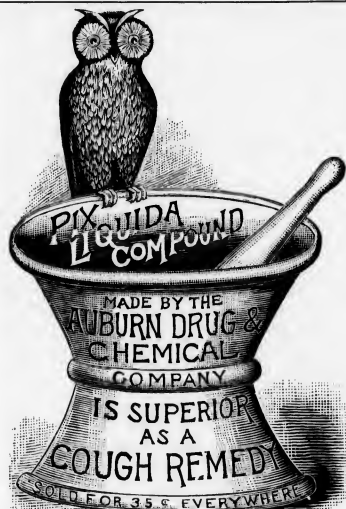
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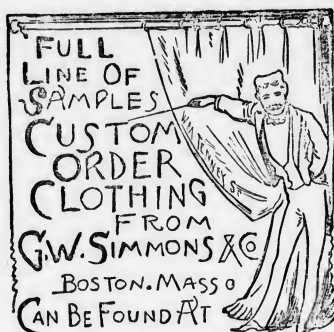
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VOL. XVII.

APRIL, 1889.

No. 4.

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CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

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A. N. PEASLEE, G. H. HAMLEN,
N. F. SNOW, H. B. DAVIS.

H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.

W. F. GARCELON, Associate Manager.

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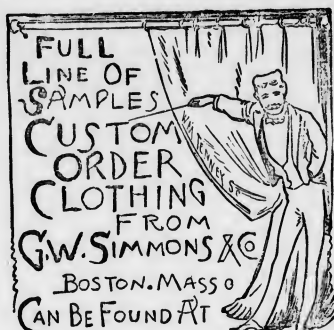
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One design of a college course is to teach us to think, but it does not give us practice in expressing our thoughts extemporaneously. That must come some other way. Here at Bates the literary societies afford an excellent opportunity for such practice, and we would earnestly counsel every student who intends or expects ever to speak in public to improve that opportunity.

NOW is the time for the students to begin in earnest the study of the birds. There is no study throughout our college course that is so interesting as ornithology. The student who neglects this study can never realize what he has lost. Many students excuse themselves and say that it is of no practical value. But it is of practical value. Anything is of practical value that tends to lift us out of ourselves and make us observant of things about us. Ornithology awakens our sensibilities, makes us keen and observing, and gives us a true love for nature. If any one is entirely devoid of interest, let him read John Burrough's "Wake Robin" and Wilson Flagg's "A Year with the Birds." How much of the beautiful there is in nature, and yet how little it is appreciated. On a summer's day one may hear from almost every bush and hill a song that Beethoven himself could not copy. We would give almost any sum of money to hear some great artist play a selection from Beethoven. Yet one may, with a little exertion, hear, every morning, a chorus that the greatest artist on earth could not set to music.

Should, then, the soul be allowed to go hungry while we are surrounded by so much that is grand and beautiful?

M^{R.} MOODY has invited the college students to meet at Northfield again for Bible study. The session this summer is from June 29th to July 12th. Shall not Bates have a good representation there? Should one consider a pleasant vacation only, he could hardly find a better place to enjoy it than on the banks of the Connecticut. The expenses are small and the advantages many. Of course the prime object is Bible study, and the best Bible scholars in the country are engaged to speak. The next most important advantage is meeting with men from other colleges and seeing what the college world is doing. Ample time is afforded for gaining such knowledge and acquaintance, and for entering into the various sports of interest to college men. It cannot but lead to the healthful broadening of one's whole manhood. Let us have a good company there. Let the garnet pennon over the Bates tent and the cry of "Boom-a-lak-a" from beneath it have no small share in the enthusiasm of Northfield in 1889.

W^{HAT} is success, and how can I obtain it? A young man once put this question to Baron Rothschild. The Baron replied: "I will tell you rather, why so many fail in life. This is the receipt: One hour a day with your newspaper; one hour a day with your toilet; one hour a day with your cigar; and depend upon it, the first po-

sition you obtain will be the best you will ever obtain."

How true his words! Most young men wonder why they fail in life. This is the secret—wasted moments. The demand of the age is not young ladies and gentlemen, but men and women, and no young person can become a man or woman unless every moment is filled with something worth keeping. Let moments of recreation be those in which something shall be laid by for future use. Let no minute pass to which you can look back and say: "Nothing learned, nothing accomplished." Blank moments make a blank life, and a blank young man is a worthless stick, fit only to be kicked about and finally cast away.

AT the meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association last February, the absence of ladies was commented on, and the suggestion was made that the papers published at ladies' colleges be invited to send delegates next time. Some one also said that papers like the *STUDENT*, with ladies on the staff, might send them as delegates. For our part, we do not see why the ladies should not be represented, if they wish to be. They are certainly numerous enough, and show talent enough to deserve representation among their editorial brethren. One object of the association is to promote good feeling among the colleges, and surely in this we do not wish to leave the sisters out. Nor, judging from those present at the last meeting, would they need to hesitate to attend, for the delegates were all

gentlemen. We say, invite them to come.

"Pick my left pocket of the silver dime,
But spare the right,—it holds my golden
time."

HOW many consider this when they call on a fellow-student and waste a whole hour in pointless conversation? The time of a college student surely is golden, and every one should respect his property rights therein. An hour may be profitably spent in conversation on some important subject, but even then the caller should remember that this interesting topic may not be the one on which his friend would prefer to spend the time. Holmes says: "All men are bores, when we do not want them." None can be more so than these thieves of time, who in robbing others make no gain themselves, but suffer an equal loss. Courtesy, justice to one's self and friends, a true estimate of the value of time, all demand that no moments should be thus idly wasted.

DID you ever notice how the men of different trades and professions have little languages all their own? There is the seaman's language, the stock-merchant's, the dressmaker's, and, most important of all, the college student's.

These languages are brief, very expressive and easy to learn, for the words and phrases were, in fact, once English, but have become so *merchantized* and *studentized* that we have to learn them over again to know what they mean.

Every woman in the land speaks

"dressmaker language" when she informs her neighbor that that dress would be much improved if she should "*let it out* a little there" and "*take it in* a little here."

We nearly all know a little of the seaman's language. We know what it is for a vessel to "tack" or for men to "turn in." Indeed, we feel quite proud when telling a story, if we can introduce these terms in the proper place. We feel almost as well as if we had put in a Latin phrase or a quotation from some eminent author.

But to all the other languages, that of the college student bids defiance. It is hard. One cannot study it at home—there are no lexicons nor grammars. He must go into the country where it is spoken and learn it from the lips of the natives. Here is a specimen: Two college students are buying a Latin text-book. "This is a good one," says one, "lots of room for *cribbing*; we can make a regular interlinear of it." (These were not *Bates students*.) "Yes," say the other, "it will be as good as a *horse*;" and they depart joyfully with their treasure. These boys believed in getting through college as easily as possible; others "dig" or "plug" for all they get. And so we might go on enumerating words upon words of college language. The meanings of some might be guessed from their form, others are not found out so easily. Take, *e. g.*, the little word "cut." If you seek its meaning in the dictionary, you may look, but look in vain. The college word "fired" is also fortunately not defined. But how aptly some of these

words are chosen! They might well be called *expressive expressions*.

Space forbids the mention of but one term more, though it is unfortunate to be obliged to stop in so sad a place, for

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, 'I've *flunked* again.'"

IT should be the sincere desire and the vital purpose of every college student to make the best of all there is in him. The fulfillment of such a purpose requires a harmonious and symmetrical development of all the powers—physical as well as mental. Just as beauty after beauty, all forming a symmetrical whole, reveal themselves beneath the skillful touch of the artist's brush, so may appear all the faculties of man harmoniously developed and formed into one inseparable whole beneath the touch of education. It is education that brings out all there is in man, yet no one branch will make the perfect man. The neglect of any one branch of study causes an imperfection, and every day there are those who slight the classics and despise mathematics, simply because such studies seem to them to have no connection with dealing out pills or haranguing at the bar. Such ones think they are deceiving the professors, but they are only cheating and deceiving themselves. After a few years of such study they come forth to pass themselves upon the community only as mere counterfeits of human nature. The world seems no better for their living in it. Ah! young man, would you influence

the world, would you leave the world better than you found it? Then begin while you are in college. Attend to every branch of study with energy and enthusiasm. There is your part, stand to it like a soldier. Be determined to make the best of yourself, and then when you go forth from your college walls the world will feel your influence.

WE hope that other alumni will follow the example of Mr. Reade, '84, whose communication appears in this number. A few words on any subject that interests you, and would be of interest to the readers of the STUDENT, will always be welcomed. We wish the STUDENT to be one means of keeping our alumni interested in the college and in one another. Whether it shall be or not, depends largely on them. We trust they will not fail us. If we could whisper to each one, we would say: Do not forget your *Alma Mater*, nor the little paper that flourishes under her wing.

IT is a common fault in our debating societies to base a so-called argument on a loose expression of another speaker. Negligence of speech should be corrected, but this duty pertains not to a participant in the discussion but to the critic. Not only common honesty, but all power in debate demands that one answer the evident intent of his opponent.

Worse than this, however, is the habit of culling sentences here and there and so combining them as to make an absurd paradox, when the

connecting links have established their logical relation. A debater who is guilty of either of these faults may command the attention of the audience for a moment; but, if he have no further arguments to offer, unjust criticisms will be of no avail; and, if he have any point to make, he cannot afford to waste his energies on such unworthy objects. Let him voice an honest conviction based on sound reasoning, or say nothing.

LITERARY.

DOES CULTURE DIMINISH HAPPINESS?

By M. B., '90.

IMAGINE an ideal family. The father is the object of the sincere love and reverence of all his children. Never did a father rear his family with more care and wisdom. The children have learned well the lesson of obedience, and by following strictly the laws laid down by their father they have cultivated only the higher qualities. The evil side of their human nature has become deadened. No wrong thought ever enters their minds. No act is done from a low motive. They are, in truth, an ideal family. On one occasion the father offers a prize, not to one, but to every one that will prove himself worthy of it. Each may win the whole or as much as he will, but much labor is involved. To their eyes it is a thing of perfect beauty, and desirable above all things. The father, in bidding them strive for the prize, incites none but high motives. No selfish rivalry enters into their pur-

pose, for there is enough of the good thing for all. He appeals only to the love for the beautiful and good that he has taken so much pains to cultivate in them. They determine to win the prize, and to this end strive continually, realizing the fulfillment of the promise that they shall have as much as they earn. But, oh! the bitterness of the disappointment! The prize that they have sought, led by their best impulses and the recommendation of their trusted father, proves, on nearer view, to be, not the beautiful thing they thought, but something ugly and hateful. Yet they must look at it continually; yet there is something that compels them, having once caught a glimpse of it, to seek it more and more. Its power is something like that which strong drink exercises over its victims—they must have it; they must have more and more, although it makes them more and more unhappy. But it differs from strong drink in this, that it is the higher self that longs for it, while it is the *lower* man that demands the drunkard's cup to satisfy his thirst. But with *such* a realization of their expectation, the charm is broken, and we must doubt either the goodness or the wisdom of the father.

The good father is our Creator. In so far as we have followed the laws he has laid down for us our lower natures have become deadened, our higher selves have gained pre-eminence, and with this quickening of our higher being comes an insatiable desire for that which we call culture. Now, would a kind Creator so construct us that our highest impulses would lead

us to that which would destroy our happiness? I think not.

It is quite a prevalent idea that many afflictions become hard to bear in proportion as we are refined. We often hear it said in regard to a great trouble that has come upon some one of superior culture, "It seems as though such a thing would be harder for him than for an ordinary person." General Wallace advances this idea when describing the terrible condition of Ben-Hur's mother and sister in the dungeon of the Tower of Antonio. He says: "To form an adequate idea of the suffering endured by the mother of Ben-Hur, the reader must think of her spirit and its sensibilities as much as, if not more than, of the conditions of the immurement; the question being not what the conditions were, but how she was affected by them. And now we may be permitted to say it was in anticipation of this thought that the scene in the summer-house on the roof of the family palace was given so fully in the beginning of the second book of our story." He says: "It is sufficient to melt the reader with sympathy to contrast her present surroundings with the home that has been described before," and adds: "But will he go further; will he more than sympathize with her; will he share her agony of mind and spirit; will he at least try to measure it—let him recall her as she discoursed to her son of God, and nations, and heroes; one moment a philosopher, the next a teacher, and all the time a mother." And as the reader is thus reminded of the high culture of the woman, he can not but

believe that the intensity of her suffering is greater than a common person could possibly know. Even if we admit this feeling to be entirely correct, our argument loses nothing, for is not the intensity of enjoyment increased in as great a degree? If Ben-Hur's mother had been an ordinary woman, the charm of the scene on the housetop would have been lost. Few women are capable of the lofty feelings she must have enjoyed at that time. Most would have been obliged to yield to the despondency Ben-Hur's complaints were calculated to engender. Many women even could not realize so great joy as she felt at the recovery and restoration of her son. General Wallace does not ignore this fact, for he says: "As the mind is made intelligent, the capacity of the soul for pure enjoyment is proportionally increased." I do not deny, then, that the capability for suffering increases with the growth of the intellect. One can hardly imagine an unhappy hog, nor yet a very happy one. And so we may rise a little in the scale of existence and picture to ourselves a man in his crude state—a savage. We can seem to see him dancing in ecstasies around the fire that cooks the human feast he anticipates; yet do you think he has any idea of what real happiness is? Think of the suffering among most uncivilized people, due to famine, lack of regard for the sick, and the consequent fear of illness. Think of the neglected and even hated children. Think of the child wives of India, and especially think of the condition of the millions of persecuted

widows of that land. Certainly the culture that goes hand in hand with Christianity would make their condition much happier.

But not only does culture make us capable of more intense pleasure; it makes us also more easily entertained. A truly cultured person can entertain himself on almost any occasion. He can spend hours pleasantly in the most lonesome places, drinking in the beauty of the scenery, and studying the secrets of nature; and even when these privileges are denied he can find in his own mind enough to keep him contented for hours. In other words, he knows how to enjoy his own company. I will say nothing of the untold pleasure he can get by sitting quietly and reading the thoughts of others. We have all reached the point where we can appreciate, in a measure, that pleasure.

Compare his condition with that of the ordinary laborer—not with some intelligent New England workman, but with the average laborer in other parts. This one may be placed amid the most beautiful scenery, but he sees nothing of it. He may be surrounded continually by the sweet music of the airy songsters, but he hears nothing of it. Of such it may truly be said: "Eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not." He thinks of little outside of his daily routine, because he knows little else. Not that he has no pleasures! He may be exceedingly entertained by a circus or a dog fight, but into his common every-day life how little pleasure must come! Suppose he is obliged to sit alone for a

few hours ; he has not learned to make a companion of a book ; he may investigate his own mind, but he finds nothing of interest there. He may become exceedingly unhappy, or he may drop into a state of listlessness—not necessarily miserable, but at least not very joyful—a sort of negative existence. Lest some one may think the picture of the common laborer's oblivion to the beautiful around him exaggerated, I will cite a conversation I once heard in a Maine village between a woman of not less than ordinary intelligence and a friend. The friend had been praising the situation of the woman's house, with its large yard and fine shade trees, to which the woman replied that she would like it better if the house were nearer the street, for she couldn't always tell who was passing by at that distance. "Oh," said the friend, "but there are such lovely views from your windows." "Well, I don't care much about that," answered the woman, "for I never have time to look at them." She had time to run to the window and strain her eyes to see who was passing, every time she heard a sound, but no time to enjoy all that wealth of beauty that was spread out before her continually.

Some one may say, But all that is theory, you don't *know* that this man is as happy with all his culture as he would be if he had none. You don't *know* that we are as happy as the people of Africa. The facts are on the other side. Then he may quote a long list of figures to show that suicide, insanity, and other evils increase with the growth of culture. Some of these

statistics will not bear very close examination. For example, consider from what classes our insane asylums are filled. Is it from the ranks of the professional men, the preachers, the teachers, the lawyers, the doctors, the authors, who in America are the people of culture, that the demented come? Statistics prove that a very small proportion of the insane come from these classes. A large proportion are farmers and laborers, while very few are people of culture. Read the annual reports of the insane hospitals and you will be convinced of this fact. I will refer you to one report only. Among the one-hundred and thirty-one men who were admitted to the Maine Hospital in 1887, there were: one minister, three teachers, two reporters, one student, one dentist, two traders, thirty-one farmers, and thirty-one laborers. The rest were artisans, and workmen of various kinds, as one barber, one blacksmith, one teamster, six seamen, etc. Now not more than ten of these are people who would be expected to be much above the average in intelligence, and we have no reason to suppose that even these ten were persons of especial culture. As to the causes assigned, more cases were attributed to drunkenness than to any other one cause, but in the majority of cases the cause was unknown. Now I am not prepared to deny the assertion, that insanity increases with civilization, but in the face of these facts, I can say that if this is true it must be due to some other influence that, perhaps, at present, flourishes alongside with culture, but that is entirely separate from

it. It is well known that intemperance is often introduced into heathen lands together with Christianity, and increases as it increases, but can it be said, therefore, that the growth of intemperance in these countries is due to Christianity? Certainly not.

We claim, then, first, that it is contrary to any reasonable view of an all-wise and merciful Creator that he should make a race to become constantly more unhappy as it approaches the ideal; secondly, that although the capacity to suffer may be increased by culture, the capacity to enjoy is increased in as great, if not in a greater degree; thirdly, that culture opens wide avenues to pleasures of its own, which are accessible at all times, no matter how widely one is separated from the things that are usually depended upon for pleasure; fourthly, that the figures often quoted, to prove the opposite, when closely examined, weigh on this side. If these arguments are founded on fact they are sufficient to prove not only that culture does not diminish happiness but even that it increases it, and to confirm the opinion expressed by Charles Dudley Warner, when he says, "It seems to me the millennium is to come by an infusion into all society of a truer culture, which is neither of poverty nor of wealth, but is the beautiful fruit of the development of the higher part of man's nature."

INGRATITUDE.

By J. H. J., '88.

Bruit not ingratitude; nor feel dismay
If those thou bless with curses oft repay.
Quench not thy zeal; He who thy ransom
bought
Despised men slew, "His own received him
not."

THE FIRST OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS.

II. WHAT WERE THEIR CHARACTERISTICS AND WHAT GAVE RISE TO THEM?

THE mental awakening that the Reformation caused produced not only an emancipation of the soul from superstition, but an emancipation of the mind from ignorance. But no sooner were they free than their courses diverged; for the soul seeks the hamlet of truth linearly, while the mind climbs over the mountain, wallowing through snow-banks of uncertainty, crawling up steep logical and metaphysical glaciers by sheer force of tooth and nail. England first suffered from free thought, it there taking the form of deism. In Hume's and Bolingbroke's time unbelief, taking wing, crossed the British Channel and generated French atheism. Later, Voltaire and Diderot carried this winged pest to the court of German Frederick, where, verbal chameleon that it was, it took the name of rationalism. With Hume and the last three decades of the eighteenth century, English deism virtually perished.

But with the dawn of the nineteenth century the chickens of doubt that a hundred years before had gone forth into French wheat-fields, came home to perch; plump, well-fed birds they were, whose gay plumage the English Muse often mistook for the sober gray of the nightingale. With this atheism came two other elements of influence, viz., the immorality of Voltaire and the sentimentalism of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The latter, since Goethe's "Werther" and Schiller's "Robbers" contain sentiments that could have come from

no other source, made its way into England through the German as well as the French language.

Infidelity found expression through the writings of two poets, Byron and Shelley. Their unbelief, though similar in nature, was dissimilar in its effect upon their writings. The doubt of Byron attracted him earthward, while that of Shelley exalted him into the extremest idealism. The doubt of Byron drove him into the blackest despair, while that of Shelley aroused him to the maddest enthusiasm. Were we to compare Byron with the exiles of Leman Lake, whom he apostrophized in his "Childe Harold," we should find that his unbelief resembled Gibbon's in that it was serious, and Voltaire's in that it was biting and cynical. On the whole it was, however, a remnant of the earlier French philosophic atheism. Shelley's whole life was a constant rebellion against the conventionalities of society. He was the English Rousseau. He ascribed all moral evil to the artificial laws of society and proposed to substitute a new order of things, in which men should be free from kings and priests. He read skeptical books, wrote skeptical essays and poems, and on this account was expelled from Oxford. In his own words of his earlier years :

" Did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of
lore,—

Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war with mankind."

Later he dabbled in the philosophy of Hume and Plato and went mad over

the French Revolution. Many of the works of these poets ("Childe Harold," "The Vision of Judgment," "Don Juan," "Queen Mab," and "The Revolt of Islam") are permeated with skepticism, and all of it French, at least, in color.

The effect of Rousseau's sentimentalism upon the writings of two poets, Shelley and Wordsworth, is marked and certain. Probably Wordsworth was not influenced by a direct reading of Rousseau, but inhaled his spirit from the atmosphere of the Revolution, since he spent a year in Paris while that event was in full progress. Very different effects did this sentimentalism have upon the contemplative genius of Wordsworth and the passionately idealistic one of Shelley. Shelley, imaginative, rash, excited and blinded by the flying chaff of Rousseauism, uttered impossible, almost inane extravagances, while Wordsworth, calmer, deeper, less excitable, looking down into its depths, separated the worthless husks from the golden grain.

In regard to immorality we shall be compelled to couple Byron and Shelley again. The former was influenced by Voltaire and Italian poets; the latter by Rousseau. It is just to say of Shelley that his offenses were committed in his earlier poems rather than in later ones; that he was an earnest seeker after truth, and that had he lived longer he would have escaped from the sloughs of mistaken opinion into which his imagination and rashness led him. But no such excuse can be urged for Byron. His transgressions were deliberate, premeditated, inten-

tional. His humorous and satirical faculties, in union with his love of social and conventional warfare, led him astray. Though he sang so beautifully of world-weariness, yet no man was ever fonder of notoriety than he. Byron's chief aim in writing, great poet though he was—perhaps next to Shakespeare in the English language—seemed to be to produce an effect rather than a masterpiece of literary art. So very often he compels his versatile genius, from mere wantonness and vanity, to descend into immorality.

Four characteristics remain to be remarked upon,—the romantic, the historic, the philosophic, and spiritual sympathy with physical nature. The romantic and historic so blend into each other that they can almost be treated as one subject. By romantic, we designate not only those novelettes in verse, like "The Corsair," "The Siege of Corinth," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Lalla Rookh," and—yes, Southey's epics; but also that desire of innovation and change, both in the thought and its expression, that desire of seeing the old with a new face, and that warmth of idealistic sentiment, in marked contrast with the coldness and materialness of the subsequent century, when Pope, Dryden, and Swift expressed their imaginings in formalistic couplets and stanzas. By historic, we mean those poems whose plot was from foreign or antique sources, as Byron's and Moore's *Oriental Tales*, Shelley's plays in imitation of the Greek, and Scott's *Lays of Scottish Chivalry*. The former was inherent in the nature of the age; the

latter was imported from Germany. One of Walter Scott's first literary attempts was the translation of Goethe's "Goetz," whence he received the idea of utilizing Scotch Chivalry. Shortly after, Byron, Shelley, Southey, and Moore followed his example in selecting plot-matter from foreign and ancient sources.

Romance: The age itself was one of romance and innovation. A new life was pulsing everywhere. Curiosity began to discover what a world of newness there is in this old earth of ours. Science, philosophy, political economy,—everything whether materialistic or spiritualistic was making almost "seven-leagued" strides. Innumerable elements were conspiring to bring into bold relief the idealistic and sympathetic in human nature. The obligation of man to man and nation to nation was felt most forcibly. Christianity and education were leavening the masses with the "milk of human kindness." That "a man's a man," no matter in what station born, was fast becoming the watchword. In America, that "all men are created equal" had been spoken in thunderous utterance of the cannon, and the "Star Spangled Banner" had been unfurled to the breezes of freedom. In France the same voice had "most tumultuously" been heard until her throat had been grasped by the usurping hand of him, who, in his own words, "found the French crown in the dust and picked it up on the point of his sword." The aristocracy of brain and human nobility was rapidly taking the place of the aristocracy of noble birth. The facil-

ities of transportation and conveyance had been greatly improved. My lord and the courtier were not the only persons of importance; there were merchants, capitalists, lawyers, men of all classes. The mighty truth that men are social beings, internationally as well as nationally, was acknowledged. Men began to travel—not noblemen only, but men of almost all conditions in life. They went to Italy, France, Germany, America, wherever gain, adventure, and curiosity could lead them. Greater material prosperity and diffusion of knowledge among the many, greater personal liberties, privileges, and enjoyments, better advantages for intercourse of man with man and nation with nation:—are not these things that would give rise to the romantic?

Subjectiveness: in this Byron held the van and Wordsworth and Shelley were not far in the rear. Subjectiveness consists in forcing the self of the poet continually before the reader, either by the *ego* direct, or by a hero who can be too easily identified with its creator. Goethe, Schiller, and Rousseau practiced this,—not that their English brothers caught the idea from them—nay, they caught it from Byron. Byron never could see anything beyond the seething maelstrom of his own soul; *i. e.*, his imaginative scope was so limited that he could portray human nature only as it existed in himself. Wordsworth would have started with disgust had one intimated to him that in this respect he resembled “the spoiled child of genius.” With this exception the poets are in bold contrast. Wordsworth’s genius was calm,

contemplative, like the placid, unruffled depths of the crystal lakes with which it held constant communion; Byron’s was splendid, magnificent, but his splendor and magnificence was that of the spotted tiger, kittenish, playful, until angered or irritated when it tore and rent. Yet one is just as certainly subjective in his writings as the other; Wordsworth is just as certainly subjective in the “Prelude” and “Excursion,” as Byron is in “Childe Harold” and “Don Juan.” In this Shelley resembled Byron, differing from him principally in intensity. In his egoism Shelley was far less cynical, less misanthropic; more inclined to the ideal and contemplative.

In spiritual sympathy with physical nature Wordsworth led not only among nineteenth century poets, but among all that ever lived. Great poets of all ages have spiritually sympathized with nature, but no intellect has looked up

“Through Nature to her Source in heaven,
And read in earth, in ocean, and in air,”

the infinite power and wisdom of God as Wordsworth has. Byron, Shelley, Scott, Keats, Coleridge, Moore, all sympathized with nature, but let us speak of Wordsworth only. His intellectual faculties were such that he could perceive in nature undiscovered truths and send them home to the heart with irresistible potency. Who before him had been able to invest the simplest flower that gems the field with poetic sympathy? How eloquently he sings of the daisy:

“Sweet flower—for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past

I call thee and to thee cleave fast
 Sweet silent creature
 That breath'st with me, in sun and air,
 Do thou as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature."

Who before him had noticed the change-ful mimmiery of the clouds? He it was whose eye discovered that distance petrifies the frenzied motion of the madest cataract, and that the twilight has an abstracting influence upon nature. By some critics Wordsworth is considered the greatest poet of his age. Were it a question of nobleness and virtue only, this would be true. Wordsworth's purpose and end in life was to uplift and ennoble humanity; to console and comfort the afflicted; and add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier. But in pure genius Byron was superior to him, possessing greater versatility and spontaneity.

Taken as a whole, this poetical era is perhaps the most remarkable the world has ever seen. The Elizabethan and Athenian eras contained poets of greater genius, but their arrays of fame-worthy talent were less numerous. The age of Louis XIV. and the English classical æon were more classical, but far inferior in profuseness of thought and richness of picturing. Almost for the first time in history, literature cut itself loose from State, political parties, patronage of every kind. No theatre supported by the State, as at Athens. No court life from which to receive aid, as in the time of the French Louises. Pamphlet warfare was carried on, not by genius, as in the subsequent century, but by talent. The prevalence of edu-

cation and perfection of invention had made it possible for literary genius to support itself unaided. A noticeable peculiarity of this age is that the fountain of mind was stirred to its lowest depths. Unclassified, unarranged, it poured out Niagara torrents of thoughts, ideas, and images. The last shackle of the mind had been broken, and like a colt turned loose in the pasture for the first time in the spring, it must gambol and prance before it could crop the herbage.

But after the playfulness and fire of youth, comes sober thought and wisdom. After the Byrons, Shelleys, and Poes, have appeared the Tennysons, Longfellow, and Whittiers.

♦♦♦
 SUGGESTED AT THE READING
 OF EVANGELINE.

By A. L. S., '89.

Sweet is the voice of the poet,
 But sweeter the poet's emotion.
 Fain would the soul at its touch
 Lay off the garb of the mortal,
 Like unto "delicate Ariel"
 Sighing betimes for its freedom.

♦♦♦
 HOMER.

By G. H. L., '89.

TWENTY-SEVEN hundred years have rolled by. Many a glimmering light playing along the horizon of ignorance and mystery has vanished, but still the full-orbed flame of Homer scatters down its sovereign beams, as if the sky of Hellas, its myrtle groves, its gleaming landscape seamed with rills; as if the aggregated genius of that passionate, beauty-loving, light-seeking people, and the majesty of its gods had entered the womb

of being after the subtle process of integration, to reappear the incarnated spirit of all.

Varied and wonderful as are the phases of Homer's greatness, they emanate from the one fundamental principle of greatness in nature. The man great in nature is but a God-given personality, through whom nature works, through whom breathes the spirit of all things living and inanimate. Homer from that Grecian nearness of heart to heart, from the sympathy and strength bound up in the tradition of the most Grecian of Greek ancestry, from an unexampled fidelity to nature and the gods of the people, got his brush into that paint with which it is said the birds and flowers, the human cheek, the living rock, the broad landscape, the ocean, and the eternal sky were painted. In him there is the culmination of both artistic and moral eloquence. While his poetry is faultless in the eye of taste, there is in it substance, an intrinsic worth, bearing its own credentials as an honest man wears the indorsement of his honor upon his face. To value Homer as an artist and nothing more is to see but the foliage of the tree, is to disdain the roots that imbedded in the elements, extract the life-giving principle, and put forth a trunk mighty in strength, though not adorned. With him the grace of art is but the flower of his greatness, as the Greeks themselves believed that beauty was but the flower of virtue.

As subsequent poets have approached their ideal they have approached the simplicity and sublimity of Homer. These qualities with him were those of

nature, and were twin-born; simple in sublimity, sublime in simplicity, his self-forgetful seriousness breathes into the most lofty and sublime the simplicity of unity and effect, and never fails to impart the sublime to the tenderest passion. As it is said of Shakespeare, he with the same faithfulness and delight paints the small as the great; as to adore nature with equal care perfects the blade of grass and the sinews of man.

From the same source sprang his versatility. Actual life and his own heart were his first and best instructors. Appealing through the deeds of men to the hearts of assembled Greece, with the canopied sky for a ceiling, with shadowy groves for a background, while perhaps some glimpse of the Ægean curtailed that first audience hall, he at once knew the feelings of man. Nature is skilled to arouse and reach the deepest principles inherent in the human heart. If you would know the thought of him who loves to gaze into the heavens at midnight, if you would taste of wrath divine, if you would lament the corse of a heroic son, if you would know the value of a mother's caress, hear the tread of armies or the songs of peace; if you would know all the joys of an exultant soul and feel every pang of an anguished heart, seek Homer who, with Shakespeare, holds the key of secrets.

And yet the very element which makes his poetry Homeric is incapable of analysis. Much that in this age of criticism passes for poetry is no poetry at all, but the ingenious encrusting of some commonplace moral in

a highly wrought shell. We have many artists, but few poets; many echoes, few living voices: and it is easy to rend the film that hides the conceit. But the Greek poets confessedly composed their beautiful poems not as works of art but because they were inspired or possessed. We do well only that which we do in accordance with our own character, said they. "Hear Ulysses a faithful speech that knows nor art nor fear," is the voice of Homer himself. They wrote unconsciously, as passion dictated. Their object was to produce a thing of beauty. It was enough to write a poem for the poem's sake.

It is hard thus to satisfy modern criticism in which there is a tendency to make poetry as men make clocks, and to judge its merit by the facility with which they can analyze or take to pieces this time-beating apparatus. Now to analyze beauty is to annihilate it; or rather, show me the poetry the life-element of which does not defy analysis, and it may be seen that it is no poetry at all. Until it is known wherein paint differs from the beauty and glory of the morning, let it be contended that Homer even as Shakespeare is inconceivable.

We do not, however, enforce the claims of Greek poetry to the exclusion of all other poetry; for it is said beauty is not so meagre that one genius, or a nation, can exhaust its resources. Here and there in time and place will arise mighty minds whose works are the more to be admired that each possesses its own peculiar beauty and worth. Romantic poetry is said to be

like the oak that bends from out the mountain cleft over the dark valley. Greek poetry is slender, smooth, erect, like the palm tree with its rich but symmetrical crown, and a nightingale sits among its leaves and sings.

If you would see the problem of conflicting passions solved, and the very heart of man laid open, seek the bards of the north. If you would seek the poetry that breathes the freedom and nobility of man and the sanctity of woman, find now its dawn in our American poets. But for simple and yet sublime feeling, for deep and mighty thought, expressed as naturally as joy and fear are visaged in the human mien, seek those bards who, in fair Hellas, in the childhood of nations, in the spring-time of poetry, most heroically sought in nature and humanity for the light that was to be.

Homer was a typical poet. In all things he recognized a twofold function, material and spiritual. From man and the sub-creations, he caught the spirit of the architect and revealed it unto men. We all have this instinctive yearning for the good, true, and beautiful, and go searching up and down the world for that which satisfies. We are all poets, or else had the Creator given light to those without eyes, but the poet by climbing higher has caught a glimpse of the rising sun, and gathering up its beams in his mantle has showered them down upon us. We receive them with reverence mingled with joy and sorrow—joy to be thus divinely blessed, sorrow not to behold the great sun himself. This is the poetry of life. This, too, is the realm of Homer.

THE MIRROR.

By A. A. B., '91.

IN one of the long picture galleries of Lord Danber's museum hung a large mirror. No one knew why it was there, or which one of the old lords had purchased it. But there it had hung for years, at the end of the long hall, close beside a dusky picture by Rembrandt. Visitors came and went and their frequent glances had made the mirror, it must be confessed, a little conceited. He hitched up one corner a little and tried to start a conversation with his neighbor, but to no avail. "They are all envious of me," said the mirror to himself, "and no wonder! How beautiful I must be; all the handsome ladies and gentlemen glance over the other pictures, but give me a good square look. Why this little cracked thing in the corner doesn't get looked at once a month; then it's some old man with spectacles that notices it; and they do say it cost my lord a heap of money. Now I wonder how much I cost. A fabulous sum, no doubt, for they look at me much more, and then I am so much larger than my neighbor. Ah! here they come now. See what a handsome young lady there is! And they are all looking at me; my little neighbor does not get a glance. Now see the young lady look slyly over her shoulder at me. "Am I so very beautiful?" asked the mirror of his neighbor, as the visitors passed. "Come," he said coaxingly, "tell me, they say you are very wise." The solemn little Rembrandt looked up, wrinkled up its face and said: "No, you are nothing at all,

as far as I see. Why, you look just like the floor and that old chair over there. All you do is to look like other things; take them away and you are a complete blank." "Jealousy, nothing but jealousy," returned the mirror. "They don't look at you, so you try to make me think I am ugly. Why can't you tell me the truth?" But the wise little Rembrandt drew itself up and would say no more. So day after day passed on. Courtiers and ladies came to look at the beautiful gallery, always giving the mirror the greater share of attention. But one day a new master came and gazing boldly at the mirror said: "What is that old thing here for? We'll have that taken out, if you please." The mirror turned pale and tried to speak, but could say nothing. "Now" said the little Rembrandt, "you see I told you the truth, and the new master will put you where you deserve." "That will be in far better company than yours," retorted the angry mirror. But the next day a man came and pulled him down from his lofty perch. While they carried him out the door and up toward the attic, he strained his ears trying to hear what his former neighbor was saying. But all he could hear was this: "Well, I hate a change, but it is good enough for the conceited thing. He kept people thinking about themselves, so they liked him best. Now I hope they will get a chance to look at the rest of us. But I've about come to the conclusion that if you want to be a favorite, you have only to be a blank yourself and reflect back the one who is looking at you."

THE TALE OF THE PINE TREE.

BY RHE, '90.

Deep in the dark, sombre forest where seldom
 the traveler wanders,
 Wrapped in repose, once stood the rude log hut
 of a settler.
 Near by the ruins, a pine tree, tossing its arms
 up to heaven,
 Stands like a sentinel old, whispering its
 moanings disconsolate.
 With voice like the low murmuring brooklet
 it tells of this sad desolation;
 Tells of the changes when life broke with music
 the stillness about it;
 Tells of the sweet, happy past when children
 played 'neath its branches.
 Oft with gay, happy laughter that rang sweet
 and clear like a bird note,
 Played they, and danced 'neath its shadows,
 anon with flushed exultation,
 Leaned o'er the spring at its feet, and mirrored
 their merry, brown faces.
 Here in the twilight the father, weary from
 work in the clearing,
 Leaned his axe and cheerfully answered the
 welcome homeward.
 Out from the low cabin doorway, mingled
 laughter and murmur of voices,
 Told of the evening's repast and the happy
 ending of labors.
 Love and joy, like a mantle, wrapped its folds
 about them.
 Round them, promising plenty, were crops
 their patience had planted.
 Sweet and low, like a flute note, mused the
 pine tree of gladness.

Then with a shivering moan that shook its
 uttermost branches,
 Whispered aloud of reverses, of sorrow, and
 sad desolation;
 Told how war, like a pall, hung over the
 threatened country,
 Called, like a demon incarnate, the loved ones
 from many a fireside.
 None were left but the old men to guard and
 protect the mothers.
 Responsive one morning, the father with heart
 like lead in his bosom,
 Shouldered his gun and left his loved ones
 behind in the cabin.
 Day followed day, and the winter passed in
 dreariness by them;

Summer with buds and flowers faded again
 into autumn,
 Still no news of the father cheered the waiting
 household.
 Silently worked the mother through the long,
 dreary days of the autumn;
 Sorrow settled among them and silenced the
 laugh of the children.
 Winter again with its shadows sifted its
 snow-flakes about them.
 Late one day in the winter, as the sun kissed
 the deep blushing hill-tops,
 Up the side of the mountain wearily toiled an
 old man;
 Grasped in his hand was a packet with news
 for the anxious household:
 Filled with forebodings the mother rushed
 down the pathway to meet him;
 Silent and slow the old man opened the packet
 before her,
 Traced with trembling finger a list of the dead
 in battle;
 Soon, like a bird of ill omen, the finger hov-
 ered over a name on the paper.
 Sick with sorrow, the mother grasped, like a
 friend, the tree trunk:
 "God give me patience," she murmured,
 "strength for the loved ones he's left
 me."
 Filled with compassion, the old man hobbled
 away in the shadows.
 Long in silence she stood there, till stars
 spread their canopy o'er her;
 Then, with head on her bosom reclining,
 slowly she entered the cabin;
 Sunshine of life was darkened, and clouds
 draped their mourning about her.
 Oh, how the heart lies bleeding when hope is
 torn from its chambers!
 Ye who have suffered and sorrowed know the
 longing that's never requited;
 Longing a loved one's return; for a voice that
 is silenced forever.
 Oh, how the days in their darkness dragged
 themselves wearily past them!
 Oh, how the sorrow and hunger gnawed like
 a wolf at their vitals;
 Peered from the heart of the mother and the
 pale pinched face of the children;
 Grinned like a fleshless skull from the bare
 and empty cupboards!
 Oft in those days the old man brought food
 from his own scanty lodgings;
 And in his tender compassion assisted the
 mother and children.

But notwithstanding his kind words the hope
 of the mother ne'er rallied;
 She in her weakness was conscious that life
 was ebbing and dying.
 Oft would she fondle her children and tell of
 a home that is blessed.
 Thus in their sorrow the winter merged into
 blithe young spring-time.
 Just as the leaves were in bud, and the hue of
 summer advancing,
 Life, with its sunshine and shadows, floated
 away on the breezes;
 Still were the hands of the mother, and the
 poor broken heart was united.
 Close to trunk of the pine tree, where sorrow
 and gladness had mingled,
 Reverently now the old man laid her to sleep
 forever.
 Told not a bell, but the pine tree sounded its
 requiem above her;
 Prayers by no pastor resounded, but a softly
 whispered "God bless you"
 Dropped from the lips of the old man, as
 slowly he rounded the green sward.
 Done was the task, and the old man took tenderly
 a hand of the children,
 Led them sobbing away from the place where
 they'd laughed and sorrowed.
 Slowly they went down the mountain, while
 sobs and cries from the children
 Echoed still fainter and fainter, and died
 away in the distance;
 Silence reigned supreme; silence that never
 was broken.
 Year followed year in their courses and covered
 the clearing with tree trunks;
 One by one the rafters fell with a crash from
 the cabin,
 Broke for a moment the stillness, then lapsed
 again into silence;
 Scarce could I hear the pine tree, as softly it
 counted the ages.

Then, like a breeze in the wheat-field, its
 branches quivered and rustled;
 Louder and louder it grew, till it roared and
 shrieked in its madness;
 "War," shrieked wildly the pine tree, "war,
 thou'rt the son of a demon!
 Think of thy wide devastation, the homes thou
 has crushed and scattered.
 Think of the lips thou hast silenced, and the
 brave, true hearts thou hast broken.
 Told was the tale of the pine tree, and softly
 it sank into silence.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

I notice in a recent number of your paper an editorial concerning President Cheney's "begging" for the college. There is, on the part of those in some way opposed to this college, either a disposition to misrepresent, or else a gross misunderstanding of matters as they really are. Whenever money comes to the college by "will" it is assumed that *money has been begged for the college, which otherwise would have gone to the heirs of the deceased.* Such is not the case.

As regards the gift from Cambridgeport, I am acquainted with a man in Massachusetts, of unquestionable veracity, and of reputation which reaches beyond America, who assures me that if this gift had not been to Bates College, *it certainly would have been to a certain other institution in Massachusetts, founded for educating young women.* The truth is that the donor was resolved to bestow this property upon some educational institution, and for a time may have hesitated between Bates and some other institution; but finally decided that it would do most good at Bates. If facts were known, I have no doubt similar things might be said concerning every sum of money that has recently come to Bates by "will."

A. B., '84.

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 YE EDITOR.

Past twelve, and yette beholden me,
 Here atte mie deske a-porynge
 O'er rhymes, whenne I'd much rather be
 My soul in sleepe restorynge!
 And harken! forsooth would I were he;—
 That manne, next doore, a-snoorynge!

—Brunonian.

LOCALS.

Birds.

Tennis.

Base-ball.

The summer term began April 9th.

But few students spent the vacation at the college.

Now is the time to begin work for the field-day.

Thomas Singer, '90, has been elected secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Lewiston.

A Mourning Cloak, the first butterfly registered this season, was seen at David mountain, March 22d.

During the latter half of last term Prof. Chase was unable to meet his classes, on account of sickness.

Friday, March 22d, the two societies held the last meetings of the term. They were unusually interesting, and both rooms were crowded.

The summer term of Nichols Latin School began Tuesday, March 26th, with over sixty members,—one of the largest attendances in the history of the school.

C. A. Record, a former member of '90, has engaged as principal of the high school at Paris, for one year. He intends to join the class of '92 to complete his college course.

Prof.—“If you had one thousand straws in a bundle and a central line running through the bundle, how many straws would there be on each side?” Miss J. (after long and careful calculation)—“Four hundred and ninety-nine, I should think.”

There has been a total of ten cases of measles and two cases of mumps in college this term. The Senior class alone has wholly escaped. We suppose they have outgrown such childish diseases.

Prof. (in political economy)—“Suppose a man does not work for wages, but goes fishing for a living, what would you call that?” Student hesitating, the professor explains, “Well, that would be fishing on his own hook, wouldn't it?” and still he couldn't see what we were laughing at.

Saturday, March 16th, the ice was broken on the ball ground. Students could be seen at the appointed time issuing from all directions with all the tools that could be obtained within a radius of half a mile, and, as many hands make light work, the diamond was soon cleared.

During the experiments with the plate electrical machine, Mr. D., at the request of the professor and the approval of his class, turned the wheel. At the very next recitation one of the class described the machine as having a large glass wheel turned by a crank.

A student coming from the theological building was hailed by two ladies in a carriage, one of whom asked, “Is this the bleachery?” This unexpected question nearly took his breath, but after a while he managed to say he thought it was not.

Last year the winter snows remained upon the ground till long into April. This year the students played tennis upon the campus in March, and the base-ball nine has been able to get to

work upon the diamond most three weeks earlier than they did last year. Our ball men have been doing good work in the gym since the first of January. Now, with the long time for practice before the league games begin, they will be well prepared for the coming contest.

The *Progressive Annual*, by Mr. Hatch, '89, was gladly received at the college. Seventy-five copies have already been taken by the students. We hope that every one to whom the book is presented will add to its merited success. No one can help appreciating the merits of this little work, especially when he considers the physical disadvantage under which the writer labors, and his earnest efforts to complete his college course.

Rev. George Constantine, D.D., missionary to the Greeks at Smyrna, has been visiting friends in Lewiston. During his visit he addressed the students at the regular weekly meeting of the Y. M. C. A., and also gave three very able and valuable lectures in the college chapel. The one on the Greek language and Greek art was especially interesting from the fact that Dr. Constantine was born at Athens, and that after his college and theological education in this country, he lived in Athens seventeen years as a missionary. He is a very eloquent and inspiring speaker. Dr. Constantine is the author of the only commentary on the four Gospels and of the only Bible dictionary ever published in modern Greek. A few years ago he presented to the college library an ancient manuscript of hymns of the early church,

found in a monastery in Pisidia, Asia Minor. He received his degree of D.D. from Bates College in 1883. He was a classmate and intimate friend of Professors Stanton and Howe at Andover Theological Seminary.

The following is a schedule of the league games to be played by the four Maine colleges:

W.—May 1, Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Brunswick.
 S.—May 4, Bates vs. Colby, at Lewiston.
 S.—May 4, Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., at Orono.
 W.—May 8, Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Waterville.
 S.—May 11, M. S. C. vs. Colby, at Waterville.
 S.—May 11, Bates vs. Bowdoin, at Brunswick.
 W.—May 15, Bates vs. Colby, at Waterville.
 S.—May 18, Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Lewiston.
 S.—May 18, Bates vs. M. S. C., at Bangor.
 W.—May 22, Bates vs. Colby, at Brunswick.
 F.—May 24, Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., at Brunswick.
 S.—May 25, Bates vs. M. S. C., at Lewiston.
 Th.—May 30, Bates vs. Bowdoin, at Lewiston.
 Th.—May 30, Colby vs. M. S. C., at Bangor.
 M.—June 3, M. S. C. vs. Bates, at Orono.
 S.—June 8, M. S. C. vs. Colby, at Orono.
 W.—June 12, M. S. C. vs. Bowdoin, at Bangor.
 S.—June 15, Bates vs. Bowdoin, at Waterville.
 Spalding ball. National League rules of 1889.

The following members of the Sophomore class received prizes for observation of winter birds: Beal, Miss Beal, Miss Bray, Chapin, F. J. Chase, Cutts, Enrich, Miss Fassett, Greenwood, Howard, Miss Larrabee, Larrabee, Libbey, Mace, Mason, Miss K. H. Merrill, Miss M. E. Merrill, Miss M. S. Merrill, Nickerson, Pinkham, Plummer, Miss Prescott, Pugsley, Richardson, Smith, Watson, and Woodside. Messrs. Richardson, Beal, Howard, Smith, Mason, Cutts, and Woodside reported the largest numbers of birds seen during the winter. In connection with this study, Misses Beal and M. S.

Merrill and Mr. Beal read essays before the class on the various aspects of winter scenery. The prize offered for the best essay was, at their wish, divided equally among them. We hope on another winter more will engage in this part of the work.

The declamations by the Prize Division of the Sophomore class took place March 25th at the college chapel. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Next National Reform—Rice.

M. Greenwood.

Self-Reliance—Emerson. Lilla M. Bodge.

Death of Evremond—Dickens

Alice A. Beal.

A Race Against Time (from Fool's Errand).

Maude H. Ingalls.

MUSIC.

The French Ensign—Alphonse Daudet.

Gertrude A. Littlefield.

Extract—Whiteside.

N. G. Howard.

Western Supremacy—Strong. F. J. Chase.

The Witch's Daughter—Whittier.

F. S. Libbey.

MUSIC.

The Fall of Jericho—Osborne.

A. D. Pinkham.

Extract—Kenneth Raynor. W. S. Mason.

The Boat Race—Robert Grant.

Hattie A. Pulsifer.

The Shipwreck—Dickens. Edith Fairbanks.

MUSIC.

Decision of Committee.

The prize was awarded to Miss Pulsifer, and special mention was made of Mr. Libbey.

The Senior Exhibition at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, March 29th, was very interesting. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Coming Kingdom. A. E. Hatch.

Character a Growth, Not a Mechanism.

W. E. Kinney.

Music's Mission.

*Miss D. M. Wood.

The Modern Hero.

E. L. Stevens.

MUSIC.

Homer.

G. H. Libby.

The American of the Twentieth Century.

F. M. Buker.

An Outline Study on Ideals of Beauty.

A. L. Safford.

Socialism in America.

C. J. Emerson.

MUSIC.

Failure and Its Causes.

F. J. Daggett.

Peculiarities of Current Fiction.

Miss M. S. Little.

The True Aim of Education.

*J. H. Blanchard.

What the Lady Graduate May Do for Society.

Miss B. A. Wright.

MUSIC.

* Excused.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'71.—John T. Abbott, of Keene, N. H., who has been nominated for Minister to the Republic of Colombia, was born in Antrim, N. H., April 26, 1850, was graduated from Kimball Union Academy in 1867, and from Bates College in 1871. He read law and practiced his profession for a time in Boston, was then at Springfield two years, and in 1878 removed to Keene, N. H. He is a successful lawyer, and for ten years was city solicitor of Keene. He lately returned from Colombia, where he resided a year as the agent of a business syndicate. Mr. Abbott has given much study to the Spanish language and is a gentleman of fine address. The salary of Minister to Colombia is \$7,000 year.

'73.—Mr. Charles B. Reade was chosen secretary of Senator Frye's committee sent by the Senate to inspect the Pacific railroads.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear was elected Mayor of Gardiner without opposition.

'77.—C. V. Emerson, Esq., has been chosen city solicitor of Lewiston.

'79.—F. L. Buker is ticket agent and telegraph operator at Wells Depot, Maine.

'79.—E. W. Given is teacher of the classics in Newark Academy, Newark, New Jersey.

'79.—Fletcher Howard is a druggist in Onawa City, Ia., and somewhat of a politician besides.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Jonhonneth is spending this year at the Theological Department of Harvard, having resigned his pastorate for this purpose.

'79.—Hon. F. P. Otis is a successful lawyer and politician of Sonora, Cal. He, at present, holds the office of District Attorney.

'79.—L. M. Perkins is in the hardware business at Kennebunk, Me.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee has been chosen as a member of the Lewiston School Committee.

'81.—Rev. W. W. Hayden has accepted a call to the Free Baptist pulpit at South Berwick, vacated by J. C. Osgood.

'81.—H. S. Roberts, principal of the Great Falls High School, has been visiting friends in Lewiston.

'81.—H. E. Coolidge is studying law with Judge Savage of this city.

'81.—F. H. Wilber has been elected principal of the high school of Camden, in place of Hon. Reuel Robinson, of the same class, who has been elected Judge of Probate for Knox County.

'81.—John H. Parsons, principal of Maine Central Institute, has been elected to a more lucrative position as principal of Westbrook High School

and will at once assume control of the same.

'81.—The trustees of the Maine Central Institute have elected O. H. Drake to fill the position of principal for the remainder of the school year. Prof. Drake was graduated from Bates in the class of '81, after which he spent five years in the Maine Central Institute as teacher of Greek and Sciences, and has just completed a post-graduate course at Yale University. He is a strong man in every respect and the Trustees were fortunate to secure him.

'82.—Dr. G. P. Emmons, formerly of Richmond, Me., has located in this city, at 210 Blake Street.

'82.—Dr. I. L. Harlow, of Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of Auburn, has been elected one of the medical staff of the Long Island College Hospital, also surgeon on the staff of the Atlantic Avenue Dispensary.

'82.—Bates College is well represented among the public school teachers of Washington, by Mr. J. W. Douglass of West Gardiner, for five years past principal of the Industrial Home School, and by Mr. B. W. Murch of Carmel, principal of the "Curtis," a twelve room building. Both these schools are in West Washington (Georgetown). Messrs. Douglass and Murch are of the class of '82.

'84.—Rev. E. R. Chadwick, of Milton, N. H., has been confined to the house for some time by a severe illness.

'86.—A. E. Merrill, formerly of Auburn, has lately been admitted to the bar in Minnesota, and will practice law in that State.

'87.—Miss Richmond, of Camden, Me., has resigned the position of assistant principal in the Milford High School and will go to Connecticut at a large increase of salary. Miss Richmond was first assistant in the Ellsworth High School last year.

'87.—F. W. Chase has accepted the position of principal of the Belfast High School, formerly in charge of J. R. Duntton, also of '87, now of the Lewiston Grammar School.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow of the Congregational Church, Mechanic Falls, has received a call to officiate in the First Church of York, at a salary of \$1,500.

EXCHANGES.

One of our exchanges has well enumerated among the advantages of college journalism the acquaintance made with other institutions. So our own publication is the face that Bates presents to collegedom. One who studies the exchanges not only gets an idea of the institutions represented, but forms an almost personal acquaintance with the more regular contributors, so that he looks eagerly for articles from their pens. The pleasure is heightened on recognizing the name of some old school friend who has drifted out of our knowledge, and noting by his work how much he has developed, and how far he has preserved the once familiar personality.

The Sketch Book is a fitly named department of the *Amherst Literary Monthly*. Its articles show the cultivation of a kind of writing well worth

attention; that is simple description and a ready expression of the thoughts of an hour when the mind is left free to follow its own bent without much effort of the will. Especially deserving of notice is a sketch of the country college boys' holidays. Its easy style and simple naturalness remind one of Warner. The following, culled from much that is of interest, touches a vital point in college life:

But Sunday is the most restful time of all. Somehow religion seems simpler in the country than at college. I don't know why, exactly, but he goes to church although he isn't obliged to, and seems to get help out of it, although the minister has neither brilliant intellect nor fluent speech; he merely tells the simple, beautiful Christmas story with such tenderness and trust, and speaks of his "Father" and his "Brother" with such loving assurance that, for the time at least, the boys' "I don't know" vanishes before his sure "I know." It's no mysterious Trinity that he looks to, but simply a "Father" and an "Elder Brother" whom he knows and loves as such, and face to face with this simple trust the boy's college doubts and queries, his hows and whys and wherefores are forgotten, and religion seems only loving—the most natural thing in the world.

The *University Lookout* is publishing a valuable series of eight articles on the professions open to a college man's choice. Coming from men of experience in their several vocations, they are practical rather than theoretical. The reporter's work is thus summed up in the article on journalism:

The first, almost the only requirement to assure success, is thoroughness. Never write without a legitimate object in view; never write loosely; be as painstaking with a five line item as with the elaboration of a two column description or a five column report. Go for the news; and when you go for it get it all; never slight any feature that would inter-

est you if you were the reader; put yourself in the place of the ordinary reader of intelligence and work out in your mind what you would want to know about every incident you handle, every scene you describe, every meeting or legislative assembly you report or comment on.

The *M. C. I.* contains some translations of Virgil in the original meter. This has been part of the regular work of the Virgil class and is certainly commendable. These lines are from the description of Fama:

Nightly she flies through the darkness, earth
and heaven dividing,
Rustling her wings as she goes, nor closes her
eyes in sweet slumber.
Spy of evil, in daylight she sits on the tops of
the houses,
Watching at times on high turrets and fright-
ening all the great cities,
Falsehood's messenger often, less frequently
herald of honor.

The *Oberlin Review* has taken up the subject of attendance at recitation and examination. In course of the discussion it makes this somewhat doubtful statement: "Scholarship should certainly rank higher than literary work." As this refers to choosing the Commencement speakers, it seems to us the opposite should be true.

Just on the eve of a Sophomore banquet at Dartmouth, some Freshmen attempted to abduct the toast-master. Instead of securing the toast-master, however, they received the Sophomore compliments in the shape of a tattoo of ink. Some of the Sophomores were suspended and the Freshmen were put on probation. The *Dartmouth* has this pithy comment on the case:

These boys stole a Toast-master. Will they do anything to these thievish Boys?

Yes, they will put them on Pro-ba-tion. Pro-ba-tion is a Word.

These other boys pre-ferred not to have their

Toast-master stolen. It is not right to Prefer. They were Bounced.

This, my son, is Jus-tice. Do you see the Jus-tice? No, my son, no one can see Jus-tice.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Clark University will open in October. Foot-ball is compulsory at Downside College, England.

Three students at Brown were recently suspended for cheating in examination.

The young ladies of the Harvard Annex propose to put a four-oared crew on the Charles river next season.

The trustees of Dartmouth College have offered a prize of \$500 for the best essay on "Prayer."

The photograph of the Cornell students is the largest group ever taken, containing over 1,100 faces.

The number of students at Yale has increased twenty-eight per cent. during President Dwight's administration.

At the University of Vermont they recently decided to keep the library open on Sunday afternoon. The privilege is made use of by a large number of students.

At the Boston Tech. each man after his first year is put under the care of some one of the professors, who acts as his adviser during the rest of his course.

The Trustees of Princeton have given Dr. McCosh a pension of \$2,500, whether engaged in his duties or not.

The rule regarding Commencement orators at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., has been changed. Hereafter the Commencement orators will be the ten students having the

highest marks in the rhetorical exercises in the Junior and Senior years.

The number of colleges and universities in the country is exactly the same as it was ten years ago, but the number of students has increased from 11,161 to 32,316 in that time.

An examination in gymnastics is now required of Johns Hopkins undergraduates, before a degree will be given. Vaulting, jumping, and simple exercises on the parallel bar and ladder are required.

A test is to be made of the cases at the Ohio State University, where students were expelled for not attending chapel. It is held under the bill of rights no State institution can compel attendance on any religious exercises. The legislature appointed a committee to investigate the matter.

Princeton College is to have a journal managed and edited by the Faculty. President Patton will be editor-in-chief, and departments in the different branches of learning will be conducted by the various professors. They will call it the Princeton College *Bulletin*.

The site of Delphi, the seat of the famous oracle, is for sale and steps are being taken by Prof. E. C. Norton, of Harvard, to raise the necessary funds (\$80,000) for its purchase. The honor of the excavations made will rest with America, but the antiquities discovered are to belong to the Grecian government.—*Ex.*

The Japanese students of Cornell University have a way of cooking English sparrows so that they make a very palatable dish, and the Japs like

them so much that they make a standing offer of three cents apiece for all sparrows brought them.

Henry Hinkley, who died in Philadelphia recently, left \$225,000 to the colleges in which he was immediately interested, of which sum Williams College receives \$50,000; Amherst, \$50,000; Bangor Theological Seminary, \$25,000; and Phillips Academy, Bowdoin College, Andover Theological Seminary, Dartmouth College, American Bible Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, each \$20,000.

Harvard has added a course in Electrical Engineering. The first three years will be devoted, as far as they treat of electricity, to giving the students a thorough acquaintance with electrical instruments and machines, with electric lighting, and with working on telegraphs and telephones. In the fourth year the men will take a course in trigonometric series and two courses in theoretic electricity. Besides, a thesis will be required. The Columbia Faculty is also of the opinion that a call for courses in Electrical Engineering will soon be made.

All the Justices of the United States Supreme Court are college graduates except Justice Miller, and he graduated in 1838 at the Medical Department of Transylvania, where he fitted for the profession which he practiced for some years before taking up the study of law. Chief Justice Fuller graduated at Bowdoin in 1835; Justice Field, at Williams in 1837; Justice Bradley, at Rutgers in 1836; Justice Harlan, at Centre College (Ky.) in

1850; Justice Blatchford, at Columbia in 1837; Justice Gray, at Harvard in 1845; Justice Matthews, at Kenyon in 1840; and Justice Lamar, at Emory College (Ga.) in 1845.—*Mail and Express*.

The first prize of seven hundred dollars, offered by the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society of Boston, for the manuscript best suited for a Sunday-School book, has been awarded to "Rose and Thorne" by Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley College.

POETS' CORNER.

SCARLET AND WHITE.

Of old, when'er the ranks of foemen proud
In glistening armor bright, each manly
heart
Intent to join the fray and do his part,
Stood waiting for the signal trumpet loud,
The color waving o'er the lines, and found
Most frequent on the banners, arms, and
crests
Was glowing, fiery red, whose hue arrests
The eye wherever met: and on the ground,
When spent the battle's fury, flowed a tide
Of deeper scarlet, telling that no more
Should rise the fallen heroes, who before
Had fought so well at their commander's side.

In war the flag of truce is ever white,
And for a moment faith and trust restores:
In peace that spotless hue protection pours
O'er all, the sign of purity and right.

Well fortified in sooth is he who wears
These colors twain in heart and life; who
shows
The mark of courage which no blanching
knows
When fighting 'gainst the wrong, who bears
His standard high and earnestly contends
To conquer evil wheresoever found:
Who right upholds, to knightly duty bound,
And peace and pureness manfully defends.

Then let us ever wear, undimmed and bright—
That men may surely know which side
we stand—

The tokens of our constant courage and
Our purity, the scarlet and the white.

—*The Beacon*.

MATER DOLOROSA.

A face divine, with upturned eyes,
Where love with sorrow sweetly vies;—
As dew-drops, or as jewels rare,
Those eyes, tho' filled with grief, are fair.
In me their influence never dies.

As Alpine lake night-veiled lies,
Reflecting clear the sun-lit skies—
Heaven's face an image mirrored there,
A face divine!—

So shining from the mother's eyes,
With radiant light that glorifies—
I see the hearer of my prayer,
The Christ, her Son, reflected there.

That face, it is—my soul outeries—
A face divine!

—*Westeyan Argus*.

BY-PATHS.

I love to leave the common thoroughfare,
And wander through the woods and fields
alone:
The yielding turf, with here and there a stone,
Is better far than walks which men prepare.
No garden tended with the utmost care,
And glowing with the choicest blossoms
known,
Can steal away the charms the wild flowers
own,
That, all uncared for, scent the summer air.
The merry birds that in the forests play
Seem happier than those about the street.
I like the trees whose branches fill my way,
And often bending downward brush my feet.
Far from the homes of men I love to stray,
And seek queen nature in her own retreat.

—*Dartmouth*.

MY CHOICE.

Pretty in personage,
Wealthy by heritage,
Not of too great an age,
Loving and free,
Frank, not political,

Earnest, not critical,
Wise but not cynical,
This must she be.

For everything suitable,
Queenly and dutiful,
Learned and beautiful,
Mirthful and gay.
For usefulness training,
Neatness maintaining,
Gossip disdaining,
I'll love her for aye.

—Brunonian.

SONG.

Oh, the gentian grows down in yon rivulet
glen,
Heigh-ho for for its bonny blithe hue;
And it heeds not the wind, not the frost, nor
the rain,
And its sturdy blue heart fears nor trouble
nor pain,
Heigh-ho for its bonny blithe blue.

Oh my Helen's bright eyes have the gentian's
own blue,
Heigh-ho for their bonny blithe hue;
And I know that her heart will be loving and
true,
Though life-storms may break 'round the heads
of us two.
Heigh-ho for the blithe bonny blue.

—Yale Lit.

"AND AT EVE THERE SHALL BE LIGHT."

Sometimes, when dreary clouds have overcast
the day,
And ceaseless rain has pattered down and
down
No welcome shower on the dismal town,
At eve, the clouds a-sudden break away,
And it is light,
Ere night.

A life, sometimes, encompassed is by fate,
Shut in to gloom of misery and woe,
All its long hours move slowly as they go,
Yet, oft joy's sun breaks through the cloud-
drifts late,

And it is light,
Ere night.

—Brunonian.

POT-POURRI.

The Chinaman describes the toboggan slide as "*whiz . . . walk a mile.*"
—Ex.

"Down in front"—a motto for moustache farmers.

Play in three acts: 1st—Maid one; 2d—Maid won; 3d—Made one.

Small Clerk—"Fader, a shentleman in de store wants to know if dot all-voov, non-shrinkable shirt vill shrink." Proprietor—"Does it fit him?" "No, id is too big." "Yah, id vill shrink."
—Ex.

"You may bring me some satanized crustaceans," said Miss Boston to waiter. "Ma'am!" gasped the astonished menial. "Don't you understand me? I want deviled crabs." "Oh, yes'm; bring 'em right away."
—Ex.

A DIFFERENCE.

In the sleigh there was only just room for us two.

There was nobody else to forbid it:
The music of sleigh-bells beat time to my heart—

And someday or other I did it.

There was love in the air that we breathed;
the white snow
Was tinged with the sun's golden glory.
Well,—I spoke—and she gave me the mitten
point blank!
That's the long and short of the story.

The wild rush of happiness you do not know—
You can't know unless you have tried it.
What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten—
that's true—
But her dear little hand was inside it!

—Vassar Miscellany.

Hastings Hall, '91—"Do you know why Harvard's getting to be such a great institution of learning?" Jack

Go-Easy, '89—"No; why?" H. H.—
 "'Cause every Freshman brings in
 some knowledge, and no Senior ever
 takes any out; it's bound to grow."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Ach, Vater, I wish I had done it up fine,
 Und mastered die trump-cards before,—
 Why, I can't tell der trigonometrical sine,
 From der sign on our tobacco-store.
 Wenn I asked you, dear Vater, a tutor to sent,
 I am sorry you couldn't keep cool;
 You said, I straightway to Gehenna could
 went,
 Und so I am back in der school.

But, Vater, don't worry,—der croup never
 kills;
 Der Spring-time will come back some day.
 Next week I will send you a few pious bills,
 Und in June I can come home,—to stay.
 Already I see you awaiting your boy
 Mit a rope round the fatted calf's neck.
 Please write me at once that I still am your joy,
 I can tell by the size of your cheek.

—*The W. P. I.*

She—"I'm going to try for a Bachelor
 in Arts next spring." He—"Eh?
 Sa—ay, by George, Eloise—" She—
 "Why, what's the matter? I just said
 I was going up for my degree." He—
 "Oh! I—er—thought you were going
 to fire me for another fellow."

IN THE GYM.

Pulling on the chest weights,
 Running on the track,
 Fooling on the parallels,
 Just to get the knack.
 Now his shapely form he twists,
 While all gaze from afar,
 In graceful evolutions
 Round the horizontal bar.

Then he tries the tumbling,
 And strives in vain to get
 That quite deceptive little trick,
 The backward somerset.
 At last the dressing-room he seeks,
 Convinced that he will see
 Himself a famous athlete.
 And he possibly may be.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

CHANGES ON AN OLD TUNE.

(Inspired by Pres. E. G. Robinson's Text-book in Ethics.)

If there should be another flood,
 For refuge, hither fly;
 Though all the rest should be submerged,
 This book will still be dry.

And if there comes a day of doom,
 And all's consumed in fire.
 This book alone will stay unchanged;
 It never can be dryer.

Then should they start another world,
 With types from worst to highest,
 There'll naught be kept, besides this book,
 To represent what's *dryest*.

—*Cornell Era.*

After the examinations of spring
 term, one of the students was found
 trying to console himself with the fol-
 lowing: Thou shalt not pass.—Numb.
 xx: 18. Suffer not a man to pass.
 —Judges iii: 28. The wicked shall
 no more pass.—Nahum i: 15. Neither
 doth any son of man pass.—Jeremiah
 li: 43. Beware that thou pass not.—2
 Kings vi: 9. None shall pass.—Isaiah
 xxxiv: 10.

There was a sign upon a fence—
 The sign was "Paint,"
 And everybody that went by,
 Sinner and saint,
 Put out a finger, touched the fence,
 And onward sped,
 And as they wiped their finger-tips,
 "It is," they said. —*Ex.*

Kansas Teacher—"Where does all
 our grain go to?" Scholar—"Into the
 hopper." "What hopper?" "Grass-
 hopper."—*Selected.*

Ye students breakethe ye maydene's harte,
 He laugheth, unaware;
 But eke, she breakethe hys pocketbooke—
 Which maketh matters square. —*Ex.*

Der Soph., er hat eine sichern girls;
 Der Junior hat the same;
 Der Freshie hat keine girl zu all,
 Aber er bekommt da just the same.

—*Ex.*

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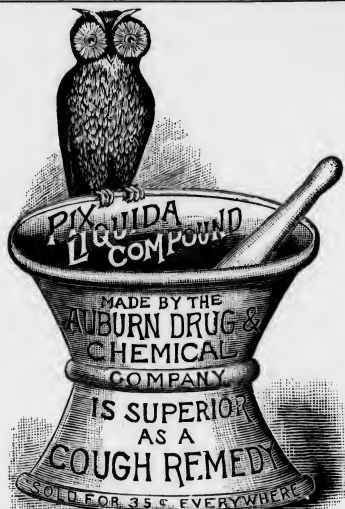
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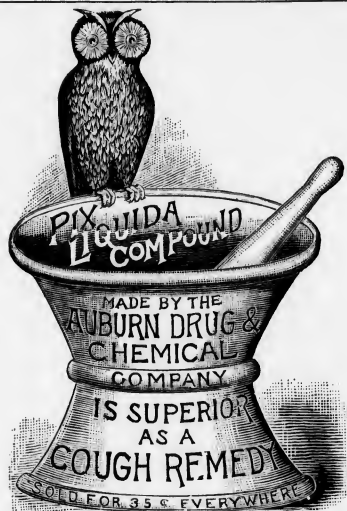
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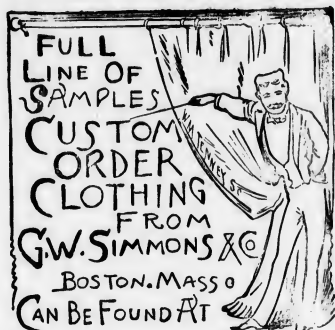
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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

MAY, 1889.

No. 5.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

H. J. PIPER,	E. W. MORRELL,
A. N. PEASLEE,	G. H. HAMLEN,
N. F. SNOW,	H. B. DAVIS.
H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.	
W. F. GARCELON, Associate Manager.	

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy,
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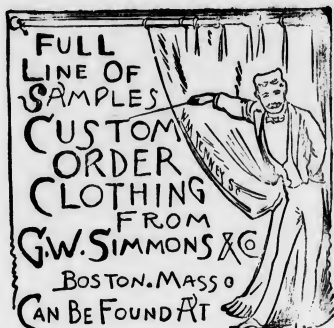
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EDITORIAL.

THE great changes which have recently taken place at the east of Hathorn Hall—the laying out of a new street in front of the gymnasium and the cutting down of the sweet-fern bushes that formerly cast so refreshing a shade over the girls' tennis court—are all a means to an end. The "end" is our new chemical laboratory, which, as you all know, is soon to adorn the crest of the hill at the left of Hathorn Hall. This building is to face the south as do the other buildings; it is to be, they tell us, somewhat longer than wide, about 58 x 36, made of Lewiston brick, and having a hip roof smoothly slated. Even in the way it is to be built, it seems to bid to all a cordial welcome. A projection near the center of the front contains the large door, and comes out to meet the stranger fully four feet from the main building. But here it stops, and the beautiful semi-circular tower close at the right gets ahead of it for five feet more. This classic tower and the projection topped by a neat gable are the ornaments of the front of the building; each of the sides also boasts a gable, while the center of the roof, not to be outdone by front or sides, rejoices in a fine glass ventilator, a sort of cupola called a "lantern." The back of the



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building is plain, though it has its share of the handsome round-topped windows which give to this style of architecture the name of Romanesque. The sills of these windows are of North Conway granite, as is also that ten-inch band running all around the building at the top of the basement.

We are also told that this building is to be two stories high beside the basement. On the first floor is the chemical lecture room, with opportunity to illustrate the lectures by experiments before the class. In another room also on this floor may be found the geological cabinet.

But "the way into my *parlor* is up a winding stair," and if we go up the "winding stair," situated in this case in the semi-circular tower, we shall soon find ourselves in a large, light, well-ventilated room finished even into the roof somewhat after the fashion of the gymnasium. This room is the large laboratory for individual work in analytical chemistry, and all around us are pneumatic troughs, racks of test-tubes, numerous bottles of H_2SO_4 and HNO_3 , and everything else necessary for the accommodation of fifty aspiring young chemists at work at the same time. Beside this large laboratory, there is also a smaller one for the private use of the Professor in Chemistry, and two other small rooms for cloak rooms.

Taken all in all we feel assured that our new laboratory is to be both an ornament and a benefit to Bates College. Those who have the matter in charge hope to have it ready for us by next September. A lithograph of the building will probably appear in our next number.

ONE of the evils which is most encountered in college life is the acquiring of the habit of using slang. Not that the use of low and vulgar slang is meant, for the evil is too apparent in that, but the so-called fashionable slang which is used in polite conversation. The English language in all its beauty and expressiveness can never be thoroughly mastered and rightly handled by one who habitually makes use of slang. There have been men and there are those to-day who have realized its beauty and the power which can be attained by its right use. This appreciation of the language ought not to be confined to a few but should be universal. The habit of using slang is by no means prevalent among college students only. Those who profess to move in the highest social circles seem to pride themselves in the number of slang expressions they can make use of. The professor uses it in his class-room; the lawyer uses it at the bar; and the minister in his pulpit. The influence of this evil is not decreasing but rather increasing, and if no counteracting influence is brought to bear we cannot expect to hear good forms of expressions from scholars who daily hear these slang phrases from the lips of those to whom they look for instruction. The influence then of all college students and graduates ought to be used in checking this present tendency of our language.

TWO years ago the interest in baseball at Bates died out, but last year a new interest was awakened and Bates was again represented in the col-

lege league. Though we won but two games, yet the work of the season was not fruitless, for it laid the foundation upon which we now stand. This year Bates is represented in the league by the best team she has had for several years. Though we were badly beaten the first game, yet our courage does not flag. The injury of our captain was a severe blow to the nine, but still we have the material to cope with any of the college teams. The nine now needs but two things to repeat the work of last September at St. John,—a little more pull-together and more practice at the bat. Boys, work together as you did then and the pennant is yours. Do not protest the games you win.

THE need of a General Intercollegiate Press Association seems evident. The present sectional associations are doing a good work, but they cannot fully cover the ground. There are important interests that only a general association can properly foster. Chief among these is our new magazine, the *Collegian*, which needs and deserves the hearty support of all the college papers of the country, and which, rightly managed and treated, would be helpful to all. Should a strong general association be formed and assume the support of the *Collegian*, the success of the latter would be assured; and, having a larger constituency to draw from, it would doubtless improve much faster than under the present conditions.

But the question may arise, is it best to merge the existing associations into one? Are there not interests which

may be better served by the present arrangement than by any other? We think so; and for that reason we hope it will not be given up. Besides, we fear lest, if we should have only one association for the whole country, the stronger papers would practically monopolize it, and crowd the weaker ones to the wall. At least it is certain that many of the poorer ones could ill afford, or could not afford, to send a representative to a distant meeting, no matter how much they might wish to do so.

To obviate these difficulties, would it not be well to let each section have an association to care for its own interests, and then have each of these represented in a central association, something as each State is represented in Congress. This seems better than to have only one association, as well as more in accord with American ideas.

IN a number of Western States intercollegiate oratorical contests are taking place and great interest is manifested in them. The idea is naturally suggested that a similar league might be formed in Maine. Our base-ball league keeps up a lively interest in the athletic condition of neighboring institutions, and something of this kind would awaken us to an appreciation of what they are doing in those lines of work that are more distinctively the province of a college. Though prizes are uncertain, and their award often unsatisfactory, it would be well for us to have a chance to measure something more than bats with one another. To the students of Maine colleges we suggest that steps be taken for such a con-

test next year. It would afford a powerful stimulus for better work in rhetorical at home, as well as for this event, and could not fail to establish a higher standard of literary work.

THE proposition to make attendance at chapel exercises entirely optional has been much discussed of late in some of our colleges. If this be a move forward, it is strange that it has not yet reached Bates, which has a reputation for taking the lead in advance movements, the admission of ladies, for example. But somehow this does not seem to be a move forward, but rather backward. It looks like the first step toward doing away with all religious exercises in college, a result little to be desired. One would almost think that, in these days, when the scholarship of the country is so largely Christian, such a move would find little support. Perhaps it would not were it not for the idea of compulsion which attends the requirement, and which offends the high (?) regard for liberty of our freedom-loving youth. But it is as true now as in the days of the wise man, that "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." Removed from all the restraints of home life, a few requirements like this can hardly fail to exercise a healthful restraining influence on us as students. We are confident that a large majority of the students here would not be in favor of having the chapel attendance made entirely optional, and if they would, their parents would not. However other colleges may decide the question, we cannot but think that the arrangement

here, neither making the attendance entirely compulsory, nor leaving it entirely optional, is by far the best.

KNOWLEDGE may be accumulated to no purpose. The mere acquisition of the facts and details of knowledge without attention to their application gives no discipline except to the memory. A student may learn the rules of a language or the principles of a science, but if he can not apply those rules and principles to language and science, he has gained a fund of knowledge worth no more to him than pearls at the bottom of the sea. For, like those pearls, it is far beyond his reach. What does it avail a student to become acquainted with the facts of history if he can not see in them the great laws that govern nations and men? Of what value is botany, geology, physics, or any other science to the man who makes them a mere exercise of the memory? Can he see them in the flowers, the rocks, and the rainbow? No. His observing faculties have received no discipline and his study has failed of its true end. He has become a passive receptacle of other men's thoughts, and a leaky one, too. He is the man of well informed intellect, but of weak powers of observation. Literary culture alone cannot make a man. It is possible to have read a great deal and to have waded through many branches of study, and still to possess but little practical wisdom. It is not wholly how much one knows that is of importance, but in a great degree the facility with which one can use what he knows. The stu-

dent who knows a great deal, but is not able to use his knowledge, is the man of poor judgment and weak understanding; but the student who can use his knowledge, though it may be limited, is the man of sound judgment and clear understanding. He is the man of practical wisdom. His is the example to follow.

THOSE who have not yet joined the Athletic Association, we would urge to do so for three important reasons:

I. It will increase your interest in the college. To the confirmed bookworm, college is nothing more than a place where recitations are heard. He who takes an active interest in all that pertains to the college, regards the college as a home, an *Alma Mater* indeed. Incidents occur which will never be forgotten. Stir from your rooms, then; shout the "Boom-a-lak-a" and learn to love your college home.

II. It will increase your interest in the college work.

"He does not *live* whose poor contracted life is narrowed to a single changeless round." The student who pores incessantly over his books never learns the true ardor and zest of college life. We need sometimes to forget our books and cease to worry why we cannot succeed with this problem or that translation. If one applies himself strictly to his books with no intermission, he will soon become morose, dissatisfied, discouraged. Many students have become thoroughly discouraged and left college simply because they took no recreation. Keep the life current flowing, and, with body

healthy and mind alert, college work becomes a pleasure—a pastime.

III. It will increase your interest in your fellow-students. Remember that you do not come to college to be shut up as in a monastery, but to be a student among students, just as later on you are to be a man among men. If you become interested with the sports of the students, you will soon become interested with the students themselves. Many firm friends are thus made, which no one can afford to lose. Ties are formed which are never broken, ties which will brighten the hardest and most obdurate life, ties which, as the years roll by, will bind you with increasing love to your college and college associates. Consult your purse then. Cut short your expenditures. Join the Athletic Association and get out of college life all there is in it.

LITERARY.

WHAT IS AMERICAN SOCIALISM?

By C. J. E., '89.

AT the beginning of the present century, monopoly of land, stagnation of trade, tyranny of caste, and oppressions by a bigoted and ignorant clergy had plunged the working people of England and France into wretchedness and despair.

Responsive to the cry of the down-trodden classes, there appeared, on this scene in civil history, two characters, colossal in their breadth of conception and energy of execution. Saint Simon in France and Robert Owen in England espoused the cause of the toiling

masses, and proclaimed to the world that inequality is the accident of birth or of fortune, that all property should be common and collective and its distribution equal; asking from each according to his abilities, and giving to each according to his needs. This was the first actual declaration of real socialism, mistaken perhaps, but wrung from the heart and brain of generous philanthropy.

In 1826, the economic principles of Saint Simon and of Owen were welcomed to America, and served for forty years as the philosophical and working basis of American Socialism. Sometimes under the milder title of communism, but still embracing the essential principles of unity of property and equality of distribution, they flourished during these years in sixty-nine communities, supported and inspired by some of America's brightest and ablest men.

Of these communities the most interesting was the Brook Farm, of Roxbury, Mass., of which Dr. Channing, Geo. Ripley, Horace Greeley, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Margaret Fuller, Chas. Dana, and Nathaniel Hawthorne were members; a society that "Aimed to be rich, not in the metallic representative of wealth, but in leisure to live in all the faculties of the soul." Thus earlier American Socialism, with its religious ardor and Christian aims, proved a beautiful and interesting, if not altogether successful experiment.

But since 1850, socialism has suffered a grievous and radical change, wrought chiefly through the importation of revolutionary socialism from Russia and

Germany, the world's great socialistic, nihilistic, and anarchistic strongholds. These revolutionists, also, believe in common property and equality of distribution; in fact, so firmly are they grounded in the belief that they would overturn all existing institutions and found upon the ruins a socialistic state that should embrace the world; like Gonzala's Commonwealth, having neither riches nor poverty, nor occupation nor sovereignty, yet each would aspire to be king of it. In 1878 Bismarck disfranchised 200,000 Socialists, and, it is reported, assisted many of them with German gold to emigrate to America.

To-day there are probably half a million socialistic sympathizers in the United States. They are embraced in three classes, namely: The International Working People's Association, or Society of the Black Hand; the International Workmen's Association, or Society of the Red Hand and the Socialistic Labor Party, boasting no hand, but stigmatized by John Most as the Blue Hand, because of its cowardice. Differing as to means, they cherish the same object. To quote their own words, it is "Free land, free tools, and free money." Terribly in earnest, both branches of the Internationals exclaim "Away with private property, away with authority, away with the State, away with the family, away with religion. War to the palace; peace to the cottage; and death to luxurious idleness." Renouncing all government except individual will, they rejoice in dynamite and ignore the ballot.

On the contrary the Socialistic Labor

Party has remained true to some, at least, of the ideals of primitive socialism. Believing in the ultimate triumph of a socialistic state, it would work out its destiny by peaceful degrees. It emphasizes the dignity of labor, and claims that "Socialism rightly understood is Christianity applied to social reform." It censures violence, and abides by the law.

However, it falls into error in assuming that selfishness can be eradicated from human character; it falls into error in supposing manual labor the sole source of wealth, forgetting the brain must plan before the hand can build; it falls into error in using the right of suffrage not as a means of salvation but as a weapon of battle against our gracious government.

We respect the virtues of primitive socialism; we condemn the principles of anarchy. Modern socialism has less of good than of evil. What are the remedies for this evil? Restriction of immigration, co-operation, education, patriotism, and Christianity. Properly restrict immigration, and the turbulent flood of atheism and discontent, that swells the ranks of socialism, will recoil on its natal shores. Institute just co-operation between employer and employed, and the conflict of labor and capital will vanish in the peace of a common interest. Teach the generations the principles of government and they will uphold the dignity of the State. Preach the gospel in its simplicity, not as the instrument of a foreign despotism, and the heart even of a Socialist will hail the good tidings. Assert, everywhere, the patriotism of

American manhood, and these dark pyramids of social evil will crumble into dust.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By A. N. P., '90.

So waved the pine tree through my thought,
And fanned the dream it never brought.
—Woodnotes.

Bind no laurel crown for him,
But wreath of pine, with sap of fire,
Whose needles are his myriad thoughts,
Whose towering trunk, a central spire,
Unites them in grand harmony,
And draws them higher, ever higher.

Rough winter cannot bare the boughs
By his rude grasp of raging cold.
But when new leaves, in silent course,
The former growth in love enfold,
Rejoicing in this better garb,
Unheeded falls the useless old.

So grew his truth from year to year,
Evolved a grander self in thought,
Finding the new released the old,
And for still higher regions sought,
Until his e'er aspiring life
With God's own presence was wrought.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

By A. L. S., '89.

THE "TEMPEST" is one of the latest as well as one of the best of Shakespeare's plays. Malone fixes the date of its composition at 1611 A.D., but this is not to be regarded as strictly authentic. The play derives its peculiar merits from the directness and variety of its characters, which exhibit almost every emotion and impulse that stirs men to action. There is displayed at once the folly and contemptibility of the weak; the monstrousness of the purely animal; the successes and failures of worldly wisdom; the strength and weaknesses of

the intellectual faculty, and the subtle and charming powers of imagination.

Moreover, this is not obscurely accomplished, as by presenting the same individual in several lights and leaving the general results of uncertain origin, but by pursuing a simple plot and by embodying each character with a befitting individuality.

Trinculo and Stephano are typical of a considerable class of men who are shallow, careless, and hopelessly—sometimes despicably—commonplace. They are not only extraordinarily animal and passionate like Caliban, but they are vulgar. There can never be any excuse for vulgarity.

Caliban seems hideous, yet there is a sort of sublimity in his character. He is bold, self-conscious, and self-controlled. He is passionate, not because he is weak as were Trinculo and Stephano, but because to him passion is the legitimate expression of his character; the embodiment of his ideal.

Gonzalo, Sebastian, and Antonio are men of the world. Their interests are centered in the affairs around them. They refuse to consider the hereafter as seriously affected by their present business. This speech of Gonzalo is characteristic: "Let the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death."

Antonio is maliciously wicked. Sebastian is criminally weak. Both are wholly selfish. Both ultimately come to grief. Gonzalo is the honest, candid, benevolent counselor. His motto is "be helpful." He has a keen sympathy for human suffering. He reaps his reward.

The boatswain, a minor character in the play, exemplifies a class of people wholly occupied and satisfied with their sphere in life. In this he somewhat resembles Gonzalo, Sebastian, and Antonio. He is different in that he is a genius in his own little world, and, narrow though that be, he regards with a sort of contempt, or at least nonchalance, any dignity of another calling, though it be a higher and broader one than his own. As he replies to Gonzalo, "there is no one on board for whom he cares more than for himself."

In Alonzo, King of Naples, Shakespeare exhibits a keen appreciation of the character and motives of most kings of that time. Though a man that would stoop to any plot to further state interests, he was very willing to be forgiven when the "tables were turned," and he saw greater advantages in possessing the friendship of his former enemy. He was a thorough-going policy man.

Shakespeare "turns the tables" very naturally and gracefully by introducing the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda. Ferdinand is an honest, chivalrous, impulsive youth, such as, I imagine, we may often meet.

Prospero very truly exhibits the strength and the foibles of the intellectual man. As we should expect from analogy to life, Prospero is the ruling character of the play. Though by his seclusion he loses his power in society, yet by that very seclusion and devotion to study he is enabled to gain a secret strength that restores to him a controlling influence.

Prospero and Miranda each show the influence of Nature's teachings and

the sweet ministrations of solitude. Each, however, is affected in a manner peculiar to the individual. To Prospero solitude with nature is opportunity for meditation and instruction in the hidden mysteries of life. To Miranda it is a freedom from the debasing influences of court society; an opportunity for normal growth; an inspiration to purity, gracefulness, and frankness of character.

Miranda is often called an ideal woman; but not justly so. She is pure, loving, perhaps perfect so far as she is portrayed to us, but Shakespeare does not present her at the age and in the circumstances necessary to reveal the full power and charms of complete and symmetrical womanhood.

Indeed, I have never found among Shakespeare's writings anything like an adequate presentation of the dignity, individuality, and superior worth of woman's character.

As far as I can judge, womanhood is much more completely and successfully portrayed in the little volumes of Merideth's "Lucile" and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" than in all of Shakespeare's plays taken together, a circumstance doubtless due to the humiliating position of woman in the social and private life of Shakespeare's day.

Sweet, airy Ariel is certainly one of the finest and most exquisite products of Shakespeare's ingenious imagination. It must have been the offspring of his delight in the delicate workings of his own imaginative faculty. The fine perception in grasping just the sentiments that are universal

creations of this faculty is certainly something very remarkable.

Ariel is the personification of the human faculty of æsthetic perception and creation. So accurate is this analogy that the whole story of Ariel may be regarded as a sort of allegory. We might include also the characters of Miranda, Prospero, and Caliban.

Miranda, the central figure, would typify the developing mental powers as a whole; Prospero, the guiding, restraining, controlling power of reason; Caliban, the necessary and somewhat ignoble services of animal passion; and "dainty Ariel," the exhilarating, fascinating, ennobling influences of poetic conceptions. The very details of Ariel's existence are matters of universal experience.

Who has not at some time felt his imagination to be of supernatural origin? Who has not been conscious of the enslaving influence of the animal instincts over his finer nature, imprisoning it as it were, "in the heart of the pine?"

I quote advisedly the expression "in the heart of the pine" because it is most often through the beauties of nature, "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," that the intellect (Prospero) is enabled to recall the imagination from servitude to animal passion. Afterward when it is released it "comes to answer thy best pleasure; be't to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled cloud."

Ariel's demand, "my freedom," is what every one feels at times when the soul, awakening into fuller life, seems to soar to other worlds, and

looking yet further to the heights beyond, cries, "O loose these mortal chains."

Ariel's lack of human sympathy is also true of the æsthetic faculty, for some of the finest conceptions of art take their inspiration from intense human suffering, as "The Dying Gladiator," "Laöcoon," "The Prisoner of Chillon."

Finally, as a whole, the drama is bold and general rather than minute or specific. It is like an outline map of the great currents of life. "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," and "The Merchant of Venice" are details from the great panorama of existence. "The Tempest" is a comprehensive view of the whole. It suffers a lack of intense human interest accordingly.

MAY-FLOWERS.

By ERIC, '90.

A southern slope of gray brown grass,
From which the northward-journeying sun
Has barely solved the blanket white.
Along it as I musing pass,
It seems the life can never run
To loose the bonds of nature's night.

But scarcely is the thought expressed,
When close beneath my feet I see
A star-group touched with morning's bloom.
The perfume rising from its breast
Is the first incense given to me
Of glad spring life from winter's tomb.

So oft when life seems sad and dull,
Like subtle odor will arise
A true word from a trusting soul,
A promise heaven-sent, powerful,
That all the wealth of truth we prize
The hidden future shall unroll.

The Cornell delegation to the summer school at Northfield will number fifty.

FAILURE: ITS CAUSES.

By F. J. D., '89.

THE subject of failure is not a cheerful one to speak upon. It does not in any sense look over the beautiful, radiant, and perfect side of life; but, on the contrary, it gives one a sort of post-mortem view of humanity. Nevertheless it is a most interesting subject to study into, and a most difficult one to understand. It is interesting because it deals with that noblest of God's creatures, man, of whom Shakespeare says: "How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!" And yet these infinite capacities, this reason, this multifold faculty, this godlike power of apprehension and action, all of these sometimes in the course of individual life become so frost-bitten by accident, pain, and disappointment, that they cease putting forth endeavor, and withdraw into the recesses of the mind and heart, with a quiet and nerveless majesty like embalmed Pharaohs. An investigation of a few of the reasons that occasion this ebb, this retrograde, this subsidence in human experience, cannot fail to interest.

Failure is difficult to understand in any broad and fundamental sense, because there are so many different types or varieties of it, and consequently so many different causes for it. Now to search for a common bond or cause of death in the victims of consumption, of fever, of apoplexy, and of heart disease would be fruitless, because the microbe, so to speak, differs in each case. Each

case constitutes a distinct genus in itself. Now to search for a common cause of failure, an underlying principle that is constant and unvarying in all cases, from the pure Queen Catherine, who by kingly decree "wears a golden sorrow," down through all grades to those who by false love or low instinct's decree become the very dust and loam of society. To search for a constant similar principle of failure that inheres and ministers alike to the downfall of a Napoleon, whose great projects miscarry on account of the veto of an allied Europe, to him of lower estate who is dispossessed of the petty accumulations of plodding industry, seems also fruitless, because the microbe of failure, as it were, differs in each case. In one case the microbe is ambition, in another false love, in another low instincts, in another speculation, in another envy, and in others flood or fire. Each case of failure appears to constitute a genus in itself. And therefore to discuss the causes of failure it would seem necessary, in the absence of any common reason, to regard each particular case alone and by itself. But, however, this is not necessarily so. For, just as it is always the law of gravitation that brings all things to the earth, whether it be a golden sphere, a rotten apple, a brick, or a snow-flake, so there is a common element, a constant related cause that brings all human beings to the earth of failure. And that this is true will be manifest when we examine closely the true nature of failure.

Now precisely what is failure? A man's house burns to the ground, but

the flames did not touch his honor. Has he failed? A man embarks his property in a ship, and one night in a storm it goes down, but his courage is unaffected. Has he failed? A man has his throat cut from ear to ear, but he was defending his trust. Has he failed? Thousands of men in the late civil struggle did their duty, when they knew the doing of it would in an instant tear their bodies into unrecognizable masses. But does the concourse of citizens through the nation, placing the evergreen circlet upon the soldiers' graves on the 30th of May, designate them as failures? Thousands of other men, and women also, to-day in that other struggle for life and duty, while their hands are keeping up an everlasting fight for the bread of existence, their heads and hearts are taking hold of the great, good, and beautiful things of life with a sweet and enlarging interest. Are they failures? A young man stands forth so strong, so beautiful, so upright, that a whole family of hopes are centered in his manhood. But sickness comes. His hopes are truncated, his activity forever circumscribed to the couch, and uncomplaining hope through a series of years keeps him cheerful. Has he failed? A man says, "I will build me a house," but all through the years his heart was so kind that to perceive need was to relieve it; and one day his hair is gray, and where the walls should rise and the roof of his house should spread, there rises the trunk and spreads the branches of a tree; and where the portico and veranda of his house should be there are shrubs and weeds; and never in

this world will the corner-stone of his house be laid. But his heart is young, and all the beatific visions of spring, of summer cloud, of singing birds, and all the beautiful things in nature grow more appreciated as life advances, and the internal radiance of loving and being loved are his. Has he failed? Oh, don't tell me that the loss of money is failure, for if the loss of it is then the lack of it is, and if the lack of it is, then how many good, honest, enterprising people are failures. But this is contrary to all admission of God or man. Therefore neither the lack nor loss of money is failure. Failure is not loss of property, but loss of courage; not lack of funds, but lack of heart sympathy; not industry on small pay, but idleness. A \$1,500 man working on \$700 salary is not failing, but a \$1,500 man loafing on a \$2,000 prospective, is failing. No man who works, who does his duty, whose life is one of steady, honest industry, can fail.

The full-rigged and manned ship that is launched in the deep ocean, buffeted and beaten and sometimes driven upon the rocks, is the successful man.

The full-rigged and equipped ship, full of promise, that never is launched, but rots upon the dock, is the failure.

The student who, when he graduates, is full of energy and capacity for hard work, content only with the subjugation of his worst self and serious opposition, but who in a few years loses courage, until he is amply content to subjugate warm food and a feather-bed, is a failure.

Now just as success is not accumulation of wealth, nor any position of

power held by popular favor, but the condition of the mind and heart, so degrees of failure do not run up and down the thermometer of external acquisitions, but inhere in the state of the mind and heart itself. In general I define failure as the process of the gradual diminution of the force elements, the gradual discouragement from circumstances, until permanent dejection sets in, followed by the final renunciation of all effort to obtain those excellences and powers the heart agreed upon in early life.

The first cause of failure I mention is the fact that men have no settled policy with themselves. It is inevitable that a thinking, robust man should have conflicts in the region of his spiritual, intellectual, moral, and affectional natures. These conflicts must come before there is anything rich, prized, and durable in manhood. But there comes a time when the conquest of self must be made. There must be acquired and held in the soul some *terra firma*. There must be settled belief in something. There must be an immutable homestead in the soul, where the spiritual nature can say, "I have a right to this. Upon its unyielding permanence I will rear my lofty and white architecture." There must be a homestead in the soul, where the moral nature can plant its solid masonry and rear its structures more grandly simple and chaste than any Doric temple. There must be some settled principles the intellect accepts and believes without question or reservation; for without this there can be no growth. Where this is not the case, where religious

ideas, moral notions, and intellectual conceptions are constantly on the wing, the poor mind, under this wind-mill process, becomes confused, whirls around, but makes no advance. In such evanescent mentality great ideas and inspirations can find no trellises on which to climb, no sun to ripen. Without a settled internal policy with himself, a man cannot grow, he will fail.

Again, a fruitful source of failure is inadequate preparation. The law of equivalents, that a man will get what he pays for, is operate in every code of nature or man. To inform himself upon his topic, his case, his profession, to master the elements of his subject, is an injunction laid upon life with as much authority and sanction as has any statute law upon earth. He who tries to climb into the realm of useful happiness and honorable power by cheek, jugglery, sleight-of-hand, and fraud, the same is a thief and a robber; but not only that, he never gets in. Though a man have the strength of an ox and the spirit of a God, and lack an understanding of the situation, therefore is he a drawback and an injury. In conscientious preparation there is a compensation in the soul's belief in its own efficacy. Without this belief there is failure.

Another essential element of failure is the expecting of too rapid advancement. The building up of professional or other business is necessarily slow and gradual. Even undisputed ability and worth must serve a long apprenticeship to obtain the acquaintance and confidence of the public. There are several years in the beginning of a pro-

fessional life in which a man does little else but extend unresponsive solicitations to the world. He is like a successful fisherman in everything but the fish. He has all the paraphernalia, all the tackle. He flings his well-baited hook into the stream, but the fish don't bite. Perhaps some of you have sat in a boat and fished several hours without a bite. Perhaps you have been so unfortunate as to fish half a day without catching anything, and then you began to get glum, to boil internally. You felt implacable wrath against the boat, the pole, and all your surroundings, and mentally consigned all the fish in the sea into all manner of disagreeable and warm situations. Well, think of a man fishing in a little office, not one day, but months and years without scarcely a nibble. Think of a man who expected to catch big fish catching nothing at all, and yet fishing on, month after month. The courage that is required to do that sort of a thing is hardly appreciated. Under that pressure said Rufus Choate, "during the first two or three years of my professional career, in seasons of despondency I seriously debated throwing up my profession and seeking some other method of support." It does not take half the nerve and courage to harpoon a whale that it takes to hold an unresponsive fish line all day in a small pond. Those initial years stand out in existence like a desert—a desert upon which is drank the cup of despondency and doubt, but also upon which is generated imperishable qualities of manhood. How many, disengaging from the sweet and confluent companionship of preparatory

life, have entered upon that desert, and, expecting to cross too soon, have been overpowered by the barren monotony, and the few voices and the few lamps that had lighted, cheered, and guided seemed to be going out and growing silent, until from the soul is wrung that bitter cry, "It is no use." By expecting too rapid advancement, ambitious purposes, dreams fostered in youth, self-pledges, and extravagant but noble resolves have filled thousands of lives with as melancholy memorials as ever marked the desert track.

There have been many lonesome vigils in the past—vigils upon battlements and towers, midnight vigils in lonely passes, where no light struck the eye save the penciled serenity of a star. But no vigil that has been kept between Marathon and Gettysburg, between Delphi and the modern church, ever required more pure courage and self-faith than that initial, unhistoric, and perennial vigil kept in the first epoch of professional life.

The last cause of failure I mention is the most difficult to understand and more melancholy in its operation than any other in the world. It is that failure caused by having a too delicate and impractical ideal. It sounds like a paradox to say a man can fail by going up too high. But a man can make a fool of himself just as well by climbing too much as he can by creeping too much. It is well that the mind should be stored with ideas of beauty, sublimity, harmony, and power. But it is absolutely necessary that those ideals shall have a vital relation, a real connection with practical life. It is

well to be led by poetical sentiments and fine emotions, but when they lead a man away from men as they really are, and away from struggling, hard-lined, every-day life as it really is, then are emotions and ideals a delusion and a snare. When a man has such a grand ideal of government that town affairs look insignificant; when a man has such a conception of the absoluteness of duty that he absolutely neglects the trivialities nearest to him; when a man has such an ideal conception of heroes and heroism that he cannot see it in the every-day life and the common people; and when a man has such tender sensibilities and delicate yearnings that he is shocked and repelled by the great, gross needs of society, then it is time for him to come down a notch, for a too delicate and impractical ideal is rendering abortive the purpose of his being. This is not the function of the ideal. But on the contrary, the many-colored, many-sided ideals that stretch away ahead in perfect beauty, so far from weaning man from his surroundings, cover the soul like a giant lens, through which the imperfections of life seem more perfect, the unloveliness of life more lovely, and the unheroic and trivial mankind more heroic, nobler, and ampler.

FANCIES.

By M. S. M., '91.

In the pools of the meadow, here,
The gay little frogs are singing,
Like the piping of numberless fairy flutes,
Their clear shrill voices are ringing.

Where the violets soon will bloom
Now a miniature lake is lying,
Born of the tears the snow-elves shed,
When Winter, their king, lay dying.

How my childish dreams come back,
 As I gaze at the dimpling water;
 I seem but a fanciful child again
 As here, by its brink, I loiter.

I could almost hope to see,
 Come out from the alder's shadow,
 The fairies I used to watch for long
 Here in this charmed meadow.

Ah, see! from the rushes there,
 Swift over the waters sliding,
 Rowed by a frolicsome nut-brown sprite,
 A tiny shallop is gliding.

It turns to avoid a snag,
 (A fallen twig from the willow)
 And rides, with a proud triumphant air,
 On the crest of each mimic billow.

And now he rests on his oars
 A moment, this queer little sailor,
 To talk to a frog who has seen his craft
 And paused in his song to hail her.

A movement—hush! he is gone;
 It was only a foolish vision;
 But frolic fancy has captured me
 And borne me to her Elysium.

Where all the dream-folk wait,
 And all is beauty and gladness;
 Here let me wander awhile
 Forgetting the world and its sadness.

For here can I feel again
 The joy of those sweet lost hours,
 When I wandered careless as bird or bee
 Through a world abloom with flowers.

So leave me my foolish dreams,
 Ye, who in your brave endeavors
 To climb to some mountain height of life
 Have missed Heaven's sweeter favors.

I, down in the meadow, here,
 Can smile at your toilsome climbing;
 From the mountain top ye behold life's
 cloud,
 But never its silver lining.

Edison has just presented to Sibley College a fine dynamo having a capacity of 480 lamps, and listed at \$4,700. The Brush Electric Co. have contributed an improved motor of 10 horse power, worth \$600.

COMMUNICATION.

HOW REPORTERS LIVE.

To the Editors of the Student :

The manner of living of a New York newspaper reporter is like Hood's Sarsaparilla — "peculiar to itself." It results from the general Bohemian character of his existence, together with some remains of his early habits, and a slight regard for the ordinary usages of society. It is usually on the "European plan," if anything so desultory can be said to have a plan. The reporter, generally in company with another of the same fraternity, takes a furnished room, or bachelor apartments, where he makes his domestic headquarters, and where he generally manages to sleep during some part of the twenty-four hours. These apartments are usually between 14th and 26th Streets and 3d and 6th Avenues, and are in most cases fitted up comfortably, and sometimes elegantly. But the small amount of time that their occupants spend in them, prevents their acquiring the impress of their inmates' tastes and habits that students' rooms commonly acquire. The rent ranges from six dollars to twenty dollars a week, according as the reporter is satisfied with a single room on a cross street at some distance from Fifth Avenue, or goes into a suite in a more desirable locality.

The conventional idea that day begins in the morning would hardly apply to the newspaper man's day. If you should look in then you would find him and his chum sound asleep. Somewhere between nine and eleven a

white-aproned, meek-looking waiter, from some neighboring restaurant, mounts the stairs, carrying a covered tray. There is a tradition that he knocks gently at the reporter's door before entering, but no one ever yet heard him. The first indication of his presence is the clatter of dishes as he sets the tray down. This arouses at least one of the sleepers, who turns over, opens his eyes slowly, gazes at the waiter for a while, and finally asks in a sepulchral tone: "What's the bill?" The latter names a sum as far in advance of the actual price as he dares; some change is fished out of a pocket and handed over, the apparition vanishes, and our friend goes comfortably to sleep again. Inside the next half hour he wakes once more, stares at the tray in apparent wonder, and finally kicks his chum and remarks: "Say, old man, wake up and eat your breakfast. It'll get cold if you don't." This wakes them up enough so that one gets up and divides the contents of the tray, while the other takes his share in bed.

This meal in the forenoon is dignified by the name of breakfast. Dinner may come anywhere between five in the afternoon and one the next morning. If a meal intervenes between these two it is called lunch; while a meal after dinner is called by the regulation name of supper.

The character and cost of these meals varies greatly. Breakfast usually consists of a roll and a cup of coffee, chocolate, or milk, with perhaps an egg or omelet. This generally costs from twenty-five to forty cents; but

prices are considerably higher in the upper part of the city than in the business portions. Dinner, of course, is the chief meal of the day. Its character varies much with the reporter's taste and the state of his finances. Indeed, the question "Where are you eating?" has come to be considered a test of a newspaper man's prosperity. Naturally reporters, like other New Yorkers, aspire to a dinner at Delmonico's, and many of them dine there. If you know how to order, you can get a good dinner there without going outside a five dollar bill; or if you have a friend with you and divide the course, the cost is less.

There are many dining places that might be mentioned, where the food is good and the prices are moderate; but there is one that deserves especial notice. Almost every newspaper man in New York, at some stage of his career, has found himself obliged to eat there; and, although he usually migrates as soon as possible, he generally keeps a vivid remembrance of it ever afterwards. It is a cellar restaurant under the corner of Beekman Street and Park Row, known as "Hitchcock's." It is open day and night, Sundays included. The bill of fare consists almost wholly of what is known as "beef and beans, butter cakes, and coffee." Beef and beans are ten cents; other things five. There is a tradition among the reporters who frequent the place, that the dishes are washed once a day and the waiters change their aprons on the full of the moon. Hitchcock's cannot be called a luxurious place; but the New York newspaper man who has never seen the

peculiar swinging motion with which the waiters slope from one table to another, nor witnessed the reckless angle at which it is possible to carry a cup of coffee, and slide it along the marble table, without spilling more than two-thirds of its contents, has lost something he can never replace.

The reporter's work may be done somewhere between eleven o'clock at night and three the next morning, the latter usually happening only when he has to take his place at the copy desk. In that case he will probably send out about one o'clock for another meal. Very likely it will consist of a good sized sandwich and a bottle of beer. This he will manage to swallow while "blue penciling" some unfortunate brother reporter's copy, which has come in after the crush has begun.

If he gets through by eleven or half-past he can spend a few hours in recreation, and then have time for sufficient sleep before the next appearance of the apparition with the tray. But even in New York the available amusements at this time of the night, though not few, are limited in variety. It is needless to say that theatres, concerts, and evening calls are not among them.

Such is a hasty view of the way reporters live. If there are any who imagine that, by going into newspaper work, they can secure a life of elegant ease, or who think, as did the writer, that by undertaking it they will be kept more in the line of the literary work they wish to do, I can only say, take Punch's advice and "don't."

D. C. W., '85.

LOCALS.

The sixth of May
Was Arbor Day.

Three holidays so far this term, and "more to follow."

Look for a picture of the new building in our next number.

The Sophomore class hats are very becoming; so are the '92's.

Mr. I. N. Cox has sold out the college bookstore to N. W. Howard, '92.

W. F. Ham, '91, is rapidly improving and hopes to rejoin his class next term.

Miss P. (reciting in Botany)—"A style isn't always of any use. Sometimes there is no style at all."

A. N. Peaslee, '90, went to Philadelphia as delegate to the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A.

H. J. Piper and W. H. Woodman have been chosen captains of the two divisions of the Junior class in Botany.

Day, '90, captain of the base-ball team, badly sprained his ankle while running bases about three weeks ago.

Plummer, '91, has resigned his position as superintendent of the ball ground, and Emerson, '89, has been appointed in his place.

The Sophomores go out to look for birds nearly every morning at 5.30. One member of the class has seen over thirty species this term.

The foundation of the new chemical laboratory is now being laid, and other improvements are going on in the way of grading, etc. The building will be ready for use next term.

Prof. in Botany—"What is the name of the buds that sometimes come out on the roots of a tree when the trunk is injured?" Student—"Adventurous buds, aren't they?"

One of the Professors, meeting a graduate of '88, a few days ago, asked him if he was going to take French this term. The Professor had evidently mistaken him for a truant Soph.

On the evening of Friday, April 12th, occurred the President's annual reception to the Freshman class. The young ladies of the other classes were also invited, and all passed a very enjoyable evening.

The Union, the literary society of Nichols Latin School, held a public meeting in Nichols Hall, Friday evening, April 19th. The exercises were well attended, and some of the parts showed considerable ability.

We were all glad that Washington was made President of the United States just one hundred years ago, for April 30th was a holiday. The Polymnian Society had an inauguration meeting on the following Friday evening.

The two games of ball between the Bates and the Lewistons, April 20th and 25th, were each witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. The first game was won by Bates with a score of nine to five; the second by the Lewistons, ten to nine.

The Juniors celebrated Arbor Day afternoon by a class ride to Durham. The frequent shouts of "Boom-a-lak-a" and the orange and banana skins left to dry on the trees, sufficiently demon-

strated to the inhabitants that there was such a place as Bates College.

The following members of '89 will take part in the exercises of Class Day: President, H. W. Small; Orator, E. L. Stevens; Poet, A. L. Safford; Parting Address, G. H. Libby; Historian, Miss S. A. Norton; Prophet, F. W. Newell; Odist, A. E. Hatch.

The following are the members of the base-ball nine: Call, '89, c.; Wilson, '92, p.; Gilmore, '91, 1b.; Daggett, '89, 2b.; Day, '90, s.s.; Graves, '92, 3b.; Knox, '89, c. f.; Emery, '92, r. f.; Putnam, '92, l. f.; Cox, '89, manager; Day, captain; Daggett, change pitcher; Garelon, '90, scorer.

A slight departure has been made in the curriculum by having the Sophomore class begin German and the Freshman class French this term instead of next, as is usually done. Though they take these studies but once a week, they will gain a good start in the languages and can do better work next year.

The class of '90 enjoyed a very pleasant evening, April 29th. The occasion was an expression of gratitude to their Vermont classmate for the maple sugar they have received from him every spring term. The serving of refreshments and the singing of a poem written for the occasion, were followed by responses to the toast from several members of the class. The evening was a scene of enjoyment to every one present.

At the annual election of officers of the College Y. M. C. A., Wednesday evening, May 1st, the following officers

were chosen: President, A. N. Peaslee; Vice-President, Nickerson, '91; F. B. Nelson, Recording Secretary; F. E. Emrich, Corresponding Secretary; H. E. Walter, Treasurer. The association is at present in a very flourishing condition, having a membership of sixty. Joint meetings of the Y. M., and Y. W. C. A. have been held Wednesday evenings throughout the year.

Wednesday, April 24th, from eight o'clock P.M., to April 25th, was passed by the Sophomores in the upper regions of Hathorn Hall. They were having a class party and a general good time. "Calculus," "Chums," "The Gymnasium," "Peanuts," and "The Tie that Binds," were toasted to just the right brown by Mr. Watson, toast-master. Other festivities were engaged in, and they broke up just in time to wish each other a "Happy Fast Day."

Wednesday evening, April 24th, was passed very pleasantly by the Freshmen at the house of their classmate, R. A. Small. The young ladies of Mrs. Small's Sunday-school class were also invited. Miss Meserve's "Village Preacher," Mr. Buzzell's "Owl," and Mr. Walter's "Darkies," amused and entertained all. Before the guests departed, their appreciation of the pleasant evening was tendered Mrs. Small in a very graceful speech by Mr. Wilson, Class President, and as gracefully replied to by Mrs. Small.

Following is the programme of the athletic exhibition, given by the college in City Hall, April 27th:

MUSIC—BATES COLLEGE BAND.

Fencing—Gun and Sabre.

Plummer and Dodge.

High Kick.

Day, Garcelon, Emery, and Turgeon.
Club Swinging by Note.

Young Women's Class.

MUSIC.

Horizontal Bar.

Pinkham, Turgeon, French, and Dodge.
Fancy Club Swinging. Garcelon.

Balancing. Dodge.

MUSIC.

Long Wand Drill.

Pinkham, Hutchinson, Wheeler, Plummer,
Buzzell, Smith, Wilson, Blanchard, French,
Davis, Walter, Cutts, Peaslee, Garcelon,
Skelton, Libby.

Fencing—Foil.

Miss Prescott and Miss Knowlton.

High Jump.

Garcelon, Neal, Garland, Emery, Walter,
and Turgeon.

MUSIC—BAND.

Fencing—Sabres. Plummer and Dodge.

Pole Vaulting.

Garcelon, Garland, McFadden, and Wilson.
Sparring. Wheeler and Sanborn.

Parallels.

Safford, Garcelon, French, Wilson, Turgeon, and Dodge.

Sparring. Knight and Dodge.

Tumbling, etc.

Garcelon, Day, French, Pinkham, Emery,
and Wilson.

Pyramids.

Safford, Garcelon, Day, Davis, Pinkham,
Emery, Plummer, Wilson, Turgeon, and
French.

MUSIC.

Under the direction of Mr. Albert E. Moore
the following pieces of statuary were represented:

Sophocles.

Apollo Belvedere.

Minerva.

Discobolus.

Fighting Gladiator.

Dying Gladiator.

Theseus and Minotaur.

Group from the Temple of Minerva, Aegina.

Messrs. Dolt, Eveleth, Stevens, Davis, Richardson, Rounds.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CLASS IN CLUB SWINGING.

'89—E. I. Chipman, M. S. Little.

'90—M. F. Angell, Blanche Howe, J. L.
Pratt, E. F. Snow, Dora Jordan.

'91—A. A. Beal, Kate Prescott.

'92—J. F. King, S. E. Wells, Grace Knowlton.

Instructor in Gymnastics—F. H. Dodge.

The *Lewiston Journal* says of the exhibition: "It was a splendid one," and of Instructor Dodge, it says: "He worked hard to bring about the event, and the performance showed that he fully understands athletes and is a good training-master."

Bates and Colby played their first league game on the college grounds at Lewiston, May 4th. The following is the score:

COLBYS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wagg, 3 b.	5	3	1	1	3	2	2
Gilmore, 1 b.	5	4	2	3	11	0	0
Roberts, c.f.	5	4	1	1	1	1	0
Foster, c.	6	3	3	5	6	7	2
Kallock, r.f.	6	1	4	6	2	0	0
Smith, 2b.	4	0	0	0	2	1	2
Megquire, s.s.	5	0	0	0	0	1	1
Merrill, l.f.	6	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals.	47	19	13	19	27	26	8

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.	4	1	2	4	1	0	1
Wilson, 2b., p.	5	1	1	1	1	11	2
Putnam, l.f.	5	0	0	0	1	0	1
Daggett, p., 2b.	5	0	0	0	3	9	0
Call, c.	5	1	2	2	9	5	2
Gilmore, 1b.	4	2	2	2	12	0	1
Knox, c.f.	4	2	1	1	0	0	4
Little, r.f.	2	1	0	0	0	1	0
Emery, s.s.	4	0	1	1	0	1	2
Totals.	38	8	9	11	27	27	13
Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7 8 9
Colbys	5	0	0	5	2	0	2 4 1—19
Bates	1	3	0	1	0	3	0 0 0—8
Time—2 h. 15 m. Umpire—Richards.							

Bates and Bowdoins at Brunswick, May 11th. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.,	4	0	0	1	0	1	2
Wilson, 2b., p.,	5	0	2	0	1	5	3
Putnam, l.f.,	4	1	1	0	4	0	1
Daggett, p., 2b.,	4	1	1	0	3	6	4

Call, c.,	4	1	1	0	6	2	3
Gilmore, 1b.,	4	0	0	1	9	0	1
Knox, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Gareelon, s.s.,	4	2	2	0	1	1	3
Emery, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	37	5	7	2	27	15	18

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Packard, 3b.,	6	4	1	1	1	0	1
Freeman, 2b.,	4	3	2	0	2	0	1
Fogg, c.f.,	7	3	2	0	1	0	0
Thompson, r.f.,	5	3	2	1	1	0	0
Fish, c.,	7	2	4	0	7	2	1
Jordan, s.s.,	7	2	2	1	1	1	1
Newman, l.f.,	6	1	2	0	2	0	0
Hilton, p.,	6	1	1	0	1	11	0
Downs, 1b.,	4	2	0	0	10	0	0
Totals.	52	21	16	3	26	17	5

* Emery hit by batted ball.

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7 8 9
Bates.	4	5	0	1	1	8	0 1 1—21
Bowdoins.	0	0	1	0	0	3	1 0 0—5
Time—2 h. 30 m. Umpire—C. W. Richards.							

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood has accepted a call to the church in Bath, Me.

'67.—Rev. Arthur Given, formerly principal of Nichols Latin School, has been elected representative to the Rhode Island Legislature from Cranston.

'72.—George H. Stockbridge, Esq., of New York City, Electrical Expert and General Patent Solicitor, is one of the editors and proprietors of the new technical magazine, "*Electric Power*," which is devoted to the interests of the electric railway and the transmission of power by electricity for industrial purposes. It is an able magazine, beautifully illustrated, and although technical in character contains much to interest any intelligent reader.

'72.—John A. Jones, the well-known

Lewiston civil engineer, has lately completed for the city of Auburn a series of splendid maps of the sewer system, the streets, lots, buildings, and all the features of the city proper. Mr. Jones has done similar work for Lewiston, and is unquestionably better informed on the underground wealth of these two cities than any one else.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout has been made a member of the Board of Visitors of the Bangor Theological Seminary. Mr. Rideout recently lectured to the young men in the Congregational church at South Paris.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss has been appointed by the last conference to the church in Hallowell.

'81.—C. S. Haskell has been appointed a Trustee of the Free Public Library of Jersey City, N. J.

'85.—R. E. Attwood has resigned his position as Treasurer of the Lewiston and Auburn Horse Railroad, and accepted a position in the National Shoe and Leather Bank of Auburn.

'85.—W. B. Small, M.D., has been appointed Senior Surgeon in the Hospital at Randall's Island.

'86.—Sherman G. Bonney, who is to graduate from the Harvard Medical School next June, has decided to settle in Lewiston, and has leased one of the tenements in the new Neal Block on Main Street. Mr. Bonney was Instructor in Chemistry at Bates last fall.

STUDENTS.

'89.—F. M. Buker has been obliged to close his school at Lisbon Falls for a few weeks on account of scarlet fever among the scholars.

'89.—A. B. Call has returned from his school at China, Me.

'90.—Miss M. V. Wood has finished her school in Dover and returned to her college work.

'91.—G. K. Small is teacher of Rhetoric and Elocution in the Nichols Latin School.

'91.—Miss Bray is assistant teacher in the South Paris High School.

EXCHANGES.

To no poet of America does the national heart warm more sincerely than to him who knit together North and South by his songs of fire and of love. "Whittier's Voices of Freedom," in the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, shows that his work is earnestly appreciated beyond New England. The article shows a keen realization of the strength and simplicity of his nature.

The influence which the "Voices of Freedom" have had, so great that it has made him the laureate of anti-slavery, is in a great measure due to the simplicity of his piety. Though a man fond of metaphysical studies, he never allowed philosophy to enter into his religion. The "Over Soul" of Longfellow and Emerson became with him the "Over Heart."

The progressional character of his work, fitting itself to the varying needs of the hour, is well summed up.

It is useless to attempt any classification of these poems except in their chronological order. Some are hymns, some are narratives, some denunciations of evil-doers. Called forth by individual and distinct events, they bear no logical relation to each other, except as the tone of each is influenced by the progress of the cause of anti-slavery. In the early ones we see clearly an effort to create a sentiment against slavery. Abolitionist was then the name of a small society of "fanatics" with popular opinion either set directly against them or indifferent to the moral and the philanthropic aspect of the question. The national

pride was to be awakened, the fire of enthusiasm to be kindled. The evil is therefore portrayed in its darkest colors. Soon the "people" with its keen sense of right took up the cause and undertook the struggle for its sake. Then all the poet's labors were devoted to the obtaining of victory in the fight. The tone changed to that of a battle leader, and as time brought forth a Lincoln and a Sumner and the armies of the land to take up the contest, and still later when victory was assured, each new advance added new confidence to his words, until his whole soul burst into the triumphal chant of "Laus Deo."

More especially is he described in the closing sentence of the essay :

Whittier is essentially the poet of the heart—the simple, purely American heart, the poet of "Snow Bond" roused to the moral indignation of a righteous mind, become the poet of Freedom.

The same number contains a fine poem, "Katathumion"; but its length forbids copying in full. Here are a few stanzas from it :

Though man be judged by mortal deeds
Are not his thoughts real actions' seeds?
Shall man be judged by overt act
When thought is pure, intent exact,
And naught from hope can e'er detract
Save some sad deed by allurements power
Wrought out in one unguarded hour?

For he who ne'er hath deeply felt,
Whose heart in grief can never melt,
Hath truly never deeply thought;
Nor him hath nature wisely taught
That life's true end is better sought
By union of emotion pure
With thought which shall fore'er endure.

Man cannot scale sublimity
Nor comprehend infinity.
Then why not let our faith attend
To things which finite thought transcend,
And make our thought with pure faith blend?
Thus mortal man can bridge the chasm
Which finite thought can never fathom.

The first number of the *Buchtelite* gives promise of being a good addi-

tion in the field of college journalism. There are a good number of departments and all well conducted. The editorial column especially shows the results of faithful work. The poem "Achilles and Briseis" contains some good thoughts clothed in careful language, but the meter at once brings the reader to American forests and streams, so completely has Longfellow made it his own peculiar property in the "Song of Hiawatha." The author is also guilty of gross anachronism in picturing the Greeks with sabers in their hands. Thus the poem fails to present a distinct event, for names, meter, and weapons produce a confused medley of Trojan siege, of modern warfare, and of primeval American forest.

Among many good qualities, the best of which is strong thought, there are in the *Kentucky University Tablet* two conspicuous faults. The first is careless wording and arrangement of sentences. The same word is used many times in the same paragraph, even in the oration on "The New South," which won the State intercollegiate prize for Kentucky. The other is the frequent occurrence of typographical errors, showing hasty proof-reading.

The *Sunbeam* is the best exchange we receive, conducted wholly by ladies. It is distinctively a ladies' paper both in name and nature, and it is a relief to find one that is, when so many are trying to make their publications masculine. It is a healthful indication to see some preserving the fundamental differences between man and woman without claiming superiority for either.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE STORY OF THE PURITANS. By Wallace Peck. [Charles T. Walter, St. Johnsbury, Vt.].

The author tells us an old story in a wholly new way. A fine vein of humor runs throughout the story. The author rasps off the rough edge from the laws of our Puritan Fathers by telling us witty and laughable stories about them. In his original way he shows how they solved their problems of life,—to fight the cold, the Indians, the Dutch, the Quakers, the witches, and the devil. Notwithstanding the humorous character of the book, as Mark Twain says of his "Roughing It," in spite of himself facts will crop out. We can give no better idea than by quoting from the preface: "While compiling this book the writer has had in mind the words of Macaulay: 'There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are very fond,—'The dignity of history.'" If any dignity has crept into this history it has sneaked into it unbeknown, and will be eliminated in the succeeding editions. The book is amply illustrated throughout. Full-page illustrations by E. W. Kemble. Vignettes by O. Herford.

PHYSIOLOGICAL NOTES ON PRIMARY EDUCATION AND STUDY OF LANGUAGE. By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

This is a book that deserves careful study by every teacher. The author deals with the subject of education in a decisive and logical manner. To the child the author says: "Language should not be an object of thought,

but only an organ of thought. It is not to be driven *into* him but only *out* of him, through the urgent consciousness that something must be said." The author urges throughout a plain, natural method of teaching. Simple facts should precede abstractions. Valuable suggestions of the plan and method of teaching are given throughout.

THE IDEALS OF THE REPUBLIC, OR GREAT WORDS FROM GREAT AMERICANS. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

This little volume contains the Declaration of Independence, Constitution of the United States, Washington's two inaugural and farewell addresses, Lincoln's two inaugural addresses and his address at Gettysburg. Washington's farewell address is given as found in the original manuscript. This is accompanied by many valuable notes and suggestions. The whole book presents a neat and attractive appearance. Everything considered, it is the best of the kind we have ever seen.

♦♦♦
COLLEGE NOTES.

Oxford University has appliances for printing in one hundred and fifty languages.

The young ladies at Bryn Mawr have formed a cricket club.

Hon. Benjamin F. Butler will deliver the oration at Colby next June.

One of Amherst's professors uses no chair in the class-room. We suppose he sits on the class.

University of Virginia students are allowed to bring their dogs into the class-room, but the professors draw the line on "horses."

The ladies of Harvard Annex have challenged the Columbia Co-eds to an eight-oared race.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have the largest dormitory in the United States. It will cost \$125,000.

The *Yale News* denies the report circulated by the New Haven papers, that the university is to have a chair of protection.

Ex-Minister Phelps has accepted the presidency of Columbia. His salary will be greater than any other college president in America.

Realizing the disadvantages of society strife, the students at Williams are endeavoring to raise by subscription two hundred thousand dollars to build a general chapter house.

Theodore B. Wannamaker has given one million dollars to Princeton, the income to be given annually as a prize to the student performing the best work in English history and language.

Colby is to have a new observatory and physical laboratory to cost about \$15,000. It is the gift of Colonel R. C. Shannon, of New York, an alumnus of the college, and member of the class of '62.

Several of the Harvard professors lock the doors of their lecture rooms five minutes after the recitation hour in order not to be interrupted by tardy students.

A prize of \$100 has been offered for the best written article on student life in the University of Michigan; the article to be written by a lady either connected with the university or an alumna.

The great English University boat

race was won by Cambridge, April 20th, by two lengths. The course was from Putney to Northlake, a distance of four miles and two furlongs. The Oxford crew became confused and steered badly. They made a final spurt, but failed to reach the Cambridge boat. This is the fourth successive victory for Cambridge. The score is now—Oxford twenty-three races; Cambridge twenty-two. The one rowed in '77 was a dead heat.

♦♦♦

POET'S CORNER.

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

My gentle shepherdess,
Come forth upon the hill,
And tend the fleecy flock
That follows at your will.
My thoughts are like the sheep,
For they can do no less
Than go where'er you lead,
My pretty shepherdess.
—*Swearthmore Phœnix.*

COUPLET.

Last night a star
From regions far
Beyond the gates of heaven,
Dropped from its place,
Down, down through space—
To earth a soul was given.

To-night a light
Hath spread full bright
Far out o'er heaven's dome,
And through its beams
A swift flash gleams—
Another soul gone home. —*Tech.*

SONNET.

The rich cathedral is ablaze with light;
Splendor alone might seem to win a soul,
Where harmonies forever onward roll,
And glory lingers in the arms of night.
Yet what avail its grandeur and its might,
While chill magnificence invests the whole,
And echoes, never dying, cheat their goal
And fill my fainting heart with nameless fright.

Oh, better far for me the modest church,
 Where love for God outweighs the love of
 show,
 Where humble, honest folks each Sabbath
 search
 Their hearts and, reverent, bowing low,
 Confess their sins with penitence and tears,
 And seek forgiveness through the flying years.

—Dartmouth.

PORTFOLIO.

The brook flows sparkling through the wood,
 With many a dancing shadow.
 From violets blue and violets white,
 It snatches kisses in its flight,
 Then glides in calmer, gentler mood
 Demurely through the meadow.
 It flirts with nodding grasses green.
 It woos the tall marsh mallow,
 And half in love, and half in fun,
 It wins the heart of every one,
 And, laughing then at what it's done,
 Hastens off to seek another scene.
 A pretty thing but shallow.

—Yale Lit.

THE TRYST.

A pool, deep-wooded, in a quiet vale,
 Upturns its face to meet the kiss
 Of drooping boughs, with fond caress,
 Lets fall the secret of the place—a tale
 Of purest love made known alone to me.
 No motion moves the unknown deep,
 But calm, serene, as half asleep,
 This love of mine, with subtle charm, holds me.

The tryst is broken; but as to requite,
 My soul for care which lingers still,
 The *genus loci*, with aroma fills
 My memory, and gives me for my might
 A legend, simple, old, yet ever new,
 Which tells me "Faith is good and Love is
 true."

—Hamilton Lit.

STORM VOICES.

Upon a rugged crag whose jutting peak
 Tower'd grim above a lonely rockbound coast,
 Alone I stood. Above, around, below,
 My reverent eyes with solemn awe enthralled
 Encountered awful sights which craven souls
 With dread and miserable fear would fill.
 Above, the clouds in angry masses piled,
 Black hosts of misty monsters fierce and
 strong,

Crashing and roaring in sonorous war
 With wild chaotic grandeur filled the sky.
 Below, the sea to swollen fury lashed
 By madly whirling, rushing tempest-winds,
 Was heaped and tossed in billows mountain-
 high.

Pond'rously rolling, leaped and fell and
 seethed

The mighty surges, striving in mad race
 To win the shore. The rock whereon I stood
 Did shake and tremble 'neath the watery
 shocks,

While foamed and hissed, aye thundered then
 the surf.

The lightning, ensign of the duelling clouds,
 Anon shed over the majestic scene
 An instant livid glare. And in that deep,
 Expectant hush which falls betwixt the flash
 Of lightning and the pealing thunder-clap
 Rose in my awed and wond'ring soul the
 thought—

An echo of the symphony sublime
 Of clouds and winds and waters—*God is great.*
 —Williams Lit.

POT-POURRI.

China and Japan are buying dried
 apple from Maine. Thus does Amer-
 ican industry help to *swell* the popula-
 tion of the Orient.—*Bowdoin Orient.*

Professor in Logic (to Sophomore,
 reciting)—"You don't seem quite clear
 upon that point." Soph.—"Well, that
 is what the author says, any way."
 Prof.—"But I don't want the author;
 I want you." Student (glumly)—
 "Well, I guess you've got me."—*Ex.*

A Sophomore, stuffing for examina-
 tion, has developed the ethics of Sun-
 day work in a way to render the future
 elucidation of the subject unnecessary.
 He reasons that if a man is justified in
 trying to help the ass from the pit on
 the Sabbath day, much more would the
 ass be justified in trying to get out
 himself.

Class in Butler's Analogy. Prof.—“Please pass on now to the ‘Future State.’” Student—“Not prepared, sir.” Prof.—“Well, I would advise you to prepare yourself before the final examination.”—*Ex.*

A newly appointed crier in a county court in Australia, where there are many Chinese, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand. “Call for Ah Song,” was the command. Pat was puzzled for a moment; he glanced shyly at the judge, and found him as grave as an undertaker. Then turning to the spectators he blandly simpered: “Gentlemen, would any of you favor His Honor with a song?”—*Earlhamite.*

The funny Fresh shinned up the tree,
All for to hang an effigy,
That would the Soph'mores vex.
The funny Fresh slid down the tree;
His eyes stuck out a rod when he
Discovered himself thereat to be
Confronted by the—President.

—*Pulse.*

A certain Professor's text-book was found on the campus not long since, and on the margin the following note appeared: “Use joke No. 7 in connection with this paragraph.

TIT FOR TAT.

He timidly climbed up the brown stone steps,
He timidly rang the bell;
He felt that this visit might be his last,
But why so he could not tell.

As he stood at the door the winter wind
Whirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say,
“John, tell him that I am out.”

As the door was opened, with stately mien,
He said to the butler tall,
“Pray, go to Miss Jones with my compliments,
And tell her I did not call.”

—*Williams Weekly.*

Prof. in History—“Who was the—king in Shakespeare?” Sophomore (blushing)—“I don't know.” Prof.—“Well, it always throws a Sophomore class into confusion to ask anything concerning the Bible or Shakespeare.” Student collapses.

CLASSICAL CRITICISM.

21 B.C.

Old Horace, on a summer afternoon,
Well primed with sweet Falernian, let us say,
Lulled by the far-off brooklet's drowsy croon
To a half-doze, in a hap-hazard way
Scratched off a half a dozen careless rhymes,
As was his habit. When next day he came
Awake to work, he read them several times
In vain attempt to catch their sense and aim.
“What was I thinking about? Blest if I know!
Jupiter! What's the difference? Let them go!”

1888 A.D.

“Lines twelve to twenty are in great dispute”
(Most learnedly the lecturer doth speak);
“I think I shall be able to refute
Orelli's claim they're taken from the Greek.
I think, with Bently, Horace's purpose here
Is irony, and yet I do not know
But Dillenburger's reading is more clear,
For which he gives eight arguments, although
Wilkins gives twelve objections to the same.”
(So on *ad infinitum.*) Such is fame!

—*Fortnightly.*

A small ragged boy entered an oyster house in Salem, Mass., and asked: “Will you sell me an oyster for a cent? I want it for my sick mother.” “What is the matter with your mother?” asked the man, as he proceeded to fill a can with oysters, thinking he would help to relieve a case of suffering. “She's got a black eye,” was the reply. The benevolence rapidly faded from the mind of the oyster man, as he put one oyster in a paper bag.

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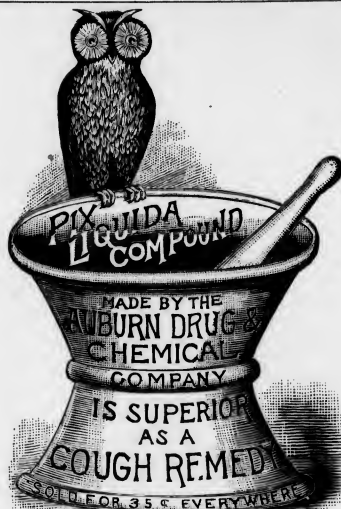
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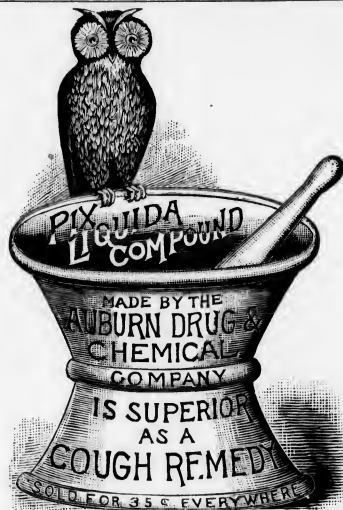
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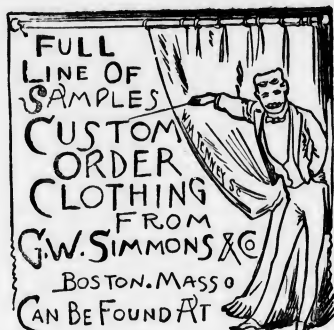
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No. 6.

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All orders will receive prompt attention.

THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

JUNE, 1889.

No. 6.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

H. J. PIPER, E. W. MORRELL,
A. N. PEASLEE, G. H. HAMLEN,
N. F. SNOW, H. B. DAVIS.

H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.

W. F. GARCILON, Associate Manager.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy,
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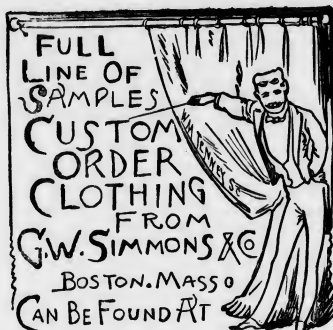
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better for their going forth into it after their four years' sojourn here. They will carry with them a host of good wishes from all, and especially from the class of '90.

SPEAKING of base-ball, the principal of one of our best fitting schools once said that when a student is deciding what college to attend, he does not ask which has the best president or best faculty, but which has the best ball team. Doubtless this does have much influence with some, and justly, too. No one can be blamed for preferring to go where his companions will be interested in manly sport, as well as hard work; and, other things being equal, the scale might well turn in favor of the college having the best and cleanest ball team.

We say cleanest, because the nine represent the undergraduates of the college, and people will judge of the whole from the behavior of the men supported in the ball field. If they are gentlemanly and work well together, they will win good opinions, not only for themselves, but also for their college. But such exhibitions of temper and profanity as have disgraced some of the members of visiting nines on our grounds this spring are enough to prejudice many people against their college. We know it is possible to play ball well, and yet be gentlemanly in every way; and we cannot help thinking that the record of our nine in both respects has helped to raise Bates much higher in the estimation of many people.

THE Empire State may well be proud of its action in regard to that system by which every word and motion of a student is entered on the debit or credit side of a strict account. The marking system has been abolished in New York City public schools. The student of Cornell knows nothing of his rank save that he has or has not passed. The object of this is to make love of learning the only incentive to high scholarship. Its value is being recognized in some other institutions, and they are therefore discouraging the founding of any more prizes.

But why does this system meet with growing disfavor? The reasons are chiefly two. It is impossible to do justice to every student in ranking. There is therefore dissatisfaction which is greatly aggravated if any favoritism seems to have been shown. Then it tends to develop relative rather than absolute excellence in study and writing, and a superficial method of work that will tell in the class-room. The question becomes not, How much can I learn? but, What can I seem to have learned? not How well can I do? but, How much better than my fellows? This is not the condition of the best work, for "nothing is done beautifully that is done in rivalry."

WHAT a wonderful power there is in example! If you don't believe it, the next time you see a man make believe laugh before people, just watch his audience. Ten to one they will all laugh, too, or at least smile, although they know he is only making believe. "People are so wofully like sheep,"

some one has said. But every flock of sheep has its leader, and therein lies a hint to the man that wants to impress himself on the world. Be a leader. Don't go with the crowd, imitators amount to little; but be independent and faithful to truth, and you will neither lack followers nor fail to be useful. Heroism inspires heroism, and the man that stands by his colors, come what may, has in him the elements of a true hero, while his unswerving fidelity rings out a bugle call to all that is noble in human nature.

To set bravely the good example instead of weakly following the bad one, ay, there's the rub. It is so hard to stand alone, and so easy to fall in with others. But a leader or a follower, which will you be. On your choice depend the issues of life for you, perhaps for many more.

THIS year our nine started into the field with the determination to give the other college nines an opportunity of no easy struggle for the first position. In this they have succeeded, and great were the disadvantages under which they carried on the contest.

With Wilson, our pitcher, disabled, with captain Day, our short stop, on crutches, and with the loss of the first two games without any exertion on the part of our opponents, a deep darkness clouded our prospect; but necessity found another pitcher in Daggett, that darkness cleared away, and "there is sunshine again." The next six games are ours and the championship comes to Bates. At the present writing there is one more game still to be played;

but, however that may go, the pennant is still ours.

Great credit is due the boys, and hardly can we express our gratitude to them for the earnest, faithful work they have done. Our battery is as good, if not the best of any in the league. Call has done excellent work behind the bat, and surely Daggett's pitching cannot be too highly appreciated. His effective curves have baffled the skill of the best batters in the league. Somehow they couldn't "get used to him." Wilson has played second base as no other man of the nine could have done. Like Day, the short stop, he is always in the right place. Gilmore and Graves are masters of their positions. Putnam's excellent work in left field and Emery's base stealing have attracted much attention.

While Day was unable to play, and during the sickness of Wilson, Garcelon has exhibited the ability of a natural ball player. Without much practice, he has played very good short stop.

But while we highly congratulate the members of the nine, we cannot refrain from special thanks to our manager, I. N. Cox, who has so skillfully conducted the affairs of the baseball department. Though the assessments have been much less than in former seasons, yet the financial condition of the association at the end of the league season has never been better.

Now the strife is over, boys, and the battle is won! You have the hearty appreciation of every student in the college. You have earnestly and faith-

fully done your part, and now the banner that crowns your victories floats on the breezes at the foot of David Mountain.

IF you would lose that tired listless feeling," don't take patent spring medicines, but go out door and take some of God's oxygen. Of course we do not mean for you to waste your time out doors, but there are more ways than one for dissipation. We are often exhorted to take care of the precious moments, and so we should, but it is certainly a waste of time to pore over a book so long that you can not tell whether you are reading *Mental Philosophy* or "*Robinson Crusoe*." The mind can not act vigorously in a diseased body. A well-developed man should have a fine physique as well as a high forehead. If our efforts are to be successful, we must develop the muscle as well as the brain.

THE crusade against the ranking system is making headway, and we hope to see evidences of the fact at Bates. A recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains a strong protest against this "sacrifice of education to examination" which wastes the energies of the average student in spasmodic efforts to pass, rather than in steady work for the sake of learning. It is needless to dwell on the evils of cramming. Every professor and student knows what they are. The only question is the remedy.

Two schemes are offered. The University of California has tightened its grip, and the professors may exclude

from examinations any students whom they think have not done satisfactory work. Amherst, the pioneer of self-government, has abolished examinations substituting a series of written recitations held at irregular intervals during the term. The fact that the world moves forward and not backward is sufficient reason for believing that the latter system will prevail.

WHAT are you going to read this summer? It is time to pack the trunks now, and books should go at the bottom. To begin with, don't take too much heavy reading. Some who have never tried it may think the summer vacation a fine time for reading up Greek and Roman History, for perusing that work on English Literature, or for devouring those learned articles on "character" or a kindred subject to be reproduced in some startling essay. All this may sound very well. It is a good theory and may succeed in the case of one student in ten. But it is hot in the summer and studying is an effort. You want something for spare moments, and English Literature and History are not invigorating in five-minute doses. Therefore, unless you make up your mind that you *will* read those books, you are liable to do no reading at all.

Here is another plan: Are there not many standard works which you know are interesting which you intend to read some time, but never have had quite time for yet?—such books as "*Arabian Nights*," "*David Copperfield*," "*Tom Brown at Rugby*," "*Romola*," "*Les Miserables*," etc.,

etc. If you begin one of these books you will finish it because you enjoy it, and there is so much accomplished. Is not reading "David Copperfield" under a shady tree better than making one's-self sick with a water-melon to while away the time? You enlarge your stock of general information, become acquainted with the best authors, and amuse yourself all in one.

It is a good plan to make a note of the titles of desirable books and select the best. If you want some history, learn about the beach or town in which you are summering. Make up your mind beforehand what you will read, then get the books and go at it.

LITERARY.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

By A. L. S., '89.

I.

Back and forth with measured footsteps,
In his study paced the poet,
All the busy world about him
With its hum of many voices,
With its blessings and its curses,
With its ceaseless strife for riches,
Reached him not in his seclusion.
Unto him those spacious alcoves,
Filled with various-vestured volumes,
Were a world of life and action.
And he fancied that each hero,
Painter, poet, sage, and prophet,
Came and blessed him, spake unto him,
Raised their eyes and pointed upward.

II.

There is beauty, strength, and grandeur
In this life, if we but see it.
It is sad and dreary only
When we know some duty slighted.
We may take our place among those
Whose lives are as benedictions,
If we do what's set before us.

III.

In the spring-time, lo, the peasant
Sows the seed and trusts the harvest
To heap high his empty garner.
College days have been our seed-time,
Careless often, often sober,
Always hopeful have we labored,
Jesting, singing as we planted.

IV.

Into ocean, ancient sailors
Poured out wine as a libation,
That their voyage might be successful.
We have poured a worthier offering—
All the sweet wine of youth's ardor,
Lost forever on time's ocean,
That our voyage may be triumphant.

V.

Each great painter's master effort
Was to paint the Holy Mother,
And the child upon her bosom.
Would that one might paint the picture
Of our tender foster mother
With her children gathered round her,
Bringing love and honor to her.

VI.

Standing by the unhewn marble,
First the sculptor in his fancy
Carves the statue, makes it perfect,
Thrills with hope and expectation;
Thus we feel that college duties
Have been shaping our ideals,
Have been edging up the chisel
Ready to shape life's grand structure.
And associations, daily,
With our classmates and our teachers
Give a breadth to our ideals,
Inspiration to our purpose.
Grateful are our hearts to each one
For the service he has rendered
In the blending of the outlines.

VII.

It is for the sinister raven
To croak notes of sad foreboding;
For the Muse to blithely crown you
With the laurels and the myrtles.
Yet what crown can be more precious
Than of years of patient labor,
All unselfish, uncomplaining?
What of beauty can the poet
Find in all his devious wanderings
In the shadow land of fancy—
What that can exceed or equal

Tender ties of love and friendship
 Such as hold our class united,
 Make them one in hope and purpose?
 So I bid you, classmates, cherish
 Toward all men the kindly interest
 That you cherish toward each other,
 That has made our days at college
 Like as flowers with sweet perfume,
 That has made our future prospect
 As a leafy, flower-paved vista.

VIII.

Scarce eight moons have come and vanished,
 Since death's angel was among us,
 Since we heaped the sacred emblems,
 Evergreens and flowers united,
 On the casket of a classmate.
 Short his battles, yet his triumphs
 Well might teach us all a lesson.
 Few the hours till comes the parting.
 Who can hope that all may ever
 Meet again in life's strange labyrinth.
 In the grief that comes of parting.
 Let us pledge that we will honor
 All the human obligations,
 All the duties God has for us.

FRIENDSHIP.

CLASS-DAY ADDRESS—BY G. H. L., '89.

FRRIENDSHIP is a natural scheme for the development of man. The normal or natural sphere of man is development, and nature uniformly places within the life principle a yearning and a law of selection for that which alone can develop and exalt. Hunger and thirst are as true of the soul as the body. As the germinating seed seeks for the light, so are we by this correlation between the natural yearning and the natural supply tempted to reach for the light of our life that which will nourish justice, charity, and holiness.

This element is truth, and truth is God. On all things there is left the stamp of infinite knowledge. There is

enough practical wisdom in the twig of a tree to unfold the mysteries of heaven and hell, had we but the capacity to receive it. Though we to-day speak of those yearnings of the human heart that can be satisfied only by the human heart, of that higher friendship that must be reciprocated between sympathetic beings, though we hold to you that power in debility, that strength in weakness, that hope for the hopeless that comes only from the sympathy of the human soul, yet all things are possible friends. Everything is an actual friend from which we draw this truth, this light. Everything is a friend that can help us to help ourselves, that can lead to a higher knowledge of self.

And this tender feeling of affection is but another name for the unconscious gratitude which a generous soul feels toward its benefactor, best symbolized by the color and beauty put on by nature in return for the sunlight. Could you analyze the love of your friends you would find that in secret understanding there had been satisfied that for which your soul hungered; that a new light had been shed in upon your life. All else we see about us is but as the goods upon your counters, things of barter, a mockery, for friendship is not friendship that does not purify the life.

I can see in this plan of friendship the eternal fitness of things. Friendship, life, is a gymnasium for the practice of manliness. It is not enough that man should know the very essence of justice, but to become Godlike he must do, must in friendship practice these virtues toward his fellow-men as

the author of nature does toward him. It is indeed most true that man is not in himself an entity, that "there is no separate good," that in the highest sense before a man can be selfish he must be unselfish. It is laid deep in your very nature that the truer you are to your friends the truer will you be to yourself and your God.

Could I emphasize the value of friendship I would draw from life and your experience. There is no power under heaven that gives so much courage, hope, and increased power as to know that there are those who understand and appreciate you, that there are those who have expectation and confidence in you.

For with our friends our little worth stands but as a type or suggestion of what we may become. We most of all remember what has been called that divine something that shines in our friends and makes us see the archetypal man and what might be the amplitude of nature's first design. My friend, I worship not only what you are, but you are to me all that is in your power to become all that you yearn to be. And what is this but the clothing your ideal, that shaper of human destiny, in a human form, with a human heart that beats for you.

This mingling of aspirations I have sometimes thought to be like that of oxygen and hydrogen—it burns without flit or flutter and almost unseen, but its flame contains the highest known power. Thoughts never before dreamed of come in all the freshness of inspiration. To share our joy is to redouble it; "to share our grief," says Bacon,

"is to cut it in halves." It gives hope to youth, strength to manhood, bathes the whole world in sunlight, and "permits us never to grow old." Hawthorne likened Christian faith unto a cathedral with divinely painted windows, so might I the relation of friendship. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly conceive any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable beauty.

The crudities of this crude nature, the juts of this rugged character, can be brought into proportion; the power dormant in all men can be brought to life only by the subtle influence of friendship. I have seen in wild places, midst thorns and impenetrable shade, rough boulders hurled together by the forces of nature, forming, where they met, a basin, the receptacle of what was worn and rent from their masses. From that common soil sprang a fairest flower that breathed tenderness and grace, converting the wilderness into a place of enchantment. Thus in this life souls most stern and impenetrable are brought together by an affinity akin in strength to the gravitating force of the rock. From that enchanted spot, where souls meet and converse, springs something both fair and kingly, rendering the toughest environment, softening the hardest heart, feeding the life of the noblest thought and feeling of the human soul.

If, then, friendship thus receives its sanction from God; if we are brought together by that which is beyond our control; if you and I are friends, and it cannot be changed without changing what is eternal in nature, seek for

friends only those who seek you. Or rather, seek not at all. The only way to obtain friendship is to be more deserving of it. Here at least are blessed those that are worthy. Best friends come unsought; deepest understanding is not expressed by words; the richest fruits of friendship are not in loud profession, but spring from inner sources and are in secret consciousness.

Friendship demands that you be what you seem. The hypocrite can hope neither for the favor of God nor even the love of man. Show yourself, mistakes and all, for in higher friendship there can be no deception or equivocation. From this it follows that the path of true friendship will be rough and craggy. But better it be the mountain current hurled momentarily from its bed to be purified by the air and sunlight, throwing into life sparkle and beauty and a song, than the sluggish stream that conceals within its bosom the unclean till the fountain of crystal water has transformed itself into a stagnant pool, holding only the bitterness of life.

The friendship of him who has not charity, who is not a friend in fortune and misfortune, is not worth having. Such friendship is a spider web, where we should have the affinity of heaven—a thing calculated to ensnare, not to exalt. Such a one may be a friend of your reputation or fortune, but when alone and within its secret chambers the heart speaks without dissimulation, does it beat with tender solicitude for you?

Yet do not encourage the custom of suspecting every one of dissimulation

and inconstancy. Not only are people likely to find what they look for, but they are prone to look for what they find in themselves. If you have not true friends the fault is yours. Do not go mourning through life that the world has no love for you, when there is nothing in you lovable. See that your own heart is unselfish; here is your only work. For the roughest element in society has instinctive reverence for unassumed worth and purity. There lives not the person who does not love the sincerity, simplicity, and unselfishness of the child. Add to this the wisdom of a well-spent life; every heart must own its grandeur and acknowledge its sovereignty.

The friendship, thus springing from within, has a self-sustaining independence, is not left in spasmodic doubt, for the giver knows, with Longfellow, that affection never was wasted. If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment. The friendship thus springing from within will transcend the environment of a human friend, love virtue for virtue's sake, and climbing by love to men will reach its own home in the bosom of God, and not one of you will ever be alone who entertains a pure thought.

What I have said comes as a testimonial of what is welling in each one of you, my classmates. We must part not so much as students in Bates College as friends before the altars of sincerity. For four happy years have we struggled and stood each for all. All unseen and unnoticed have been

woven ties so strong, yet so tender, that I must not with utterance profane your secret. From this richly freighted sadness of the heart comes the cry, Farewell ye halls and groves of maple and elm; farewell ye landscape and all so dear; farewell ye familiar faces; farewell ye merry sportive echoes; farewell ye my classmates. For never may we here again gather as the class of '89. Threads of silver, the wrinkles of care may come, ay, may come and go, ere some we again behold. But neither space in its immensity, nor time in its eternity, nor fortune with its ceaseless vicissitudes can ever sever my life from Bates College, from the life of these college friends. If there are hopes and dreams that never perish, there is a spirit, there are memories that never die. These years shall be as a living fountain with which to cleanse the turbid succession. And throughout their course remember that no greater friend will ever be given you than the opportunity to befriend these whose strength and weakness you understand so well. Be true to your friends, be true everywhere, evermore, and all shall be yours that friendship, life, heaven itself can give.

BACCALAUREATE ODE.

By A. E. H., '89.

AIR—*Bararia*.

We are sailing down the harbor,
Down the harbor to the sea.
Out between the rocky headlands,
Far beyond the isles are we;
And before us rolls the ocean,
Where life's hidden breakers lie,
While the Syrens of temptation
Sing their sweetest melody.

Thou who didst, with thine apostles,
Sail the Galilean lake,
Be our pilot through this journey,
Bid our hearts new courage take;
May we learn to read the signals
Nature gives on every hand,
May thy chart of inspiration
Bring us to fair Canaan's land.

When the voyage of life is ended,
When we cease to draw this breath,
When frail Nature bids us anchor
By the quarantine of death,
May we look for life eternal,
As a gift from God on high,
May we grasp by faith the promise,
Christ is coming by and by.

CLASS ODE.

By A. E. H., '89.

AIR—"Gypsy's Warning."

We are leaving *Alma Mater*,
Now we say our last farewell;
We shall meet no more together
Answering to the college bell.
From the farm and crowded city
Met we one bright summer's day;
Hand-in-hand we've journeyed onward
Till four years have passed away.

Classmate, tell us of the journey—
Has the struggle been in vain?
Does the recompense seem meager?
Is there more of loss than gain?
In the lessons we have studied,
In the friendships we have made,
In the memories, hallowed memories,
We are many times repaid.

When we visit *Alma Mater*
In the days that are to come,
When we see our ivy clinging
Fondly to our college home,
May it be to us a lesson,
May it teach us all to be
Toward our college, true examples
Of abiding loyalty.

As we pass through hall and class-room
Which fond memories e'er recall,
As we stand before the picture
Hanging on the chapel wall,
May the mingled joy and sorrow
Never cause us to repine,
May we ever heed the motto
Of the class of '89.

THE SPIRIT OF APPRECIATION.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS—BY C. J. E., '89.

NO life of the present century stands more replete in the richness of its energy and enthusiasm than that of Louis Agassiz. Regarding neither wealth nor fame, he studied natural science with a devotion intense and insatiable. The most prominent element in his character, controlling his being and shaping his destiny, was the spirit of appreciation, that subtle element that arouses the human faculties to their utmost vigor, exalts the imagination, inspires zeal, unselfishly recognizes excellence and emulates ideality.

Even as Agassiz could see more beauty in a cluster of mollusks chiseled from the Silurian rock, than in the most splendid jewels that ever sparkled in the diadem of a king, so the student, the patriot, the Christian, the idealist is enraptured by his occupation only as it appeals to his spirit of appreciation.

It is not strange that an element so vital should be of priceless value in all true education. It is an active, working force, liberating all the nerve power of acquisition. The work of the appreciative student throbs with the living energy of the fervid brain; while that of the intellectual, but unappreciative scholar is marked by the mechanical excellence of a literary machine. The appreciative student works not for name nor emolument, but intoxicated with his love of study pushes his research to the very boundaries of human knowledge, finding ample compensation in the delight and satisfaction of an enriched and cultured mind. On the other hand, the unappreciative

scholar works for a selfish, practical end. The whole product of his education is a commodity. He is ready to sell his Latin by the yard and his mathematics by the pound. He will write poetry for pay and prose for a price. Often successful, tried by his own sordid tests, he has nevertheless fatally misjudged the grand purpose of education, whose aim is to give power of mind and generosity of spirit, and compared with the appreciative student, he is as mediocrity to ideality.

That education in which an appreciative spirit is the molding force, always develops patriotism, warm appreciation of one's country. The true patriot plunges not into the heat of wars or the contention of nations for the glory he may reap, or spoils he may win. The spirit that resists tyranny as long as one human right is trodden under foot, and suffers martyrdom rather than swear fealty to an unjust cause, is not born of selfish greed nor of personal ambition. It is the offspring of generous appreciation. Achilles, with his glittering spear, and Ulysses, with his death-dealing bow, are poor examples of heroic manhood. The crusaders, with their martial pomp and knightly deeds, contributed little to the permanent good of mankind. True patriotism appreciates too highly the blessings of peace, and feels too deeply the sacred ties of a human brotherhood, to find attraction in bloodshed and devastation; yet, when the cry of distress rises from a crushed and bleeding people, the same love of humanity spurs the patriot to deeds of desperate valor. 'Tis then that the springs of

justice and humanity, sunk deep in the hearts of men, are stirred to their depths and the spirit that can show its appreciation of right, whatever the cost, triumphs grandly over the assaults of evil.

The realm of religion and philanthropy is but the realm of patriotism extended till it includes all mankind. In this realm appreciation manifests itself as a spiritual, grace-giving power. It marks the difference between the Christian who is saved through love of God and of good works, and him who accepts religious teaching and avoids wrong-doing through fear of being lost. The spirit of appreciation is aglow with the fires of sympathy, and through sympathy is man most helpful to man. He only is ordained to teach living truth, or minister to distressed humanity, who, looking into the human heart, understands its passions and appreciates the energies that govern human conduct. Cold reason rarely comforts affliction or drives wickedness to repentance. Generous, sympathetic appreciation such as inspired a Howard, a Luther, or a Wilberforce, is the mind of God, working through chosen servants, to establish his kingdom in the hearts of men. The soul which gathers its strength and hope from infinite power and wisdom, and then consecrates its treasures to the good of mankind, is the highest expression of Christian worship that the religions of the ages have produced.

But it is not in the patriotism that attracts the eyes of a grateful people, not in the philanthropy that wins the admiration of mankind, that this spirit

finds its purest and noblest expression. It is a fountain of strength and joy flowing into each daily life to gladden and refresh the weary toiler.

"He lives most who feels most."

He feels most who appreciates most. Appreciation constantly searches out new objects for emulation, and invests common things with a halo of beauty. The unappreciative man, though he owns a palace, deals in gold, and receives homage from half a kingdom, yet lives in a leaden world, deaf and blind to the glories God meant for his happiness and inspiration. But the appreciative man, the man who can feel, finds a charm in every work of his hand and is inspired to Godlike endeavor. He gathers treasures from all ages. The world of literature and art is a world of delight. He is thrilled with the pathos of Meredith and walks in majesty at the side of Milton. His observation is quickened. To him the flowers have a brighter hue, the birds a sweeter song, and the stars a more radiant luster. As he stands with head bared to the pure breath of heaven, he thanks God for the boon of life. His friendships are numerous, generous, and deep. The grasp of his hand gives encouragement and hope. His heart is so large, his zeal so contagious, that his presence is at once an inspiration and a benediction.

Carried to its highest degree, appreciation constitutes genius. In oratory and in music they only may aspire to "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," who, possessed of some great truth, are impelled by the passion of their appreciation to give it utterance. Grat-

tan wrought himself and his hearers to a frenzy when his thought turned to the woes of his country. Handel touched thousands of hearts and himself wept at the pathos of his own symphonies. The masterpieces of sculpture and painting were executed by men whose divine conceptions found expression upon canvas and marble. Appreciation not only makes greatness, but unselfishly recognizes it. Murilo stood a whole day before a painting in the Santa Cruz chapel, "Waiting," as he said, "for Christ to be taken down from that cross." Works of intellect appeal to the mind, works of appreciation touch the heart. Thus the sculptures of Alcamenes were models of execution; but those of Phidias seemed to glow and throb with the warmth and passion of life.

A great author has said: "Those works in which the mind is mostly engaged, are the fine arts." But the grandest of all arts is the art of human life, and he who can interpret its lights and shades, mold its possibilities, and transform its ideal pictures to substantial realities, is the greatest of all artists. Truly has the poet said:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Appreciation while ministering to learning, to patriotism, to virtue, and to art, is itself crowned with happiness and honor, and its votaries are

"Diademed with a glory that shall not fade."

Great virtues magnify little vices.

IVY-DAY POEM.

By H. J. P., '90.

Three years ago, on wisdom's quiet stream
That flows for ay into the restless sea
Of life, appeared a bark that bore a band
Of buoyant youth. The promise was, that at
The harbor's mouth, for each be found a ship
Well rigged and staunch to stem life's raging
storms.

Ah! many golden day-dawns have we seen
Since first we met. And happy days have
passed

With scarce a cloud to dim the glist'ning rays
That danced around our onward moving bark.
Enchanted lands of beauty have we found;
And distant scenes with twilight dullness
veiled,

On nearer view, a hidden grandeur showed.
How oft, while dashing past some gloomy rough
O'erhanging cliff, to our astonished gaze
Appeared broad fields of knowledge, dotted
here

And there with thoughts eternal. Grandeur
grows

The prospect, yet we know our happy band
Must soon disperse for ay. Our list'ning ear
Can e'en now catch the busy harbor's whir,
And dimly gleam the promised snow-white
sails.

Beyond is dark, a mist obscures our view;
But hope has spanned the space with rainbow
hue.

Our prize near won, 'tis well we rest to-day,
And listen to this tale from legends old.

Rabbi Ben Arden was a man of God,

A pure and noble man, but stern and cold,
Who, true to trust, feared yet the chast'ning rod,
And, strict with self, did strictly guard his
fold;

The heart, he taught, was richer far than gold;
That one may live, he must obey the law;
For sin leads unto death, no pardon here he
saw.

How oft the heart in lone ambition lives,

And strives on rainbow ladders for the sky,
Rejects the simple beauty nature gives,
And flings life's golden cup of pleasures by.
'Twas thus the Rabbi's aim had been too
high;

And, finding sin, had faith in man no more;
Forgot that every heart some precious jewel
bore.

He read God's word that men his image wear
And sought what hope the human forms
foretell;

"'Tis false," he cried, "no spark divine they
bear;

For sin and death too plain their message tell
They're clay, stamped with eternal marks of
hell.

I'll strive no more these wretched forms to
save,

But spend my time in prayer, in yonder hermit
cave."

Once while he slept, a heavenly radiance
shone,

And angels spoke: "Thou would'st thy God
descrie,

Resume thy work, live thou no more alone,
But search earth's busy, active passers-by,
Be lost in them, thyself alone must die.

Go thou, and when again we summon thee,
In Zolah's pool, shalt thou thy Lord reflected
see."

The Rabbi woke, and slowly gathered up
The tangled threads of duty he had dropped;
But worked like one who drank some bitter
cup,

And thought therein to find the prize he
sought;

No joy found he in present duties wrought,
But like the kite that breezes bear on high
Thus aimless toiled he on, nor asked the reason
why.

One night, long after cherubs starry crowned,
Had swung the tired world to realms of rest,
The Rabbi's homesick soul no peace had found;
But longed in Zolah's quiet depths to test
The angels' pledge. At length, disdaining
rest

He rose, and through the shadows sought the
place,

But long in vain he peered, he saw no heavenly
face.

With stronger zeal his work again he sought;
Each passing moment marked some kindly
deed;

He helped the poor; the lepers lonely lot
Was happier made; to all who felt his need,
Assistance gave, nor asked returning meed.
In golden showers the years their gifts let
fall,

Till, weak with age, one morn he heard the
angel's call.

And such a morn as did the Rabbi greet!

All nature bathed in floods of living light,
A thousand flowers exhaled their odors sweet,
And birds enchanted poured forth their de-
light

In melting songs that charmed the breezes'
flight.

All beauty seemed to center round the fold
Where Zolah's wavelets gleamed like burn-
ished bars of gold.

With tottering steps the Rabbi neared the
place.

He knew his goal of earthly joy was won;
Yet paused, once more to look on Nature's face,
Then trembling, kneeled the tangled reeds
among;

And o'er the spring his anxious glances
flung,

And startled saw himself, yet looked again,
Then fell back satisfied; he'd seen the God
within.

How blest indeed is he, who, mid life's joys,
Life's sorrows, life's defeats, life's victories,
And life's ambition, never loses sight
Of that within the man—of the divine.
Loved classmates, when your ship, both temp-
est-tossed

And sailless, has neared the distant port
Towards which it glides, if you have noble
deeds

Performed, then, looking in the quiet depths
Of water, you shall see, reflected in
Your countenance, the mirrored face of God.



THE SINCERE LIFE.

IVY-DAY ORATION—By A. N. P., '90.

IN every sincere life there is perfect
harmony between all outward ex-
pressions and inward conviction of
right and duty. Whether one's con-
viction of right is in accordance with
the absolute right or not is wholly for-
eign to the question. It is his duty to
follow that conviction and no other,
not even the universal one. This is,
moreover, the prime condition of prog-
ress. The price of higher knowledge
is the use of that already gained.

On the low plain of policy it is best. I need not use the hackneyed illustration of the petty theft creating a defaulter. That is too gross. It is the things of apparently slight importance to the superficial eye that undermine the possibility of sincerity. A glance, a word, a motion, expressing what one does not truly feel, is its death-blow. The glass of truth is dimmed, roughened, warped, distorted, thickened here and there, until the mind within knows not whence comes the one faint struggling beam, "For that which is voluntarily untrue will soon be unwittingly so."

John Burroughs says that before beauty there must be power. It is true but power is dependent on sincerity. The necessity lies in this that beauty cannot exist of itself as form, color, odor, outline. It must have expression and therefore purpose. There may be a languid enjoyment of some of these details, fascination even, but not the repose and satisfaction that underlying truth imparts.

'Tis said: "Intelligence is the leading feature of beauty; almost anything will do for a background." But there are two intelligences whose dividing line is sincerity. The face of the Jew in literature from Shylock to Fagin is alive with intelligence of selfish power, but it is not therefore beautiful. An idiot is a delight by comparison. It is a perverted intelligence, removed from its proper functions. Sincerity of expression has been driven from the features by the slow torture of neglecting sincere action. But the other intelligence is wholly open for the recep-

tion of new truth and wholly ready to act upon its promptings, and so views things as a seer or a god. It is a type of the highest, because guided by absolute intelligence. In short, this deeper, subtler influence which underlies expression and power, and on which beauty depends, is only pure sincerity. This is the beauty which glows in every child's face, which permeates each noble manhood, which lives in every furrow of serene old age.

The sincere life is the well-proportioned life, the life architecturally perfect when completed. The architect has a plan for every structure he rears; but only when the last capstone is in position and the stagings torn away, can others conceive it, and then only in such degree as they sympathize with the builder. Imagine the stones endued with life. As oriel or buttress begin to swell out in majestic curves and expressive angles, the stones become alarmed because they are not in line and appear to destroy the symmetry of the structure. So they draw back and complacently think that they have aided the master-builder. But will the dead wall please him as the turret or battlement he planned? There is a plan of God in every human structure. As each stone, be it thought, or word, or act is placed, He says, "Stand thus." The position may align with nothing below it, still let it be taken. The architect knows His plan, and all His lines will harmonize when the structure is complete.

The sincere life is consistent in the best sense of that word. Emerson says: "A foolish consistency is the

holgoblin of little minds. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. It may as well concern itself with its shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips. Sew them up with pack-thread; do. Else if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day, in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." These words are indeed hard as cannon-balls, but no to-morrow of his ever contradicted them. They stand as the pattern of his life, as they are that of every heroic, sincere man. Consistency of life and thought is the friend of sincerity, attempted consistency of yesterday's and to-day's action is its foe; for it leads away from conduct based on the simplest motives into those complexities that always involve us in a sea of doubt.

The most nobly, sincerely inconsistent life ever lived was that of Saul of Tarsus. Horrible as the scene is, I like to think of him standing just outside the walls of Jerusalem, at his feet a heap of garments, close at hand their owner lying naked and bruised by the hurtling stones, while the air is rent with yells of fanatic rage. He was young and cultured, skilled in all the lore of Jerusalem and Rome, sensitive and sympathetic as a child; yet he gave his sanctioning presence and encouragement to this terrible act, because it seemed his duty. Stephen was not more sincere in enduring his martyrdom, than was his executioner in inflicting it. This is the sincerity that I have called the prime condition

of progress. This is the sincerity that creates strength. Later, see him at Lystra. Boldly proclaiming Christ, he becomes a target for the mob, and so well is their work done that he is cast out of the city for dead. But recovering, on the following day, he declares the same truth, to the same multitude, amid the same dangers. The whole world applauds the courage of the act. Yet if we seek for the germ of his strength, we find it in that other scene—when he was allied with the opposition. Sincere action then made sincere action always possible. Had he flinched in that first instance, had he excused himself from action then, he never could have been what he was, the invincible bulwark of the Christian church. Though his life was the reflection of his conscience, and his whole career sincere, I know of no life affording more strikingly opposing action, more inconsistent in its superficial sense. Yet its inmost significance is both consistent and sincere. Those lives that follow the simplest motives, as a mountain brook takes any course that leads it downward to its goal, the open sea, always reveal at last their real strength and consistency.

The seal of sincerity is set upon the eyes. Look into them, and if you find no barring doors shutting your gaze from the deeps of the soul behind them, trust their owner. As the placid surface of a mountain lake reflects the heaven so that its depths seem infinite, so immeasurably profound are those eyes that reflect a life of sincerity, of obedience to inward conviction of right which is the voice of God.

Not in the crashing storm, not in the carved and sparkling fountain, not in the glances of studied effect, not in the life of painstaking search for duty, but in the unclouded sky, in the pool of crystal water, in the innocent depths of a child's eye, in the clearness of a sincere life are hidden the secrets of beauty, symmetry, consistency, and strength, the golden fruitage of sincerity.

IVY-DAY ODES.

No. 1.

By J. L. P., '90.

AIR—"The Lorelei."

What memories link our hearts
To Chapel and to Hall?
What scenes will linger ever
In the glad thoughts of all?
They are of pleasant seasons
That we've together spent;
For class-room, field, and woodland
To us their charms have lent.

The college woods, whose wild depths
Are sweet with birds and flowers;
Mt. David, whose calm majesty
On high above us towers;
The blossom-covered campus,
The young trees' pale green leaves,—
Such scenes, and more, inspire us,
Their fragrance through us breaths.

Not in the present only
We'll dream these visions o'er,
But, joyful we will bear them
Unto that far-off shore,
Where sits age, never mindful
Of the sorrows of its youth,
But thinking of the pleasures
Of its early days of truth.

No. 2.

By J. L. P.

AIR—"Far Away."

When fair Nature is a-blooming,
Birds are singing in the air,
Flowers up from earth are springing,
Giving forth their fragrance rare,

Then out in the joyous sunlight,
'Neath the sky's most gracious dome,
Come we forth to train the ivy
To thy walls, dear College Home.

Not a noble tree we plant here,
But a tender ivy-vine;
Weak and lowly and defenceless,
Clings it to these walls of thine;
Guard it well, fond *Alma Mater*!
Heavens, send from your clouds above
Dews that nightly shall refresh it!
Sun, pour on it rays of love!

Ivy-vine, that we have planted,
With thy leaves so cool and green,
Ever upward push thy tendrils,
That thy beauty may be seen!
Silently, in the great future,
To all those who look on thee,
Of our love to old Bates College
Thou shalt then our witness be.

LOCALS.

Victory they bring!
B-a-t-e-s, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
The pennant they've won!
Boom-a-la-ka! Boom-a-la-ka!
Champions of the league!
Boom! Bates! Boom!

Miss B. W. Williams received the prize for the best Sophomore essay.

The reading-room has been newly papered, painted, and carpeted this term.

Prof. (in chemistry)—"What is the principle use of English gum?" Miss P.—"To chew."

Mr. Leathers, ex-janitor, after one of the hard-won victories, gave the baseball nine a treat at his house.

Prof. (speaking of the analysis of air)—"After we have added the hydrogen, what do we do next?" Miss H.—"We explode."

It is an excellent plan to cultivate the powers of description early in life.

The subject of the Freshman's last essay was: "The Base-ball Ground."

All the "jumps" of Bowdoin's Field Day, including the standing high jump, standing broad jump, running broad jump, and hop, skip, and jump, were won by A. S. Ridley, formerly of Bates, '90.

The Senior prize declamations of the Latin School were delivered at the Main Street F. B. Church, Friday evening, June 14th. The first prize was awarded to Ina E. Gould, the second to S. O. Baldwin.

Two errors appeared in the local column of the last number. In the tabulated score of the Bates-Colby game, Parsons' name and record were omitted. His record may be seen from the totals. In the Bates-Bowdoin game, the score by innings should be reversed.

We extend thanks to the alumni who have contributed for the support of the base-ball team this term. F. W. Sanford, H. C. Lowden, G. E. Paine, and J. W. Goff, '86, and R. E. Attwood, '85, have all been much interested in the base-ball work this season, and have freely contributed for its support.

The Y. W. C. A. have chosen the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Miss Howe, '90; Vice-President, Miss Bray, '91; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Williams, '91; Recording Secretary, Miss Wells, '92. It was voted to hold meetings every week instead of every two weeks, as formerly.

The work done by the Junior class

in analyzing plants was examined Tuesday, June 25th. About two hundred different plants were analyzed. Mr. Woodman's division was victor, scoring 7,464 points, while Mr. Piper's division scored 5,061 points. Mr. Woodman presented the best plant record and herbarium; Mr. Nichols the second best.

Since 1873, Bates has won the championship eight times, Colby five times, Bowdoin three times, and Maine State, once. Maine State has competed but three times. During the past seventeen years, the whole number of times the other colleges have won the pennant exceeds, by but one, the number of times Bates has won. The years in which Bates won the pennant are '73, '75, '76, '77, '78, '79, '80, and '89.

The first of a series of lectures in the college course was given Monday evening, May 27th, by Rev. Reuben Thomas, D.D., of Brookline, Mass. Subject, "The Worth of Man in Society." On Wednesday evening we listened to Rev. Elijah Horr, D.D., pastor of the Haverick Congregational Church in Boston. A few years ago, Dr. Horr attended Commencement at Bates, and became so interested in the college that he has ever since been its earnest friend.

Those who were at the prayer-meeting, June 5th, had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. G. S. Hunt of Portland, National W. C. T. U. Superintendent of the Department of Instruction in the Higher Schools of Learning. Mrs. Hunt is an interesting, lady-like speaker, and her subject, "Temperance, Purity,

Chivalry, and Truth," engaged the closest attention of all, both in the evening and the next morning as well, when she addressed the whole college in the chapel after prayers.

At the annual reunion of the class of '88, of Nichols Latin School, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, We believe that much benefit will accrue from a permanent organization of the graduates of Nichols Latin School:

Resolved, That the class of '88 hold a meeting at 10 A.M., on Monday of Commencement week, 1890, for the purpose of forming a general alumni association;

Resolved, That the presence and co-operation of all graduates of the institution be requested;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the *Nichols Echo* and the *BATES STUDENT*.

The Ivy-day exercises of the Junior class of '90, were held at the College Chapel, Monday, June 17th. The following is the order of exercises:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration.

Solo—Jerusalem.

F. S. Pierce.

Poem.

H. J. Piper.

Selection . . . Orchestra.

Presentations by

W. F. Garcelon.

Fast Man—Bit.

F. B. Nelson.

Class Attorney—Can of Lye.

Miss B. Howe.

Faculty Pet—College By-laws and

Detective Guide.

F. L. Day.

Chestnut Vender—Tin Measure, Bags, and

Lozenges.

F. S. Pierce.

Paul Pry—Key-hole.

Miss M. Brackett.

Rash Man—Tall Hat.

G. H. Hamlen.

Oracle—Tripod.

Miss M. F. Angell.

Ambitious Man—Ladder.

W. H. Woodman.

Bashful Man—Bottle of Gall.

G. F. Garland.

Class Humorist—Bag of Laughing Gas.

Miss E. F. Snow.

Class Ode.

Planting the Ivy.

For the past month every one has been happy. Every week there has been something going on, either lectures or recitations, to relieve and to refresh the wearied brain. The evening of May 22d was passed pleasantly by the Seniors at the house of J. T. Small; on Decoration Day the Sophomores had a very pleasant time at Miss Pulsifer's; Tuesday evening, June 11th, the Polymnians rejoiced in athletics in the Gym and in toasts and other dainties in the lower chapel; Monday evening, the 17th, the Euro-sophians did the same; Wednesday evening, June 12th, Professor Stanley received the Seniors, and Thursday evening the Juniors were made extremely happy at the house of Professor Angell. Although on Friday evening following, every one was sleepy, yet no one was too sleepy to join in the grand procession to escort our victorious ball nine home and to make themselves replete with bananas and "the best ice-cream of the season," in the Gym. It was feared for a while the roof of the building would be raised by the oft-ascending Boom-a-la-ka's, but it stood the test until, out of respect for our weary nine, we adjourned to dream till Monday of transparencies, of "roosters with their feet up," of victorious Bates and the garnet pennant.

To be kind is to be wise.

BASE-BALL NOTES.

In this number we are delighted to print the scores of the six successive league games that won the pennant for Bates. Beside this we make mention of other games, and give a brief account of the trip of the nine to the Provinces.

The first victory of the season for Bates was won from the Colbys, May 15th, at Waterville. The following is the score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.,	4	1	2	2	2	2	1	0
Wilson, 2b.,	4	1	0	0	1	6	5	2
Putnam, l.f.,	4	2	1	1	0	0	0	0
Daggett, p.,	4	4	2	4	3	1	9	0
Call, c.,	3	1	0	0	0	4	2	1
Gilmore, 1b.,	4	0	1	1	0	11	0	2
Knox, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	2
Garcelon, s.s.,	4	1	1	1	1	0	2	1
Emery, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
Totals,	35	10	7	9	7	27	19	8

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Parsons, p.,	3	2	1	1	2	0	14	0
Wagg, 3b.,	6	0	1	1	1	1	2	0
Gilmore, 1b.,	5	0	0	0	0	11	0	0
Roberts, c.f.,	3	2	1	3	1	0	0	1
Foster, c.,	3	2	1	2	0	7	7	1
Kalloch, r.f.,	5	1	1	2	1	0	0	0
Smith, 2b.,	4	1	2	2	0	4	1	2
Meguire, s.s.,	5	0	2	2	0	1	1	3
Merrill, l.f.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	0	1
Totals,	38	9	9	13	6	24	25	8

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	2	1	3	1	2	0	1	0	0-10
Colby,	1	0	0	2	2	0	1	2	1-9

Base on balls—Bates, 1; Colby, 9. Struck out—Bates, 13; Colby, 4. Two-base hits—Foster, Kalloch. Three-base hits—Daggett. Passed ball—Call. Double play—Wilson, Gilmore. Time of game—2 hours 40 minutes. Scorer—F. L. Day. Umpire—E. A. Nevius.

After this victory the nine played two practice games, one with the Carabassets, at North Anson, May 16th,

the second with the Maine Central Institutes, at Pittsfield, on the following day. Pennell, of the Latin School, pitched this game and Daggett kept his strength in reserve for the next victory. At North Anson, Bates was defeated with a score of 12 to 7, at Pittsfield they won by a score of 14 to 8.

May 18th our nine met the M. S. C.'s at Bangor. The game was won by hard playing. Daggett and Wilson occupied the box for Bates, and both pitched finely. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.,	7	1	1	1	0	2	0	1
Daggett, p., 2b.,	5	3	3	3	4	2	7	3
Call, c.,	3	3	1	4	2	9	0	1
Wilson, 2b., p.,	5	2	3	6	0	4	8	0
Gilmore, 1b.,	5	0	0	0	0	9	1	2
Putnam, l.f.,	4	2	0	0	4	2	0	1
Knox, c.f.,	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
Little, c.f.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2
Garcelon, s.s.,	4	3	0	0	3	0	2	1
Emery, r.f.,	5	1	0	0	3	2	1	3
Totals,	41	16	8	14	17	30	20	14

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keith, 3b.,	3	4	1	4	1	1	1	1
Blackington, p.,	5	2	1	3	0	2	17	1
Rich, r.f.,	6	3	3	4	0	0	0	0
Bird, 2b.,	5	1	2	2	1	4	1	3
Haggett, l.f.,	5	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Vickery, c.,	6	3	2	2	1	9	0	0
Babb, 1b.,	5	0	0	0	0	11	0	1
Drew, c.f.,	5	1	0	0	0	1	1	1
Lord, s.s.,	5	0	1	1	0	1	3	0
Totals,	45	14	10	15	3	30	24	8

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Bates,	1	1	1	4	0	1	1	2	1	4-16
M. S. C.,	1	3	0	1	3	4	0	0	0	2-14

Base on balls—Bates, 10; M. S. C., 6. Struck out—Bates, 8; M. S. C., 8. Two-base hits—Wilson, Rich. Three-base hits—Wilson, Blackington. Home runs—Call, Keith. Passed balls—Vickery, 2. Wild pitch—Blackington. Time of game—3 hours. Umpire—C. W. Richards.

May 22d, Bates met Colby at Brunswick, and won the rubber game of the Bates Colby series. The game was hard fought by both nines. The score speaks for itself:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.,	5	2	3	3	4	1	0	0
Daggett, p.,	4	1	1	1	4	0	9	1
Call, c.,	4	1	1	2	0	5	2	0
Wilson, 2b.,	5	0	0	0	1	5	1	0
Gilmore, 1b.,	4	0	0	0	0	12	0	0
Putnam, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	3	0	1
Knox, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	0	0
Garcelon, s.s.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	3	1
Emery, r.f.,	4	2	1	2	4	0	2	1
Totals,	38	7	6	8	17	27	17	4

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Parsons, p.,	5	0	0	0	0	1	11	0
Wagg, 2b.,	5	2	2	3	0	4	4	0
Foster, c.,	3	2	0	0	2	7	5	1
Roberts, c.f.,	4	1	0	0	0	2	0	0
Kalloch, r.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	2	0	0
Gilmore, 1b.,	4	0	1	1	0	9	0	0
Bonney, 3b.,	2	0	0	0	1	1	1	3
Meguire, s.s.,	4	0	1	1	0	1	3	3
Dow, r.f.,	4	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
Totals,	34	6	6	7	4	27	24	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	2	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	1-7
Colbys,	0	0	0	3	0	0	3	0	0-6

Base on balls—Colby, 4; Bates, 1. Struck out—Parsons, 11; Daggett, 3. Two-base hits—Call, Emery, Wagg. Passed balls—Call, 1; Foster, 3. Wild Pitch—Parsons. Time of game—2 hours 10 minutes. Umpire—E. A. Nevins.

May 25th, Bates faced M. S. C. on the home grounds. Day was now back in his old position and the nine thus much strengthened. The Maine Staters were unable to do much with Daggett's curves, while the Bates boys lined out the ball in every direction. This victory placed Bates in the first position. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.,	4	4	2	2	2	0	0	0
Daggett, p.,	5	3	1	1	3	2	12	0
Call, c.,	5	3	2	2	2	8	3	3
Wilson, 2b.,	5	1	2	4	1	2	4	0
Day, s.s.,	6	2	1	1	1	1	2	1
Gilmore, 1b.,	5	2	3	5	0	12	1	0
Putnam, l.f.,	6	1	2	4	2	2	0	1
Knox, c.f.,	6	1	1	1	2	0	1	0
Emery, r.f.,	4	1	0	0	2	0	0	1
Totals,	46	18	14	20	15	27	23	6

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keith, 3b., c.,	2	1	0	0	2	4	4	3
Blackgt'n, r.f., p.,	3	2	0	0	3	1	6	1
Rich, c.f.,	3	1	1	1	0	2	0	0
Bird, 2b.,	5	0	1	1	2	3	2	2
Haggett, l.f.,	4	1	0	0	1	2	0	1
Vickery, c., 3b.,	5	1	1	1	0	5	2	3
Babb, 1b.,	4	1	1	1	1	9	0	1
Merrill, p., r.f.,	4	0	2	2	0	1	3	1
Lord, s.s.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	3	1
Totals,	34	8	6	6	10	27	20	14

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	3	5	2	0	6	0	0	0	2-18
M. S. C.,	0	1	0	0	3	1	1	2	0-8

Struck out—Bates, 5; M. S. C., 12. Base on balls—Bates, 6; M. S. C., 8. Passed balls—Call, 2, Vickery, 6. Wild pitches—Bates, 3; M. S. C., 3. Double play—Call and Gilmore. Stolen bases—Graves, 2, Daggett, 3, Call, 2, Wilson, Day, Putnam, 2, Knox, 2, Emery, 2, Keith, 2, Blackington, 3, Bird, 2, Haggett, 1, Babb 1, Lord 1. Umpire—C. W. Richards.

May 30th the Bates played the Bowdoin on the home grounds and easily won by a large score. The following is the score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.,	5	4	3	3	2	1	1
Daggett, p.,	5	3	1	1	2	8	2
Call, c.,	4	0	0	0	5	3	2
Gilmore, 1b.,	5	1	1	1	8	0	1
Day, 2b.,	5	1	1	1	1	2	2
Putnam, l.f.,	5	2	1	4	5	0	0
Knox, c.f.,	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
Little, c.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Garcelon, s.s.,	5	3	3	5	3	1	1
Emery, r.f.,	5	1	1	2	1	0	0
Totals,	44	16	12	18	27	15	10

BOWDOINS.

	A.	B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Packard, 3d., . . .	5	2	0	0	2	0	1	
Freeman, 2b., . . .	5	1	2	4	4	4	1	
Newman, l.f., . . .	4	1	0	0	1	0	1	
Thompson, r.f., . . .	5	0	1	1	1	0	0	
Fish, c., . . .	5	0	1	1	7	3	1	
Jordan, c.f., . . .	3	2	0	0	3	0	2	
Prentiss, s.s., . . .	4	1	1	1	0	5	1	
Gately, p., . . .	4	1	1	2	0	6	1	
Downes, 1b., . . .	4	0	1	2	9	1	2	
Totals, . . .	39	8	7	11	27	19	10	

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates, . . .	1	1	1	0	1	3	2	3	4—16
Bowdoins, . . .	1	1	0	0	0	0	6	0	0—8

Earned runs—Bates, 4; Bowdoins, 2. Two-base hits—Emery, Freeman (2), Downes, Gately. Three-base hit—Garcelon. Home run—Putnam. Bases on balls—Bates, 3; Bowdoins, 2. Struck out—by Daggett, 5; by Gately, 3. Double plays—Gately, Freeman, Downes. Passed balls—Fish, 3. Time of game—2 hours 15 minutes. Umpire—E. A. Nevins.

June 3d, Bates met M. S. C. at Orono. This game won, would give the pennant to Bates. Our boys were determined to beat and beat they did. It was a hard struggle and the score shows it. This was the third game won from the M. S. C.'s this season. The score:

BATES.

	A.	B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b., . . .	3	2	2	2	2	0	2	0	
Daggett, p., . . .	6	2	3	4	3	0	8	0	
Call, c., . . .	4	4	0	0	2	9	2	0	
Gilmore, 1b., . . .	4	1	2	2	0	10	1	1	
Day, s.s., . . .	5	0	3	3	1	5	3	0	
Putnam, l.f., . . .	4	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	
Little, c.f., . . .	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	
Garcelon, s.s., . . .	5	0	1	1	0	0	3	2	
Emery, r.f., . . .	5	1	0	0	2	2	0	2	
Totals, . . .	39	10	11	12	12	27	20	7	

M. S. C.

	A.	B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keith, 3b., c., . . .	2	1	0	0	1	12	0	0	
Blackington, p., . . .	5	1	3	3	2	0	14	0	
Rich, r.f., . . .	5	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	
Bird, 2b., . . .	5	1	2	2	0	0	3	3	
Holden, 3b., . . .	4	0	1	1	0	3	0	0	

Vickery, c., . . .	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0
Drew, c.f., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	2	1	0
Haggett, l.f., . . .	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	2
Babb, 1b., . . .	4	1	0	0	2	6	0	0
Lord, s.s., . . .	3	1	0	0	1	0	1	2
Totals, . . .	36	7	7	7	8	27	21	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates, . . .	1	0	4	0	2	2	0	1	0—10
M. S. C., . . .	4	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0—7

Struck out, Bates, 12; M. S. C., 8. Base on balls—Bates, 8; M. S. C., 4. Two-base hit—Daggett. Passed ball—Vickery. Umpire—C. W. Richards.

The Champions returned to Bangor at night, and on the following day started for St. John, arriving there at 2.30 p.m. They were cordially received by the St. John team, with whom they played on the three following days. On the first two days the weather was very unfavorable for ball-playing. Rain fell at times; the diamond was in terrible condition, and the fog was so thick that the out-fielders were completely lost to the view of the base-men. The Champions were beaten twice. On the third day the sun came out, and the grounds were in fine condition. The home team presented their strongest battery, Small and Rogers of last year's M. S. C.'s, but the Champions batted freely and won easily, by a score of 13 to 7, to the surprise of a thousand people.

On the following day, Saturday, they left by the Canadian Pacific road for Moncton, ninety miles distant. In the afternoon they were defeated by the Monctons, with the aid of the umpire, by a score of 5 to 4. Sunday morning they started on the 4 o'clock train for Halifax, arriving there at 3 p.m. The team speak very highly of

their reception there by the Socials. Each morning they were driven around the city in a four-horse barge, and many were the sights they saw. They speak in high praise of the public garden, the park, the forts, the citadel, and the surrounding scenery. Monday, at 4 p.m., they met the Socials on the diamond; the home team presented Flynn for a pitcher. The game was very close, the Socials winning by a score of 7 to 4. In the game on the following day there were many brilliant plays by the Champions who won 5 to 3. The Socials made only two base-hits. The general report of the boys is that the Socials are a very gentlemanly team, and they also speak highly of Mr. Sheraton, the genial proprietor of the Queen Hotel, whose guests they were. On Wednesday, the nine started on their return, riding 370 miles, as far as McAdam Junction. Thursday they went to Houlton, where they defeated the home team, 10 to 2.

Friday morning they started for Lewiston, where at 7 p.m. they were received by an enthusiastic crowd of admiring friends.

After the return of the College Champions from the Provinces, the Lewistons arranged to meet them on the Lewiston grounds, the 22d and 24th. The Lewistons are a strong team, and the Champions were obliged to fight for the victory. The Champions won both games, the first, 11 to 7, the second, 12 to 8. On account of the lack of space we are not able to give the detailed scores.

Mortal wounds give the least pain.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

Sunday, June 23d, was baccalaureate day at Bates. The weather was pleasant, and many people were present to hear the sermon. This day was the fiftieth anniversary of the President's graduation from Dartmouth. After the sermon the class ode, composed by the blind student, A. E. Hatch, was sung by the class.

In the evening the church was again crowded to hear the annual sermon, by Rev. W. H. Bowen, D.D., of Providence, R. I., before the students of the Cobb Divinity School. The text was from Isaiah xxii: 13: "Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die"; II. Timothy i: 12: "For I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." The discourse was extended, very strong and able.

CHAMPION DEBATE.

The annual Sophomore debate occurred Monday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Question—Ought the State to Support the Higher Institutions of Learning?

Aff.

F. L. Pugsley,
C. E. Woodside,

Neg.

Miss Maude Ingalls,
W. L. Nickerson,

MUSIC.

Miss Alice Beal,
Miss Grace N. Bray,
W. S. Mason.

C. R. Smith,
N. G. Howard,
*W. F. Ham.

MUSIC.

Committee of Award—Hon. A. R. Savage,
W. H. Newell, Esq., J. R. Dunton, A.B.

Committee of Arrangements—C. R. Smith,
W. L. Nickerson, W. S. Mason.

*Excused.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The original prize declamations of the Juniors were delivered Monday evening in the Main Street Free Baptist Church to a large and attentive audience. Music was furnished by Given's Orchestra. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Supremacy of Conscience. Blanche Howe.
What has the Pulpit to do with
Politics? F. S. Pierce.
Symmetry. Jennie L. Pratt.
Old Men at the Front. Nellie F. Snow.

MUSIC.

Development. W. F. Garcelon.
Faith as a Factor in Civilization.

Man's Faith in Man. Mary Brackett.
The Message of the Sky. T. M. Singer.
A. N. Peaslee.

MUSIC.

A Perfect Manhood. H. J. Piper.
Essentials and Non-Essentials.

Dora Jordan.

The Higher Education of Women;
is it going to pay? Mabel V. Wood.

The American Navy. C. J. Nichols.

MUSIC.

Committee of Award—Hon. A. M. Spear,
A.M., Prof. J. R. Brackett, Ph.D., Rev.
Thomas Spooner, A.M.

CLASS DAY.

The Class-Day exercises were held in the College Chapel, Tuesday, June 25th, at 2.30 p.m. The order of exercises were as follows :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration—Scholarship a Trust.

History. E. L. Stevens.
Susan A. Norton.

Poem. A. L. Safford.
Prophecy. F. W. Newell.

Parting Address. G. H. Libby.
Class Ode. Sung by Class.

PIPE OF PEACE.

CONCERT.

The Commencement Concert occurred Tuesday evening in Music Hall.

In this number we are unable to give any detailed report. The concert was all it promised to be.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

Wednesday, at 2 p.m., occurred the exercises of the anniversary of the Theological School. The programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church Tested by the Old Testament Apocrypha.

Edward W. Cummings, Middlesex, Vt.
Henry Ward Beecher.

James Everitt Gosline, Farmingdale, N. B.
Some of the Evidence for the Gospel.

George Thomas Griffin, Pittsfield, N. H.

MUSIC.

The Use of the Imagination in the Interpretation of the Scriptures.

Henry Chapman Lowden, Cornwallis, N. S.
Are Miracles Possible?

John Nason, Chelsea, Mass.

The Relation of Christ's Miracles to the Credibility of the Gospel.

John Herbert Roberts, Lowell, Mass.

MUSIC.

The Credulity of Christ's Day.

Gambert Brunell Stuart, Boothbay.
Excellences of the Extemporaneous Method of Preaching.

Zephaniah Eugene Whitman, Lewiston.
The Problem of the Colored Population of the South.

Irving Windsor, Greenville, R. I.

MUSIC.—BENEDICTION.

COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement, Thursday at 10 A.M.
The following is the order of exercises :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Salutatory—The Emancipating Influence of Literature.

Adelbert Leon Safford, Dead River.
Cedric, the Saxon.

Idella May Wood, Lewiston.
(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)

The Human Mind; Its Gradual Development.

John Irwin Hutchinson, Auburn.
(Mathematics—First Honor.)

MUSIC.

Knowledge of Our Own Times.

Eugene Leslie Stevens, Troy.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—Second Honor.)
The Eclogues of Virgil.

Mary Simmons Little, Auburn.
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)

Living by Proxy.

George Hobart Libby, Pownal.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

MUSIC.

The Pathos of the Past.

Blanche Alpen Wright, Lewiston.
(Psychology—First Honor.)

Cheap Land.

Fred Webster Newell, Durham.
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)

Problems of the World's Thinkers.

Ethel Ingeborde Chipman, Auburn.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

MUSIC.

The Ministry of Poverty.

Fred Johnson Daggett, Scytheville, N. H.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)
Valedictory—The Spirit of Appreciation.

Charles Jay Emerson, Newport, N. H.

MUSIC.—CONFERRING DEGREES.—BENEDICTION.

Commencement dinner at 2 P.M., in
Gymnasium Hall.

Address before the literary societies
by Rev. Henry Blanchard of Portland,
at 7.45 P.M.

Friday, 8 P.M., President's reception
to the graduating class.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Rev. G. S. Ricker has accepted
a call from the Olivet Congregational
Church, Kansas City, Mo.

'72.—Mr. C. L. Hunt, a former res-
ident of Auburn, and graduate of
Bates, class of '72, for the past four years
superintendent of public schools of
Braintree, Mass., has been unani-
mously elected as superintendent of
public schools of Clinton, Mass., at an
increase of salary.

'73.—L. C. Jewell is a physician in
Chatham, Mass.

'73.—E. P. Sampson, principal of
the Saco High School, has been chosen
principal of Thornton Academy, Saco.

'74.—H. H. Aeterian is taking a
special course in music at the State
University in Minneapolis.

'74.—J. H. Hoffman, late of Shel-
burne Falls, Mass., has accepted a call
to the Congregational Church at Peter-
boro, N. H.

'75.—Professor J. R. Brackett of
Colorado University has been elected
President of the State Teachers' Asso-
ciation of Colorado.

'76.—G. H. Merriman is preaching
in New York.

'76.—H. W. Ring is Superintendent
of Schools in Ogden, Utah.

'76.—B. H. Young is a physician in
Amesbury, Mass.

'77.—F. F. Phillips is chemist for a
Philadelphia firm, and lives in West
Somerville, Mass.

'78.—J. Q. Adams has returned
from Florida, where he has spent part
of the past winter in recovering his
health.

'78.—C. F. Peaslee is in the grain
business in Chicago.

'78.—C. E. Hussey is principal of
the high school in Wellesley, Mass.,
and a teacher in the evening school in
Boston.

'78.—F. O. Mower is a teacher in
Napa City, Cal.

'80.—C. H. Deshon is principal of
grammar school in Buffalo, N. Y.

'82.—W. T. Skelton is with a Pub-
lishing Company in Cincinnati.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee, Proprietor of the

Oceanic, at Star Island, Isles of Shoals, has been appointed Notary Public for New Hampshire.

'83.—F. E. Foss, of St. Paul, Minn., was married June 6th, to Miss Mittie Hanscome of Oak Park, Ill. Mr. Foss is a graduate of the Boston Institute of Technology. He is civil engineer of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad Co.

'85.—Born to E. B. and Ada H. (Tucker) Stiles, a girl, May 12, 1889. The first Bates missionary born in the Free Baptist mission field.

'85.—To C. T. Walter and wife of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a daughter, Dorothy Charlotte, was born April 27th.

'85.—A quiet home wedding occurred in Lewiston, Monday at 9 A.M., at the residence of O. G. Douglass, Esq. It was the marriage of his daughter, Miss Maud M. Douglass, to F. A. Morey, Esq., of Keeseville, N. Y., a member of a prominent firm of attorneys in that place.

'85.—Rev. F. S. Forbes, who graduated from Oberlin Theological School last summer, has accepted a call from the Congregational Church, Nebraska City, Neb.

'86.—J. H. Williamson has opened a law office in Madison, South Dakota.

'86.—Charles Hadley of the Newton Theological Seminary, formerly of Lewiston, has been engaged to preach at the Baptist Church at Saccarappa, for the next two months, in the absence of the pastor.

'86.—Mr. J. W. Goff, of North Anson, a graduate of Bates, who has been studying law with Baker & Cornish, has accepted the position of Vice-

President of the State Normal School, Madison, South Dakota, and leaves to assume his new duties in September. Since his graduation from Bates College he has made a reputation as a successful teacher in the North Anson High School.

'87.—H. E. Cushman, of this city, a student of Tufts Divinity School, has been engaged to preach in the Universalist churches at Paris Hill and West Sumner through the summer months. His engagement began June 16th.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield graduated from Columbia College Law School June 12th.

'87.—Jesse Bailey has resigned his position in Talladega College, Alabama. He intends to go to Europe this summer and after his return will study for the ministry.

'88.—B. M. Avery has been elected Principal of Monmouth Academy.

'88.—Miss Cobb has just finished a successful year at Northfield, Mass., and has been elected for another year.

'88.—C. W. Cutts was married, April 10th, to Miss Grace Garvin. The ceremony was performed at New Castle, N. H.

EXCHANGES.

A high pile of Exchanges, all deserving notice, and only a short space devoted to it. What shall be done? They are welcome friends to the editor, and all receive private recognition, but only a few can be introduced to the readers of the *STUDENT*. These are some good representatives:

The *University Quarterly* fondly commemorates the death of Professor Carrell. While the paper is not filled with funereal details, as is too often the case under similar circumstances, enough is said to show that in him the students feel they lose a valued friend and instructor.

Dr. Virgin contributes a powerful article on the well-worn subject, "The Scholar in Politics. He claims that every student should devote some time to special preparation for political work. These two statements are especially worthy our consideration :

One-sided men have no substantial claim to be called educated men, and in your relation to every possible public question that can arise, you should by long followed habits of thorough preparations, be amply furnished with abundant information. Never make your private libraries in their growth like the leaning tower of Pisa. Beauty is attractive, but the winsomeness of speech is like to the power of God. Do not be persuaded that the reign of oratory is ended on the earth, but prepare yourself diligently for other usefulness by a cultivation of the art of graceful speech, not for the entertainment of others simply, but for the help of of your fellow-men in understanding their political duties. He who can expose a fallacy by a few penetrating words, he who can head a monster of error by one sweep of his cineter, he who can explain a difficult subject in a few plain sentences, may ask no nobler way of doing good, may seek no higher sphere among men. This for the educated man is of unspeakable importance in considering the range of his political duties, and I urge it upon you, young men, with a special emphasis.

A recent number of *Lasell Leaves* took the *STUDENT* to task most sarcastically for its provincialism, and claimed great refinement for itself solely on account of its nearness to Boston. We submit the following from their exchange column as an in-

stance of their careful literary criticism :

The article on "Conversation," though short, is well written. It speaks of some of the advantages of conversation and the qualifications of a good conversationalist.

How unusual for an essay on such a subject to treat of such things !

The *Undergraduate* contains an article, by Professor Wright of Middlebury College, on "College Verse and its Makers." Although recognizing that sentimentality often takes the place of sentiment, he finds the prose writing of college men equally faulty. He therefore thinks that it also should be judged on its own merits. In regard to it, he says :

The opinion seems to prevail among college men that poetry is essentially effeminate. Hearty enjoyment of it is a betrayal of weakness; to produce it is to write one's self in a certain degree *non compos*. I venture a belief that the college poet is held by a majority of his fellows in more or less conscious contempt. However great his attainments, he is credited with possessing in his mental make-up at least one long-haired streak. Else why should he make verses? The evidence is of the *prima facie* sort. How the suggestion would be received that perhaps his poetic efforts may evince a finer mental organism or a riper mental development than X.'s glibness on politics and the tariff or Z.'s second-hand theories as to the relation of wages and capital, I do not know. It is a suggestion I have never ventured to offer, partly from utter hopelessness of its serious reception and partly from fear that my habitual estimate of X. and Z. may do injustice to a brace of worthy young men.

The number also contains two poems of more than ordinary merit. Aside from these, there is but little literary matter, and an increase of this department, at the expense of some other now unduly long, would be an improvement.

There is a better proportion main-

tained in the *Haverfordian*. Its editorials do not range over the whole intellectual, political, and social world, but are confined to the interests of Haverford. Space will not permit us to give a careful review of the literary work or those other departments always sought first by the eager student, and we close with this extract:

REVERIE.

Methought I saw, as in a dream,
Upon a sluggish forest stream,
A boat glide softly down.

The helmsman slept in cushioned stern,
O'ershadowed by the grateful fern
That overhung the bank.

The vessel veered from side to side,
Swayed by the whims of th' eddying tide,
And the wind that softly blew.

Waking, I pondered long in awe,
Until, by brighter light, I saw,
The soul in reverie.

POETS' CORNER.

WOOD NYMPHS.

By ERIC, '90.

Upon an afternoon in early spring,
When couches 'neath the pines stretch warm
and dry,

When through their waving boughs the whispering winds

Are breathing soft and low a subtle melody;

When odors such as Arab never knew
Assail the listless sense with fairy power,
And flowers trembling at the lightest touch
Lie close against the old tree's massive tower;

O, then it seems the legend must be true
Woven by the happy Greek in days of Eld,
That nymphs are hidden in each cooling spring,
And dryads in the gray trunks are held.

That every bird atilt among the leaves
Is some fair being in enchantment's guise
That, doing penance for some strange offense,
Would fain unmask himself to mortal eyes.

And it is true; for with the half-closed eye
The dreamy mind can see them at their play,
Whene'er their jealous guardians set them free
To sport for one brief hour in twilight gray.

STILL WAITING.

Down upon the long coast stretches,
Where the sand dunes meet the sea,
Half buried, lie the gray old timbers
Of the fair ship, Fleur de Lis.

Still dame Margaret of Cherbourg,
Scans the billows, day by day.
Twenty years have rolled their cycles,
Since her good man sailed away.

Every evening finds her saying,
"Sure, he'll come before the light."
Every morning finds her praying,
"Send him, Lord, before the night."

Still upon the long coast stretches,
Where the sand dunes meet the sea,
Half buried, lie the gray old timbers
Of the fair ship, Fleu de Lis.

—Dartmouth.

MAY.

Woven is sunlit green,
In sweet designs, frost-saddened hues among,
Though many a glade is seen
The garland-grace that tender hands have
flung.

The forest king's review,
A joyous retinue.

—F. F., '77, in *Somerville Journal*.

CLOVER.

By ERIC, '90.

Clover red and white,
Grasses bending low
With the weight of heaven's dew
In the morning glow.

Through them stepping light,
Dashing dew aside,
Trips a maiden young and fair
Fit to be their bride.

Clover red and white
In her cheeks at play,
Drops of dew 'neath lashes dark
Dart the morning's ray.

Happy is your lot,
 Clover white and red,
 Springing light and shining bright
 At thy young bride's tread.



POT-POURRI.

Professor—"What's the Diet of Worms?" Student (fresh from Biology)—"Dirt and dead leaves."—*Haverfordian*.

A PARODY.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers"
 That this life is but a dream!
 When the boys of Colby College
 Meet the men on Bowdoin's team,
 To play ball.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"
 And we know that all is well,
 For old Colby beat the Bowdoin's,
 And she hushed their loudest yell,
 About the sixth inning.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow"
 Stop us on our march to fame;
 But we work, that each day's practice
 Help us win another game,
 If ———

"In the world's broad field of battle,"
 In this life of chance and fates,
 Be not cast down and dejected,
 For we once have beaten Bates,
 Easy, too.

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!"
 Let the lost games be forgot!
 Take no crowds, nor mascot specials!
 We can win as well as not.
 "'Cause why."

All the league games do remind us
 That we've got a dandy nine:
 Playing ball is just their business,
 Winning games is in their line,
 Base line.

Games are gained, and nines defeated,
 But our boys are on the turf,
 For they won on May eleventh,
 Now they think they own the earth.
 Too bad.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,"
 Lest our work shall be too late,
 Still remembering, not forgetting,
 We were third in 'eighty-eight.

"Slide."
 —Colby Echo, May 17.

A PARODY ON A PARODY.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers"
 That base-ball is all a dream,
 Or that Bates is so "forsaken,"
 She can't beat the Colby team.
 Two to one.

"Life is real! life is earnest!"
 Echo answers, "all is well,"
 Though the ringing "Boom-a-la-ka"
 Sounds poor Colby's funeral knell.
 "Oh, mister."

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow"
 Stopped Bates in her march to fame,
 They laugh best who laugh the latest,
 For we got there just the same,
 Sick or lame.

"In the world's broad field of battle"
 There are chicks that crow too soon,
 Birds that sing in early May-time
 May be moulting e'er 'tis June.
 Even Colby.

"Trust no future howe'er pleasant,"
 Oft recall your past defeat.
 Crowds and mascots will not follow,
 For they know you cannot beat.
 "'Cause why."

How the league games must remind you,
 That you've got a school-boy nine;
 Playing marbles is their business,
 Base-ball is not in their line.
 In 'eighty-nine.

Games are won, and you're defeated,
 Now the pennant waves at Bates,
 Bowdoin, M. S. C., and Colby,
 All have met the same sad fate.
 "Too bad."

Too late now to begin doing;
 You have gotten up too late;
 They are fourth, and can't forget it,
 Who were third in 'eighty-eight?
 Boom-a-la-ka.

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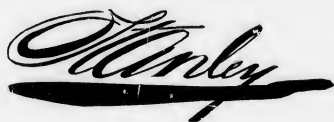
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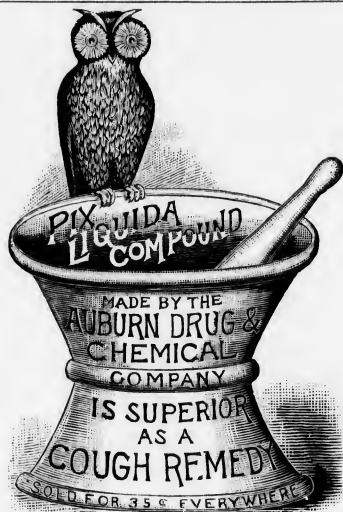
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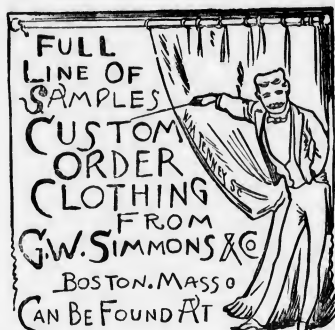
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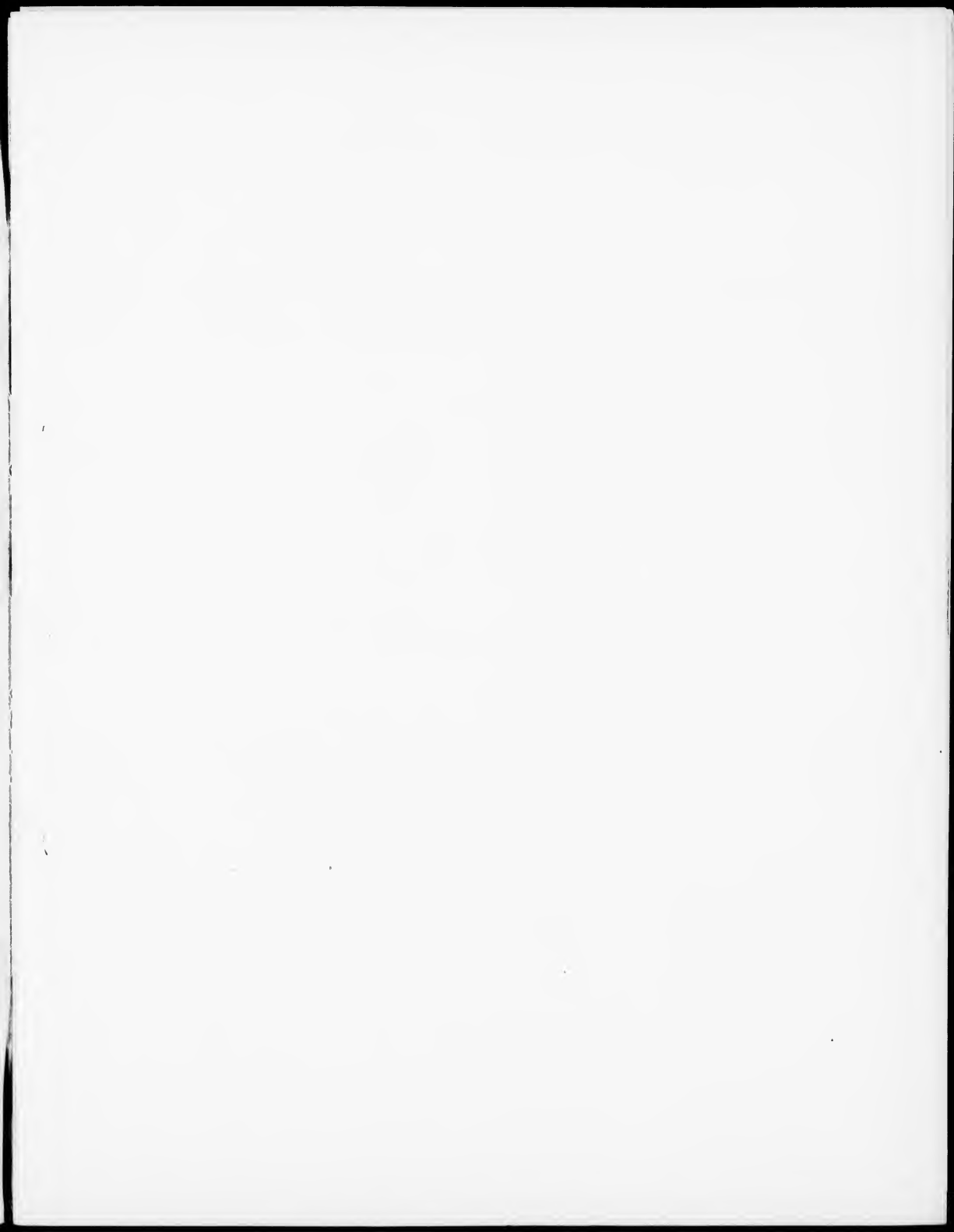
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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

No. 7.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

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LEWISTON, ME.

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N. F. SNOW, H. B. DAVIS.
H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.
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EDITORIAL.

THE students returning from their vacation miss the kind, genial face of Professor Stanley. When last we saw him, his sturdy frame and healthy countenance gave promise of many years of active labor; but his hearty wish of "a pleasant vacation" will never be repeated. His simple, truthful life attracted the students and awakened in them a responsive chord of friendship and love. There was no conventionality to admire; if anything worthy was discovered, it was Professor Stanley himself. He did not attempt to be what he was not. He was always the same, patient, helpful, and kind.

His thoughtful, studious life made him an accurate teacher. In the class-room he allowed no point to go unexplained. With the utmost patience and forbearance he would explain the difficult places over and over again. No student need hesitate to make his doubts known; for a question kindly put always was sure of a kind reply. His recitations were not dull and uninteresting, for, together with his technical habits, he possessed a humorous and witty nature. His face would often light up while making some well-worded reply to tedious and uncalled for questions or remarks. He

was not wanting in a fund of interesting stories with which to illustrate and explain. Conducting his recitations as he did, he kept the mind in a keen, receptive condition.

The Y. M. C. A. will miss his hearty co-operation. He was scarcely ever absent from its meetings, and always took an active interest in its welfare. We shall never forget his earnest talks which indicated a strong, Christian manhood.

He took a deep interest in all worthy students, especially the indigent, and was zealous in his endeavors to find them work and means to complete their college course. If he seemed to misjudge, it was because, being true himself, he placed much stress on the manliness and sincerity of others. He was, however, never exacting but always kind and patient with those who in any way showed themselves worthy of his regard. His whole life was such as to inspire one with simple, noble purposes.

While thus respected and loved for his very worth and integrity his labors ended. Ended? Ah, no, a life worthily lived never ends! A man's specific labors may cease, but their influence, never. All good will remain a permanent factor in fashioning the ages that are to come. Thus the life of Professor Stanley is not contracted, it is rather augmented and set free. Free to live forever.

WHILE we lament the death of Professor Stanley, we welcome in his place one of whom we have always heard only words of esteem and praise. Though only three years out of college,

Mr. Hartshorn has already won a high reputation as a teacher and a scholar. Those who know him will not doubt that his abilities will place him among the foremost in his chosen profession. His thorough scholarship, fairness, pleasant manner, and uniform courtesy cannot fail to make him respected and liked by all who may enjoy his instruction. We sincerely hope he will ultimately be chosen to occupy the now vacant professorship.

TOO much cannot be said in favor of thorough, comprehensive study. Brilliant surface-work may make the valedictorian, but can it ever make the well-read man? Every study should be but the center of a circle whose radius, reaching out even to infinity, shall gather light to pour upon it from every source. Apply this to our study of Homer's Iliad. Too often the radius ends with grammar and lexicon, but it should include Classical Dictionary, books about Homer, etc., etc. Moreover, two hundred and twenty of the two hundred and seventy pages of our text-books are explanatory notes, and why, think you, is this?

The sciences, perhaps, require even more collateral study than the languages. Here other text-books on the same subject are useful. Do not neglect the little points. In literature too much attention is apt to be paid to the men, and too little to their times. A knowledge of the life and times of Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Goldsmith is what makes us understand their works. "But," you say, "it takes too long to look up all these things."

Granted, but does it not pay? It takes longer to build a highway than a foot-path, but which is overgrown with weeds the sooner! So build thoroughly and look out for the little pebbles which may some time trip you up.

THERE are three factors in college life, the disregard of which lessens greatly the benefits of the course. These are the use of the library, the interest in the literary societies, and the proper conduct in recitation. All things taken into consideration, probably the student will find no such opportunity for beneficial and extensive reading as his college library offers. It is chosen especially to meet the wants of students for recreative, critical, and instructive reading. The student should not confine himself during his course to one line of reading, as fiction or biography, but should endeavor to acquire the habit and method of getting the most from the library as a whole. Devotion of time to special lines will follow in after life.

Next and very closely connected with the work in the library is the work of the literary societies. Many students, on account of bashfulness and inexperience in such matters, simply attend the meetings taking no part themselves. This is not right. Whatever literary society a student belongs to, that is his own society, and it is his duty to take an active part in its work. Proficiency in extemporaneous debate is an accomplishment which every college man and woman should strive to attain. It is conducive to quick, continued,

and consecutive thought. It enlarges one's vocabulary and forms the habit of expressing thoughts grammatically. More than all, however, it gives one the power of self-control.

The third factor, proper conduct in recitation, is not apparently very closely related to the other two. It shows, however, the make up of the man. Interest in one's own educational advancement will manifest itself in interest in others' advancement. The mind under certain circumstances may be capable of accomplishing two things at the same time, but the recitation ought not to offer the time nor the condition of such mental effort. Silliness, laziness, disinterestedness, or inattention are not qualities which should be cultivated in the class-room. These distract the attention of those who wish to profit by the instruction, and they also waste the time of the instructor. The teacher who has thoroughly prepared himself for the recitation can ill afford to have his time occupied in, first of all, arousing the attention of young men and women in the subject under consideration. A student should always be interested in his work, and all the help which an instructor can give will be none too much. Development is the aim of the college student, and every moment of the four years' college course, if profitably filled will but scarcely begin the process.

IT is said that gratitude is a trait of a noble soul. Why is not reverence also? It is an expression of two of

the deepest emotions of the soul, fear and love. The noblest men that ever lived were reverent men. Moses, David, Paul, Luther, Homer, Socrates, Shakespeare, Milton, Washington, Lincoln, who would think of them as showing irreverence for anything or anybody worthy of reverence! Yet many, especially the young, seem to think it a distinction to show irreverence. They ridicule the old, scoff at the deepest and holiest feelings of the heart, sneer at religion, and even make light of their Creator. Nothing is safe from the noisy sallies of their would-be wit. The word "rattle-headed" seems coined expressly to name such people. Like an empty cart on a rough country road, their own noise drowns all other sounds. If they would only be still a little, they might hear some of the grand melodies of nature, or catch the strains of the broken but sweeter music that "Rolls from soul to soul," or even hear some faint echo of the eternal anthem that swells around the throne of God. Only to the reverent student does Nature unlock her rarer treasures. Only to the reverent mind comes the "Music of the spheres." Only to the reverent soul is granted an entrance into the holy places of other souls. Only to the reverent heart does the hand of Infinite Love appear in all things. In such company irreverence has no place. Would you, O babbling chatterer, know any of these things? Then be still, and, in the awful silence of your own emptiness, learn to be reverent.

EVERY student entering upon the duties of college life has a purpose. Though he may at the same time have

some future purpose in view, yet he has a present purpose, namely, to secure a college education. Some boys come to college for the mere purpose of playing ball, but these are not students. All students, however, agree in present purpose; but as every one does not have a true conception of what constitutes a true college education, so every one does not employ the necessary means of attaining the purpose in view. Some students, perhaps, begin college life with the idea that the intellectual development derived from the class-room and text-books includes all there is in a college education. This is a serious mistake. The purpose of a college education is to give a harmonious development of all the natures,—physical, moral, social, and religious, as well as intellectual. Such a development, indispensable to true success in life, the class-room, and text-books can not give. Such a development should be the student's object; for the neglect of any one of these natures necessarily impairs some or all the others, because they are not wholly independent of each other.

Now a little exercise rightly conducted will meet the demands of the physical nature. It helps to keep the body in a healthy condition. It tends to make a lively mental activity instead of a sluggish one, firm muscles instead of flabby ones, expanded chests instead of pinched ones, and square shoulders instead of round ones. Yet notwithstanding the importance of these things, many sacrifice them for the sake of a little more intellectual work, and then complain of their declining health.

The religious and literary societies

are of especial value. The former cultivates the spiritual nature and consequently raises the moral standard; the latter afford excellent opportunities for improvement in writing and speaking. In the literary society one may acquire an ability for extemporaneous speaking, an acquirement that can not be obtained from the text-books or the class-room.

These exercises are the little things in college life that give the finishing touches. Therefore the writer would say to every member of the Freshman class, do not let these things pass without gaining some good from them. Do not make the same mistakes that others in the classes above you have made; do not dispense with physical exercise because you think you can get along without it; do not disregard the religious exercises because they consume a few moments of your time; do not hesitate to become an active member of one of the literary societies because society work demands the sacrifice of a few Latin and Greek roots. Take hold of these with enthusiasm and then you will be on the direct road to a harmonious and comprehensive development,—college education in the true sense of the term.

THAT there is something to be said against co-education, as well as much in its favor, is not to be denied; but whatever arguments are to be offered should be in a fair and gentlemanly way. Such has not been the case with the last two issues of the *Bowdoin Orient*. In speaking of a recent difficulty at a neighboring insti-

tution, it has used arguments and expressions that but ill become those claiming to be gentlemen. Of the incident itself we have no wish to speak, but only of the comments made upon it. The words in favor of college freedom we fully endorse, recognizing how much it means in the student's development; but we can not agree that turning the hose into a lady's apartment was not a case where the Faculty should interfere. A senseless doggerel in a later issue speaks of the necessity of equality in everything when the sexes are educated together. But to say that this should include hazing is to show an utter disregard for social usage. It is like saying that because women enter society as the equals of men they are entitled to no courtesy. Now, because men and women are members of the same college, it is no reason why their relations should change, why she should become any less a lady or he any less a gentleman. Though they are equal in all contests in which a woman may participate as in society, she yet commands respect and deference, and this every true gentleman will grant. It may be better for ladies to be educated at a separate college, but if gentlemen cannot preserve a proper dignity among ladies, they should surely go to a separate college beyond temptation for such rowdyism.

Again, this is not the "natural outcome of co-education," where the common usages of society are observed as at Bates. It is rather the natural outcome of such ungentlemanly instincts as prompted the perhaps thoughtless

act itself and its deliberate support by the *Orient*.

LITERARY.

"UNTO THE HILLS."

By N. G. B., '91.

Up to the mighty hills of God
I lift mine eyes,
Beyond whose summits lie the gates
Of Paradise.

Within the mountain's heart the strength
Of God lies deep;
Unheeded o'er its rugged sides
The storm-winds sweep.

Deep in the mountain's heart there lies
God's peace divine;
Fearless the timid song-birds dwell
'Mid fir and pine.

On every sun-crowned peak there dwells
Eternal rest;
The noisy strife of earth is hushed
On each fair crest.

The message of the hills rings clear;
Their strength is mine;
Filled with God's perfect peace, I wait
His rest divine.

ESSENTIALS AND NON- ESSENTIALS.

By D. J., '90.

"WHAT can I do for you," asked Alexander, loaded with honors, of Diogenes sitting in his tub. "Don't stand between me and the sun," was the reply.

Evidently ideas of essentials vary. See yonder old house—bare front, low ell, and hip roof. Enter. Look from the five by seven paned windows of its spacious, square, front rooms. Imagine yourself seated before the large open fire or reading by the light of one

small candle. But what imposing structure is *this*? Broken roof, porticoes, arches, and curious windows without—within, the genial warmth of steam-pipes; the blazing light of gas-jets. Behold the reigning Queen Anne of to-day. Go in imagination to the Harvard College of a hundred years ago,—two or three modest buildings, a half-dozen professors, and a few score of students diligently pursuing one prescribed course. Now visit the Harvard of to-day,—thirty fine buildings, a hundred and fifty instructors, two thousand students, large professional schools, and almost numberless electives. Go to the rooms of one of our foreign mission boards and listen to the examination of a candidate. Then recall that scene in Philippi and the words of Paul to the trembling jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

As civilization advances, so much do the ideas of essentials change. How important to distinguish the real essentials. We remember with pride Gen. Sherman's March to the Sea and its results, but what of that march had his soldiers stumbled under heavy baggage? Is not the packing of one's knapsack for the journey of life more important?

But what are the true essentials? Certainly not the same to every man. Place the poet in the chemist's laboratory with all the apparatus necessary to extort from Nature her most jealously guarded secrets. Can he find there what imagination craves? Winekelman, that bright German writer, regretfully exclaims: "God and

Nature wished to make me a painter. In spite of both I tried to be a parson. Now I am spoiled for either." As the violet seeks a shady bank while the sunflower follows the sun to receive its coarse beauty; as the eagle haunts the solitary cliff, while the sparrow builds its nest under a lowly shrub, so one man demands different conditions from another.

But certain deeper needs are shared by all. Intellectual culture is more essential than material luxuries. In yonder palace lives a millionaire attended by many servants and with fine horses at command. But there is a whisper of business troubles. The crash comes and our millionaire is destitute. Near him lives an humble scholar with richly stored mind. Stocks may fall, investments fail, banks burst; his treasures are untouched. The wise man, overtaken by robbers, begged only the magic mirror in which was revealed the hidden riches of the universe. The mind of the scholar is a mirror that reflects the richest thoughts of the ages.

But is this the highest? If so, what mean those victorious intellectual athletes that have acknowledged their victory incomplete, their prize unsatisfying? What sad failures seem such lives beside that of him who said "I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God"; and who exultingly exclaimed "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Down the ages come voices testifying to the great essential. The Son

of Man cries "The life is more than meat and the body than raiment." Rousseau, half skeptic, half believer, exclaims "Philosophy can do nothing that religion cannot do better"; and Carlyle earnestly calls "Love not pleasure; love God. This is the everlasting yea wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him." Love not pleasure; love God. We have reached the key-note in the harmony of life; the perfect design in the architecture. Simpler, now, is the cutting of the life-lines. The God-inspired man sees health and friends, riches, position, and power, as desirable, but not indispensable. He seeks in knowledge enrichment of his life, but not the victor's crown. His happiness comes not from outward circumstances, but from within. Having thus found the right end, the thread of life runs smoothly, as in those curiously woven balls that unwind so beautifully when one begins from the inside, but otherwise are sadly tangled.

Then, finally, in a happier fancy than that of the ancients, we may think of life, not as a thread awaiting an abrupt termination from the shears of Atropos, but as the silver cord, that, when loosed from earth, will be gently drawn within the gates of that city celestial whose builder and maker is God.

The trustees of Dartmouth have sent a circular letter to all the alumni who received pecuniary aid from the college while in attendance, asking them to repay the amount received if their circumstances permit.

PROFESSOR STANLEY.

By G. C. C., '68.

THE sad tidings of the death of Professor Richard C. Stanley have, doubtless, ere this reached every graduate of Bates. Each has felt the paralyzing shock of news so unexpected and so painful; the bewilderment of trying to identify his *Alma Mater* with a college in whose work the ever diligent professor can no longer share. Each has mourned the loss of a true friend, and has found himself absorbed in numberless reminiscences of the busy and beneficent life so suddenly snatched away.

Every graduate of Bates can recall with distinctness his first impressions of Prof. Stanley. For he was a man of marked personality. Nobody, having once seen him, could ever forget him or confound him with another. His person, gait, manner, and voice were unmistakable. Even his handwriting reflected his individuality. Wherever, in his many-sided life, a stranger first saw him—whether in his recitation-room, in his home, in the pulpit, in the prayer-room, or on the street—the picture left in the mind's eye was clear and definite.

In his case the outer man revealed the inner. For never was a person more truly what he seemed to be. His simplicity and sincerity were apparent, not only in his dress and bearing, but in all his words and acts. He never showed the least trace of vanity, and his ways were absolutely unstudied. He was conscious of pur-

poses thoroughly honest and never felt the necessity of any disguise. He had nothing to conceal and, therefore, respected himself. He never betrayed self-consciousness, but always seemed intent on the business in hand. No doubt this was one reason why he accomplished so well whatever he undertook. For he wasted no energy in the endeavor to make a display or to produce a favorable impression. He had an inborn respect for truth, and he could not easily realize that others might be insincere. Hence he habitually expected right conduct from students and when they disappointed him always seemed surprised and grieved. Nothing so aroused his indignation as unexpected deceit. He never cultivated tact, but used the most direct and open methods, whether dealing with business men or with students. To no man could the lines be more aptly applied:

“Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.”

He might not read a person correctly on first meeting him, but his final judgments were usually just.

In the best sense of the word, Professor Stanley was a practical man. One of the older graduates of Bates writes of him: “He was the practical man of the Faculty.” He was never speculative. He always preferred to base his conclusions on actual results. Having adopted a method approved by experience, if he found it good, he was slow to change it, even when to others a change seemed desirable. He was very conservative, adhering to the maxim, “Hold fast that which is

good." He was practical in the etymological sense of the word—he knew how to do what was required. This was true, whether he was composing a sermon, or repairing an air pump. In thought he was clear and logical; in action he was skillful and effective. Every student at Bates has often seen him busily making over and putting in order the apparatus with which he illustrated his instruction in Physics. For the college, as for himself, he practiced a careful economy, making the scanty appropriations for his department go as far as possible. He constantly aimed at the best results attainable. For he was in no narrow sense a practical man.

Few men have felt in equal degree the responsibilities of life. To this fact was due the habitual seriousness of his manner. He carefully weighed matters to which many give little thought. He seldom acted from impulse, and his habit of deliberation wrought itself into his words, his enunciation, and his whole bearing. Every one who met him was impressed with his painstaking thought upon questions submitted to him for decision. Nor was the range of his cares narrow and personal. He was interested in whatever could affect the happiness of others. Nothing of moment in his neighborhood escaped his attention. His eyes were open to whatever promised improvement or threatened loss, and he felt a sense of personal responsibility for results that could in any way be affected by his influence or action.

He was intensely loyal to duty.

Motives of expediency had no weight with him when he had decided that a given course was right. He was never afraid to do what he ought. The writer of this sketch recalls an incident illustrative of this trait, occurring in the old days when college and preparatory school were still undivided. Parker Hall was the scene of the wildest disorder. It seemed to be in possession of a reckless mob. The teacher in charge of the young men had retreated, helpless and alarmed. Suddenly Professor Stanley entered and ran swiftly up the stairs, bidding the disturbers of the peace seek their rooms at once. In less than a minute the building was as quiet as if it had been untenanted. Perhaps no other occasion at Bates ever gave so ample proof of his promptness and energy. But a student could not know Professor Stanley long without being impressed by his unswerving fidelity to his sense of duty.

But while he felt most deeply the seriousness of life, and especially his responsibility as an instructor, he had a wealth of pure and worthy sentiment that rendered him one of the most genial and attractive of men. On occasion no one could laugh more heartily. Every one who has seen him in his classes will recall his enjoyment of those ludicrous episodes which so much enliven college days. His regard for decorum was unusually strong, but his quiet smile or suppressed laugh at such times will be vividly remembered.

In him the feeling of wonder, so characteristic of childhood and youth, remained in undiminished vigor to the

last. He had the healthy delight of a boy in whatever was new or strange. This trait is, perhaps, usually prominent in men devoted to scientific pursuits. To him it was exceedingly valuable, both for the zest that it gave to his studies, and for the welcome diversions that it brought to his busy and anxious life; and in society it made him one of the most charming of men.

Allied to this was his warm and frankly expressed admiration for excellence of whatever kind. He was always deeply impressed by any unusual manifestation of practical ability, of intellectual power, or of moral earnestness, and never failed to pay a hearty tribute to worth. He seemed quite as happy in the success of another as in his own.

His sympathies were quick and strong; and they were very broad. The want of another removed all barriers. The genuineness of his sympathy was manifest in its unobtrusiveness. The injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," was the dictate of his own heart. Always a prudent man, careful about his own expenses and frugal in all his arrangements, he was never sparing toward those in need. His gifts were generous. He made it a principle to give, and he gave cheerfully—even joyfully. A home-loving man, he felt home doubly dear to him because it enabled him to extend hospitality to others. His sympathy with struggling students was constantly manifested in the most helpful ways. Probably no other college professor in the world ever equaled him in the

amount of time and thought expended in helping needy students to obtain employment. The letters written by him during his twenty-three years at Bates, in behalf of students and graduates seeking places to teach, must be numbered by thousands. The friends that he made, he retained—his affection growing more tender each year. His standard of integrity was very high. He was strict with himself and with others. Yet when he found men true, his delight in them was unreserved and constant.

But the molding forces of his life were the spiritual. Professor Stanley was deeply and thoroughly a religious man. Reverence was the strongest element in his character. He revered the Bible. Few men have studied it more earnestly or accepted its teachings more unhesitatingly. His expositions of the Scriptures were remarkably clear. He revered the faith of his childhood. His wonderfully inquiring mind, so on the alert for truth, seemed to pause when it came to the precincts of religion. He felt that he was entering holy ground, and questioning gave place to reverent awe. For this reason, he could not well understand the doubts and struggles of minds differently constituted. Yet his habitual Christian candor led him to the exercise of a broad charity. It was only what seemed to him open irreverence that he could not endure. This shocked his whole being, producing a strong revulsion of feeling toward the offender. Yet he never set creeds above character; and his helpful life and his quick sympathy with human

want and with everything that could benefit his fellows, showed what religion meant to him.

Professor Stanley's connection with Bates was nearly contemporaneous with what may be called the first era in the life of the college—the era of poverty and incessant struggle. Every thoughtful student of the institution's history cannot but regard him as a providential man. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the college could have maintained its existence without him, or where it could have found another teacher equal to the demands of his position. The department assigned him required both breadth and accuracy of scholarship, and he combined them in a degree seldom equaled.

Compelled to occupy the ground ordinarily divided between two or three specialists, he succeeded not only in imparting instruction that commanded respect, but also in giving to his students scholarly ideals and high purposes. He came, too, fully prepared to appreciate the aims and the peculiar mission of the college. Scores of successful young men, as they read this sketch, will ask themselves how they could have obtained a liberal education but for the practical helpfulness of Professor Stanley. Few men could have successfully taught the difficult studies committed to him with only the most meager apparatus at his disposal. Few could have added to the special qualifications required for his department his large knowledge of English Literature, of Political Economy, and of mental and moral science. Very few have the willing spirit with which,

when his associates were ill or absent, he added their labors to his own. His presence at the institution won for it the respect of his numerous scholarly friends, and helped to give it rank among Eastern colleges. His able sermons and addresses, delivered in the best communities in New England, attracted popular attention to Bates, and increased the number of its students. He has done a work that, so far as human eyes can see, could have been done by no other man.

It is sad that he could not live longer to enjoy the fruit of his labors. Help was speedily coming to him through a division of his department. The new Chemical Laboratory, so much the object of his thoughts, was fast rising on the college campus. His scanty salary had just been increased. He seemed ready to enter upon the new era awaiting the college, with strength unabated. But no, his is the honor that belongs to pioneers and founders; his the reward available only through faith.

It was his to see the college for which he had done so much assured of permanence. Still, however, it requires toils and sacrifices. And it can attain that large and honorable measure of usefulness which its graduates and friends desire for it, only through the self-denial, earnestness. And persistent industry of which Professor Stanley will always be remembered as a conspicuous example.

The really good are those who are good unconsciously.

THE RAIN FAIRIES.

By M. S. M.

I stood by my window this morning,
When the skies were overcast,
And down from the folds of dusky cloud
The rain was falling fast.

The drenched green earth was passive
'Neath the blows of the beating drops,
And the chill wind crept through the drip-
ping trees
Till they shivered to their tops.

But soon the rain pattered more softly,
The wind rose wild and high,
And tore away the curtain of cloud
From the smiling face of the sky.

And thro' its rent folds, on a sudden,
A flood of sunshine poured,
And one beam pierced through the trees'
dense green
Like the blade of a golden sword.

It fell on the drops that were trembling
On every leaf and spray,
And the air was a-glitter as if with gems—
Were the fairies passing that way,

And scattering down their jewels
O'er the grass and the branches green?
For surely those that were sparkling there
Were fit for a fairy queen.

And behold! 'mid the flash and glitter
That dazzled the summer air,
As soft and light as a feather floats,
Came sailing a gossamer car;

On its cushions of snowy sea-fog
Sat smiling a lovely elf,
In a robe bespangled with gleaming gems
As bright as the sun itself.

As the glittering thing sailed past me
It changed to a rain-drop bright,
And, as it fell, glanced out at me
The saucy face of a sprite.

As I lifted my eyes next moment,
Another face, quaint and queer,
Peeped out of an empty sparrow's nest
On the branch of a lilac near.

It glanced at me with a knowing look
Then whisked away like a flash,
And down on the pansy bed below
A big drop fell with a splash.

Then an elf in yellow and scarlet—
How he came there I could not tell—
Danced a jig on a leaf till he vanished away,
And another raindrop fell.

Then I caught a glimpse of a pageant,
As the hues of the rainbow bright,
That, over a bridge the sunbeams wove,
Passed, dream-like, out of sight.

And a miniature world sailed past me,
Transparent as is the air,
And I saw in its depths as it passed away
Bright castles and gardens fair.

You will say, of course, I was dreaming,
That the sunshine dazzled my eyes
When I saw the curious elfin sights;
No doubt you have theories wise.

But I found in the pansy bed below
The jewels they scattered there,
Bright drops of liquid silver and gold
And fragments of crystal rare.

So I shall believe in my fairy folk
In spite of whatever you say,
And I watch for them when from a dark-
ened sky
The rain-clouds clear away.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SKY.

By A. N. P., '90.

THE voice of nature is attuned to
human ears. Cliff and pebble,
brook and ocean, withering flower and
eternal pine unite in the grand sym-
phony; but only in the sky does it
resound with fullness, for there alone is
nature untouched by human hands. On
the golden crown of childhood and the
silvered gerdon of many years it
sheds its flood of melody that changes
only as the receptive mind develops.

It speaks to childhood. Even now I
see a country home, the tufted grass
beneath the drooping elms, a barefoot
boy; around it all the quiet of a Sun-
day afternoon. Over the rippling river,
beyond the swelling hills of pine, along

the southern horizon, float the ever-changing, pictured clouds. The message of their beauty falls on that innocent soul, and recalls him to "that imperial palace whence he came." Thus his mind early learns to appreciate the beautiful, as they only can who have read the sky from boyhood's days. He finds its beauty reflected in every flower and grass-blade. Each day he reads a grander truth above and finds its counterpart below; for he who apprehends the thought of highest things will find the same epitomized in the least.

It speaks to battling youth. He hopes to find his sky-garnered ideals true in others, dares to embody them in himself. But everywhere the waves of evil toss and heave, leaving no calm surface to reflect the sky. Impurity of thought and purpose, word and action overwhelms him. Nothing resembles his former life save the o'er-arching blue. In those white-rolling clouds, he sees that country home, he feels a sister's love, he hears a mother's prayer. They say, "Be true, be pure, in all this foulness live, find, and create purity." That is its message. A deep look into the sky will always banish impure thoughts.

In this power exulting, he seizes the sin-thrown gauntlet. In the struggle of early manhood he bears the snow-banner of purity. That he may keep it spotless, the guardian heavens breathe in his ear a yet grander inspiration. Wearied, in evening solitude, he watches the stars on-rolling with resistless might. They figure to his mind the conserved power of the Infinite.

Where the great sun stood still, where angels heralded the coming of the universal King, where Constantine beheld the gleaming cross and the command of promise, "By this conquer;" he reads, I gave you beauty for childhood, purity for youth. In manhood's need, I grant you manhood's glory—strength. How their grand motion, breathing of eternity as nothing lower may, inspires him to noble warfare! This deep note of power chords with the beautiful and pure, and through his life resounds and thrills like the great heart throbs of God. Oh wondrous thought! The power that drives the constellations, works in the little heaven of the human mind.

But when old age creeps on, and the battle is yet unfinished, despair grips him fast. Evening is coming on, and the sky, his encouragement and promise, should now be bidding the sun a calm good-night. But, as if in alliance with his despondency, "a horror of great darkness" overcasts the west. Thick, and black, and turbid with evil force, have risen those fair white clouds that breathed of beauty and of purity. Among the heaving masses, lightnings leap, and thunders roll. The rain drives down against his home, as if the whole artillery of heaven were turned upon this gray, defenceless head. But, listen! In the culmination of the storm, a something whispers, "Wait," Its fury lulls, the clouds and thunders hurry past like an enemy in retreat, and from the glowing west "a sunbeam strikes along the world." The beating rain sparkles, a million jewels, and away on the other hand is raised the

covenanted arch. The sun drops low; the rainbow fades; and in the clear sky, blue with promise, appear the star-eyed evening flocks of heaven whose unseen Shepherd saith, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." So shall this turmoil pass, and right victorious reign; for know:

"There is no calm like that when storm is done;

"No peace so deep as that by struggle won."

This is the message traced by that mighty Hand upon the broad blue scroll. Oh, read it, feel it, live it; for beauty is written in its varying forms and colors; purity in its unfathomed depths; peace in the twilight calm; and, everywhere and always, God.

CHARACTER A GROWTH, NOT A MECHANISM.

By W. E. K., '89.

IN yonder grassy lawn stands a beautiful house. The taste of the architect is seen in the graceful proportions and in the harmonious embellishments. Beauty is reflected from tower and minaret. Wisdom is displayed in the adaptation of the parts to the pleasure and comfort of the inmates. Its materials, gathered from forest and quarry, were brought together, and by the hands of skillful workmen, were combined with most pleasing effect.

Near by stands the stalwart tree. Perhaps a century ago it was a little twig scarcely showing its head above the grass. But now it is the lofty elm with towering branches forming a graceful covering from the rays of a summer's sun and ministering to the delight of all.

The house is a mechanism, the wood and iron, the brick and stone are just what they were before mechanical skill wrought them into such pleasure inspiring forms. Here is no work of assimilation, no evidence of organic action, no vital development but simply an aggregation of parts skillfully combined.

The tree is a growth, no combination of parts by mechanical skill, no union by addition of dissimilar materials but an internal development by vital organic action.

By the mysterious laws of life the tree has grown. Life in the tree has taken appropriate food and assimilated it to its own nature, thus promoting the growth and preserving the identity of the original organism. The laws of the spiritual world are simply those of the natural world extended, and the tree teaches an impressive object lesson concerning the formation of character.

Like the tree, character is not an aggregation of heterogenous parts pervious to every disintegrating influence, but an organic entity. It is a living structure feeding on its appropriate food and assimilating it so as to preserve its individuality.

As the rootlets of the tree stretch out in every direction for food to meet its wants, so character has an appetency for mental emanations. These it gathers in and by the mysterious laws of life assimilates to the living organism that feeds upon them. For character is the spiritual body of its possessor, and as such is supported by the effluences of other minds, human and divine. These it appropriates,

assimilating them to its own spiritual tissue. The quality of this tissue, as of all products of growth, is determined by the nature of the food assimilated. As the physical condition and animal nature of man depends largely on the food supply, so the spiritual condition of character depends largely on the intellectual and moral nature of the minds from which it derives its nourishment.

As our minds are brought in contact with strong cultured natures, and we receive from them not only moral and intellectual truths but inspiring influences, character feeds upon and transmutes these into faculty and power, into working materials. We cannot more lose the benefit of these through the imperfection of memory than we can lose the benefit of a good dinner after it has become assimilated into blood and bone, into muscle and brain, though we should forever forget the kind of food that was set before us.

But if the processes by which it is formed show character to be a growth, no less is this shown by its permanence. Any mere mechanical combination, however curious or skillful, may be easily separated and recombined into new forms and subserving entirely different purposes. But you cannot take the product of growth and separate its parts and recombine without destroying its organic nature. You may take the tree and separate it into fragments and recombine it in curious and skillful ways, but you destroy its nature. It is no longer a tree. The vitality which produced its growth is gone.

So with character: you cannot take it to pieces and recombine when you may desire. It is the product of life, the result of growth, and it defies all efforts at reconstruction.

An inspired philosopher has said: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots, then may they also do good who are accustomed to do evil." Character resists change as stubbornly as the pigment that paints the Ethiopian's cheek or colors the leopard's skin. Even God can change character only through his own laws of life and growth. So permanent is character that in all its transformations that mysterious something, called personality, remains unchanged.

It is said that every particle of the body is changed once in seven years, so that the man who has lived his allotted threescore and ten years, has had ten entirely new bodies and yet as the effete particles have been thrown off and new ones taken their place until all have been changed, the mysterious law of life and growth has preserved his identity and individuality complete. He has changed and yet not changed.

The same is true of character—the spiritual body. Because it is a life, a growth, its personality remains through all changes. It may at one time be puny, at another strong; at one time good, at another bad, but the unquenchable fiery atom of personality remains intact—unchanged and unchangeable—the sure basis of our eternal identity. What but life and growth could present such a mystery?

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The following arrived too late for our Commencement number, but it is so good we cannot forbear to insert it here.—Ed.]

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 24, 1889.

Dear Student:

Bates, you see, is a live institution even out here in this wheat country. We are going to have a large Alumni Association here, and, before long, two more flags will float side by side with the emblem of the United States that waves on the top of the Rocky Mountains, and those will be the pennants of the *Bates Base-ball Association* and the *Bates College Alumni Association of the Northwest*. *Hurrah for Bates and hurrah for its base-ball nine!* Boom-a-la-ka!! Very truly yours,

EDWIN A. MERRILL, '86.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 24, 1889.

To the Editors of the *Bates Student*:

For several months it has been apparent to the members of the Bates alumni residing in the Northwest that the influence of our *Alma Mater* in this part of the country is now strong enough to merit recognition, there being already twenty—and perhaps more—graduates of Bates residing in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Dakota. Desiring, therefore, to further the interests of the college as much as possible and to become better acquainted with one another, several of the alumni, residents of Minneapolis, St. Paul, and vicinity, met at the residence of Rev. A. H. Heath, in St. Paul, on the 22d inst., and formed a permanent organization under the name of the "Bates

College Alumni Association of the Northwest."

The meeting was a very enjoyable occasion, and after such an auspicious beginning, our Northwestern Association is sure to thrive. The first annual meeting will be held next fall in Minneapolis at some time during the Exposition.

The following officers were elected: President, Rev. A. H. Heath, '67; Vice President, B. T. Hathaway, '77; Secretary, E. A. Merrill, '86; Treasurer, J. F. Keene, '74; Executive Committee, Rev. A. H. Heath, '67; J. W. Smith, '77; J. F. Merrill, '82; W. C. Leavitt and E. A. Merrill, '86.

SECRETARY.

LOCALS.

Welcome, '93.

Fifty new faces.

Where is the band?

Nickerson tolls the bell.

Field-day the last of this month.

The Polymnians have adopted a society yell.

The prospect of base-ball is much better than was expected.

Hartshorn seems to be beneficial to the Seniors and Juniors.

Thirteen girls in the Freshman class. This makes thirty-nine in the institution.

Quite a large number of the students were out at work during State Fair Week.

The Hedge Laboratory will soon be

finished. Other improvements are also going on.

Prof. (in Zoölogy)—“Mr. G., you may define Odontography.” (Prompter on back seat)—“*O-don't-ography.*”

The new building is probably called the laboratory because so much time is spent in doing a little labor upon it.

Student (in Psychology)—“Is it possible to tell what you don't know?” Prof.—“If it was it would take you forever.”

W. F. Ham, '91, and mother, have left Lewiston for New York, where they will live. Mr. Ham leaves many warm friends at Bates.

“How this Saturday forenoon has gone,” said one of the girls at the base-ball game. “Wouldn't it be nice if we could sail across the 180th meridian and have two Saturdays?”

This is what the Seniors are learning. It is direct from the lips of their professor, too. “If I know, I know that I know, but I may think that I know if I do not know, don't you know.”

The “Freshman kitten,” which was recently admitted into the Senior class in Psychology, proved to be one of its most wideawake members, and all agree that if she would attend recitations a little more regularly she would stand a good chance of gaining first honor in that profound science.

W. F. Garcelon, W. H. Woodman, and Miss M. V. Wood, of the Senior class, and A. D. Pinkham, of the Junior class, have taken a course at the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard College, this vacation, and are to be

our instructors in the gymnasium this fall, beginning in about four weeks.

Prof. (in Astronomy)—How do you find the exact position of the North Pole?” Mr. D.—“Take two observations of the Polar Star at intervals of twelve hours—(hesitating). Prof.—“Why do that?” Mr. D.—“Because the star will be at equal distances from where it ought to be.”

The class game of base-ball between the Sophomores and Freshmen was played September 7th. The Sophs. won by a score of eight to nothing, and filled the air with “ni-ne-ty-two, siss-de-ah-de-rik-a-boo.” The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Sophomores, .	0	2	1	0	4	0	0	1	0—8
Freshmen, . .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Every student who wishes to take part in the field-day sports should join the Athletic Association at once; for all the field-day exercises, and even the gymnasium exhibition are under the direction of the Athletic Association, and no student who is not a member of the Association is allowed to compete in any of the field-day exercises.

The Faculty advised, not long since, that if any receptions were held this term at the college, they should (with the exception of the Y. M. C. A. reception) be held on the third floor of Hathorn Hall, with no outlay of time, strength, or money for decorations or refreshments, and that they should close at 10.30 p.m. at the latest. The society meetings should be over at 10 p.m. Wise advice and it was not given before it was needed.

Friday evening, September 6th, the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s gave a joint reception to the entering class in the gymnasium. The new-comers were pleasantly welcomed to the two associations by their presidents, Mr. Peaslee and Miss Howe, and by Prof. Angell, in behalf of the Faculty. The outer man was wearied by promenades and tucker, but the inner man was refreshed by a fine literary programme and ices, so that every one voted it a pleasant time.

The Athletic Association has elected the following officers: President, H. V. Neal; Vice-President, F. W. Plummer; Secretary, H. E. Walter; Treasurer, W. B. Cutts; Manager of Baseball Team, W. F. Garcelon; Directors, W. H. Woodman, F. L. Day, F. S. Libbey, F. W. Plummer, W. B. Skelton, S. Wilson, R. A. Sturges, W. B. Watson; Committee on Tennis, W. H. Woodman, F. W. Plummer, R. A. Sturges; Committee on Field-day, A. D. Pinkham, C. S. F. Whitcomb, H. E. Walter.

The officers of the Eurosophian Society for the ensuing year are as follows: President, F. L. Day; Vice-President, W. B. Cutts; Secretary, Miss S. E. Wells; Treasurer, H. E. Walter; Committee on Music, Miss B. Howe, Miss L. M. Bodge, E. E. Osgood; Committee on Public Meeting, W. F. Garcelon, Miss L. M. Bodge, R. A. Small; Orator, A. N. Peaslee; Librarian, W. H. Woodman; Poet, F. L. Pugsley; Executive Committee, W. H. Woodman, F. L. Pugsley, Miss J. F. King.

The officers of the Polymnian Society for the ensuing year are as follows: President, H. J. Piper; Vice-President, F. W. Plummer; Treasurer, C. N. Blanchard; Secretary, Miss V. E. Meserve; Librarian, W. S. Mason; Orator, C. J. Nichols; Poet, F. B. Nelson; Editors, Miss E. F. Snow, A. D. Pinkham, Miss C. E. Ireland; Executive Committee, G. H. Hamlen, Miss G. A. Littlefield, W. B. Skelton. The constitution of this society, together with a catalogue of its library, has recently appeared in neat pamphlet form.

Bates played the first base-ball game of this term with the South Paris nine, at Poland Springs, September 7th. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Putnam, 1b.,	4	1	1	2	1	8	1	1
Hoffman, 3b.,	4	2	2	2	2	1	0	0
Wilson, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	2	11	0
Emery, c.,	3	1	1	1	1	10	4	0
Pennell, 2b.,	4	1	2	5	0	2	1	1
Day, s.s.,	4	1	2	2	0	1	2	0
Garcelon, l.f.,	4	1	1	3	1	0	1	0
Whitcomb, c.f.,	4	0	2	3	0	1	0	0
Little, r.f.,	4	0	1	1	2	1	0	0
Totals,	35	7	12	19	7	*26	20	2

* Pennell hit by batted ball.

SOUTH PARIS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Records, s.s.,	4	1	2	2	0	3	1	2
Mattison, c.,	4	1	0	0	0	7	5	1
Smith, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	10	2
Cummings, 2b.,	4	0	2	2	0	1	3	0
Jackson, 3b.,	4	0	1	1	0	2	0	0
White, 1b.,	4	0	1	1	0	9	0	0
Blake, l.f.,	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Burroughs, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Briggs, c.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Totals,	33	2	7	7	1	*23	19	5

* Cummings hit by batted ball.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	4	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0—7
South Paris,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Earned runs—Bates 6. Two-base hits—Pennell, Putnam, Whitcomb. Three-base hits—Garcelon, Pennell. Base on balls—by Smith, 2; Wilson, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Blake. Struck out—by Smith, 4; Wilson, 9. Passed balls—Emery, 2. Time of game—1h. 45m. Umpires—Broker and Brown.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'68.—G. C. Emery, master in the Boston Latin School, is one of the authors of "The Academic Algebra" of Eaton and Bradbury's Mathematical series.

'69.—Rev. L. C. Graves has accepted a call to the Free Baptist church at East Tilton, N. H.

'69.—G. B. Files, for many years principal of the Augusta High School, has accepted the position of master in the Lewiston High School.

'70.—L. G. Jordan has been elected Professor of Chemistry in Bates College. Prof. Jordan has leave of absence for one year and has sailed for Europe.

'73.—J. P. Marston, for the past six years principal of the high school in Rockland, has been elected principal of the high school at Biddeford. There were forty applicants for the position.

'73.—E. P. Sampson has been re-elected principal of the Saco High School. Mr. Sampson and Mr. Marston were room-mates while in college.

'73.—News has been received of the death of Mrs. Dennett, wife of Prof. I. C. Dennett, Ph.D., of the State University, Boulder, Colorado. Her death occurred July 14th, at Chicago, where she was for medical treatment. Prof. Dennett belonged to the class of '73.

'73.—L. C. Jewell, of Sabatis, is about to move to Auburn, where he will engage in the practice of his profession.

'74.—Rev. A. J. Eastman has accepted a call to the Free Baptist church in Dover, N. H.

'75.—G. W. Wood, Ph.D., Yale, has been elected instructor of Greek in Bates College.

'76.—I. C. Phillips, who has for eleven years been principal of Wilton Academy, has been appointed superintendent of public schools at Ashland, Mass., and vicinity.

'79.—M. C. Smart has been elected principal of Stevens High School, at Claremont, N. H.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnett, of East Cambridge, Mass., has accepted a call to the Bates Street Universalist Church of Lewiston.

'80.—Mrs. L. W. Harris (Robinson) died at the home of her mother in West Minot, on July 31st.

'80.—Mrs. E. H. Sawyer (Leland) is superintendent of schools in Chester-ville, Me.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee has been elected a member of the Lewiston school board.

'81.—J. H. Parsons has been elected principal of the Augusta High School.

'81.—J. E. Holton has been elected principal of the Normal Department of Maine Central Institute.

'81.—W. C. Hobbs has accepted the principalship of the high school at Canton, Mass.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts has accepted a call to the Congregational church at Everett, Mass.

'81.—C. S. Haskell, formerly of Au-

burn, principal of the Jersey City Schools, spent his summer vacation in Europe.

'81.—C. V. Emerson is city solicitor of Lewiston.

'83.—H. O. Dorr, has been elected principal of Patten Academy, Patten, Maine.

'83.—F. E. Foss was married June 6th, at Oak Park, Ill., to Miss Mittie Hanscom. Mr. Foss is the civil engineer of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railroad Co., and will reside in St. Paul.

'83.—Miss E. S. Bickford, who has been for several years teaching in Pennell Institute, has been elected assistant in the high school in Biddeford.

'85.—C. T. Walter, of the *St. Johnsbury* (Vt.) *Republican* is to erect a large and handsome building for his paper.

'86.—J. W. Goff has accepted the position of teacher of Latin and Mathematics in the State Normal School of South Dakota, the trustees having offered him \$1,600 a year.

'86.—F. H. Nickerson has accepted the principalship of the Westbrook High School.

'86.—C. E. Stevens has resigned his position as sub-master in the Lewiston High School to accept the principalship of the high school in Attleboro, Mass.

'86.—W. H. Hartshorn has been elected Instructor of Physics and Geology in Bates College.

'86.—I. H. Storer has been elected principal of the high school in Upton, Mass.

'87.—A. S. Woodman won the State Championship in singles in the recent

tennis tournament at Portland and received the prize racket and cup. Mr. Woodman is studying law in the office of Hon. Wm. L. Putnam of Portland.

'87.—Prof. J. Bailey, late of Talladega College, Alabama, has just returned from a vacation trip in Europe.

'87.—W. C. Buck has been elected principal of the high school at Lisbon.

'87.—I. A. Jenkins has accepted the principalship of the high school at Orange, Mass.

'87.—U. G. Wheeler has been elected to the position of sub-master of the Lewiston High School.

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts, teacher of Latin and Greek in the High School at Pawtucket, R. I., was married July 20th, to Miss Lizzie Thomas of Sabatis.

'88.—Miss I. F. Cobb is to teach in the high school at Mankato, Minn.

'88.—W. S. Dunn is elected principal of Booneville Academy, Booneville, Kentucky.

'88.—J. H. Johnson is elected principal of the high school at Charlestown, N. H.

'88.—R. A. Parker is elected principal of the high school at New Market, N. H.

'89.—F. M. Baker is teaching in Green Mountain Seminary, Waterbury, Vt.

'89.—A. B. Call has been elected principal of the high school in Henniker, N. H.

'89.—F. J. Daggett has been elected teacher in the Friend's School, Providence, R. I.

'89.—J. I. Hutchinson has been elected to a Mathematical Scholarship in Clark University with flattering rec-

ognition of his proficiency in that department. Mr. Hutchinson goes to Derby, Vt., this year as principal of Derby Academy.

'89.—C. J. Emerson is principal of Warner Academy, Warner, N. H.

'89.—Miss H. A. Given has been elected assistant in the Ellsworth High School.

'89.—W. E. Kinney has accepted the position of principal of West Lebanon Academy.

'89.—H. L. Knox is principal of the high school in New Portland.

'89.—G. H. Libby occupies the position of principal of the academy at Foxcroft, Me.

'89.—Miss M. S. Little is assistant in the academy at Warner, N. H.

'89.—F. W. Newell is principal of Boston Asylum and Farm School, Thompson's Island. P. O. address, Box 1486, Boston, Mass.

'89.—Miss L. E. Plumstead is teacher of German and English in Maine Central Institute.

'89.—E. L. Stevens is principal of the high school in Wells, Me.

'89.—Miss Blanche A. Wright has been elected assistant in the Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.

'89.—A. L. Safford and Mrs. Susan (Norton) Safford are teachers in Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass.

'89.—H. W. Small has been elected principal of the Industrial Department in the Slater School, Knoxville, Tenn., at a salary of \$1,000.

Following are the names of the Freshmen and their fitting schools:

H. B. Adams, Danville Junction, Nichols Latin School.

Miss A. G. Bailey, Lewiston, Nichols Latin School.

R. S. Baker, West Harwich, Mass., Nichols Latin School.

Miss A. L. Bean, Gray, Pennell Institute.

K. C. Brown, East Wilton, Wilton Academy.

Miss C. G. Callahan, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

G. R. Cate, Northwood Ridge, N. H., Northwood Seminary.

W. A. Chambers, New Windsor, Md., Nichols Latin School.

G. M. Chase, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

Miss H. D. Church, Deerfield, N. H., New Hampton (N. H.) Institute.

J. F. Cobb, East Poland, Auburn High School.

Miss G. P. Conant, Littleton, Mass., Littleton High School.

W. M. Costley, Mount Pleasant, Md., Nichols Latin School.

E. A. Crockett, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

W. M. Dutton, Farmington, Farmington High School.

I. F. Fanning, Quebec, Nichols Latin School.

C. W. P. Foss, Biddeford, Biddeford High School.

Miss L. F. Goff, Lewiston, Nichols Latin School.

Miss G. E. Gould, Lewiston, Nichols Latin School.

E. L. Haynes, Kennebunkport, Biddeford High School.

G. C. Hight, Athens, Nichols Latin School.

Miss M. J. Hodgdon, Nashua, N. H., Nashua High School.

F. L. Hoffman, Melrose, Mass., Melrose High School.

Miss R. Hutchinson, Auburn, Auburn High School.

A. P. Irving, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

A. B. Libby, Litchfield Corner, Nichols Latin School.

Miss C. B. Little, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

D. B. Lothrop, Chesterville, Maine Central Institute.

G. L. Mason, West Lebanon, Lebanon Academy.

W. C. Marden, Swanville, Maine Central Institute.

G. L. Mildram, Wells, North Berwick High School.

L. E. Moulton, North New Portland, North Anson Academy.

Miss M. E. Nowell, Lewiston, Nichols Latin School.

Miss M. A. Peabody, Hermon, Nichols Latin School.

E. L. Pennell, Gray, Nichols Latin School.

F. E. Perkins, Ogunquit, Francistown (N. H.) Academy.

W. F. Sims, Rippon, W. Va., Nichols Latin School.

E. W. Small, Biddeford, Biddeford High School.

C. C. Spratt, East Palermo, Maine Central Institute.

M. W. Stickney, Brownville, Nichols Latin School.

Miss E. S. Strout, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

R. A. Sturges, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

J. Sturgis, Auburn, Auburn High School.

F. C. Watson, Auburn, Auburn High School.

E. J. Winslow, Barton Landing, Vt., Lyndon Institute, Vt.

J. I. Woodworth, Richmond, Nichols Latin School.

Miss M. G. Wright, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

A. C. Yeaton, Rochester, N. H., Rochester High School.

EXCHANGES.

Our last exchanges are for the most part Commencement numbers, filled with the valedictories of '89. They take a parting look over the four years of college fellowship, and an earnest gaze into the future to scan the new friends and fields of work. But the eloquence of Commencement day has become a part of the great past, unless some mind of real originality had drawn an inspiration from something deeper than books, and then gave it to those who were eager for some new

word. Let us see what the papers of our Maine colleges have to report.

The *Bowdoin Orient* has the largest number. Forty-seven pages are well filled with the records of '89's college work and its change of life as the members pass to the more real work of the every-day world outside of college halls. There are many earnest words in editorial and oration which might well be an inspiration to any student; for example: "It is true that work, steady and earnest work, is the core of life; but it is necessary for the ideal character that there be a sprinkling of sentiment." These words from President Hyde's sermon have the true ring: "So let there be first of all strict truthfulness in all you think and speak and write. Be broad, brave men. Stand ready to be misunderstood and maligned by both extremes of error, if so you may hold fast the golden mean of truth." Again from the class oration: "It is entirely in the power of educated men, by their neglect, to allow the demon of self-interest to obtain possession of the government; or, by being ever mindful of her welfare, to transmit the nation a glorious inheritance to posterity." And yet, despite all this, there is an undercurrent not wholly commendable. It reveals a lower way of regarding the realities of life, both in and out of college, which no fair theories can conceal. We should be glad to see the local character of the paper on as high a plane as the literary.

The *Colby Echo* is not so distinctively a Commencement number. In the editorial column a just pride is shown in the material prosperity of the college

and their healthy athletic interest. There are two articles of literary criticism followed by a brief exposition of a new doctrine of spiritualism. This is an amusing caricature of the spiritualist's absurd claims, though ostensibly a review of a pamphlet entitled "The Tail of the World." If the author has a literary mission it is surely in a line with Edward Bellamy's exaggerations.

The *Maine State Cadet* has just passed into the hands of a new board of editors, and we wish them all the success of which their first number gives promise. We may be pardoned for copying this compliment to our nine from an editorial on base-ball: "To you, members of the Bates team, we offer our congratulations, and we resign this position to you with a cheerful spirit that can appreciate a just claim by a brilliant record to the honors of the victors."

BOOK NOTICES.

ELEMENTARY PSYCHOLOGY. By Daniel Putnam, M.A. A. S. Barnes & Company, publishers. New York and Chicago.

This work is intended for the use of high and normal schools, and it seems admirably fitted for that purpose. The language is plain and the sentences are not complex. Most authors of works of this character in trying to make themselves very explicit succeed in making themselves very obscure. The author does not claim any originality of thought, but he has certainly shown originality in the disposal of his subject matter. At the end of each chap-

ter there is a summary of all topics taken up. There is also left a blank leaf on which notes may be made. The topics are discussed in a plain logical manner. The book is such as to recommend itself in the schools for which it was intended.

ENGLISH HISTORY. By Contemporary Writers. The Crusades of Richard I. Selected and arranged by T. A. Archer, B.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. New York and London.

This work deals with the history of the crusades as given by writers of that period. To the close student it may be of worth, but to the ordinary reader it seems like going through a good deal of matter to get a little substance. The language and style seem grandiloquent and superfluous. Whether this is characteristic of all writers of that period or is owing to the selections of the author, we do not know. Many incidents are represented by both Saracen and English historians and even again by French, thus giving a double and sometimes triple account. There are many interesting things in the book, but for ordinary reading much of it could be dispensed with.

PRINCIPALS OF PROCEDURE IN DELIBERATIVE BODIES. By George Glover Crocker. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. New York and London.

This is really an excellent little book and may well take its place beside many older books of its kind. It gives a clear and graphic description of the laws that should govern deliberative assemblies.

La Société Française au Dixseptième Siècle. By T. F. Crane, A.M., Professor of Romance Languages in Cornell University. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. New York and London.

This is a small book of 350 pages. It is a compilation from French writers of the seventeenth century, intended, as the preface says, "To give a picture of a period in the social history of France." The work is planned for use in schools and colleges; but the introduction, together with the full notes, will make it a valuable help to any student of French life and manners.

MEMORY TRAINING. By William L. Evans, M.A. A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers. New York.

The volume claims to be "*A complete and practical system for developing and confirming the memory.*" The author offers no new discovery, but only aims to aid those who wish to cultivate their memories. Whether his "helps" are of practical value or not, only trial will determine. He has certainly written a readable book, and one which we think might give many hints for strengthening and training a poor memory.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The President of Columbia receives a larger salary than any other president in the country.

There are nearly 5,000 students in attendance at the various colleges and universities in Boston.—*Ex.*

But Tokio, Japan has 80,000.

So much dissatisfaction was manifested by a portion of the Cornell Freshman Class, because the Sage maidens were invited to join the class banquet that the president decided to withdraw the invitations and have only gentlemen present.—*Ex.*

A Methodist university has been established in Ogden, Utah. A \$25,000 building is to be erected at once.

The class of 1879, of Princeton, is having made a high-relief bronze of Dr. McCosh at a cost of \$13,000. It is the design of Augustus St. Gaudens, and the artist says that it is one of the best things he has ever done. It will probably be placed in the Marquand Chapel.

The Faculty of DePauw has at last recognized the disadvantages of the system of prizes and prize contests, declares it essentially vicious in its effects, and discourages all efforts to increase the prize lists.

There are three hundred students studying at German universities with the special purpose of adopting Christian mission work among the Jews.

After holding the office for seventeen years, President Robinson, of Brown University, has resigned.

Rev. Bradford P. Raymond, Ph.D., D.D., formerly President of Lawrence University, Wisconsin, was inaugurated President of Wesleyan University, Connecticut, last Commencement Day.

The Stanford University of California has ordered from Clark & Sons, Cambridge, Mass., a lens for their new telescope, which is to be forty inches in diameter. There is also another large observatory to be erected at the University of Los Angeles, with a telescope having a clear aperture of forty-two inches. Thus California will have the three largest observatories in the world.

POETS' CORNER.

THE SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH.

Softly stealing o'er the balmy twilight air of
fragrant June,

Comes a music without measure, comes a carol
without tune;

Yet those notes so grandly swelling,
Of a magic power telling,

Are the sweetest notes that ever soared to
greet the rising moon.

Vainly does a human effort strive to mock that
simple strain;

Vainly either string or air-pipe vibrates in that
full, rich vein—

There's a wealth of gushing gladness,
Dashed with faintest trace of sadness,

And a dreamy far-off quaver, naught may
bring to life again.

How it tells of God's own bounty planted in
that tiny breast,

Of the bliss that passeth knowledge, where the
weary are at rest;

For the gates of heaven open,
And the birds' song is a token

That some time to sinful mortal shall such
joy be manifest.

When amid the forest shadows, drinking in
that sylvan sound,

Ah, what faint and fickle mem'ry flits my
struggling senses round!

Deepest in my soul's recesses,
Thrills a something it possesses,

That existed e'er my spirit left the unknown,
earthward bound.

Slowly fade the swaying tree tops, and to my
enraptured ear,

Enters not the wind's soft sighing or the
breathing of the sphere.

I can feel that love so bright,
I can see the radiant light,

And again in highest ecstasy the praising
angels hear. —*Cadet.*

TO THE FATES.

When the sun's warm tints are glowing,
O'er the fields their splendor throwing,—

When the world awakes to song,
And the day is never long,—

Hold the distaff firmly then!
Clotho, guard the weal of men!

When the fibres fast are flying,
Forming knots there's no untying;
In the surging noon-day life
On the broad, sweet field of strife,—
Fair Lachesis, strengthen me!
Let thy spinning careful be!

When the shadows, darkly lying,
Tell that day and song are dying;
In December's snowy swoon,
While I build as I have hewn,—
Atropos, when joy has fled,
Haste to cut the weakened thread!

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

PARLIAMENTARY.

We've been holding weekly meetings
At the house of my dear Bess,
And to-night I send her greetings,
For they've been a great success.

Weighty things we've been deciding,
In our little meetings there,
I, of course, have been presiding,
That's to say, I've held the chair.

But last night the session ended
In a very pleasant way,
When the conversation tended
To the power of love to-day.

And to end the great congestion
Of our thoughts, I said, "Dear Bess,
Are you ready for the question?"
And she sweetly answered, "Yes."

—*Brunonian.*

STOLEN FRUITS.

A kiss is as sweet as a rose,
When you pluck it in secret, I ween;
If you take it when nobody knows,

A kiss is as sweet as a rose;
But the delicate flavor all goes
To the winds if the taking is seen.

A kiss is as sweet as a rose,
If you pluck it in secret, I ween.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

SHORTEST AND LONGEST.

The longest day is in June, they say;
The shortest in December.

They did not come to me that way:
The shortest I remember

You came a day with me to stay,
And filled my heart with laughter;

The longest day—you were away—
The very next day after.

—*Century.*

POT-POURRI.

Fresh.—“Don’t you think, Miss—, that my moustaches are becoming?”
Miss—“They may *be coming*, but they haven’t got here yet.”

Where are you going my little prep,
With eager face and hastened step?
And what doth mean this monstrous jug,
With which you bravely seem to tug?
We go away far o’er the hill,
To visit Dustin’s cider mill;
Then each of us will take a pull,
The jug will be empty and we’ll be full.

It makes a man just a little bit mad
to ask him “Why is a magpie like a
writing desk?”—and then after letting
him slave over it for five minutes, get
to a safe distance and tell him “It
isn’t.” Its like rubbing a cat the
wrong way, or like telling a Freshman
he is not essential to the welfare of the
universe. Try it.—*Ex.*

“My sweetheart is a student in a famous
female college,
And though I do not think she’ll win partic-
ular renown
In any special study, or be noted for her
knowledge,
I’m certain that she’s charming in her
college cap and gown.

That the costume’s fascinating there’s no
reason for concealing,
I think my love more beautiful when in it
she appears;
But when I steal a kiss from her, how funny
is the feeling
When the edges of the mortar board are
tickling my ears.” —*Lasell Leaves.*

Minister (to Johnny on his knee)—
“Where do we find any mention of
gambling in the Bible?” Johnny—
“In the story of David.” Minister—
“What! When did David ever gam-
ble?” Johnny—“When he took four

kings from the Philistines.”—*Drake’s Magazine.*

First Pullman Porter—“Whad’s yo’
ser nervous ’bout, Johns’n?” Second
Porter—“I’s a quartah out: da’s wad
I’s narvous ’bout. Done blacked a
pah ob my own boots by mistake fer dat
nabob’s in d’ fo’th section.”—*Judge.*

VARIOUS.

“Through tangled copses of the Not,
And forests of the Where,
I’ve sought the Whenceness of the What,
Nor found my Alfred There.

’Mid jungles of the Hereless When
The Thusness rends my brain,
To think the Wasness of the Then
May never come again.

So let the Itness of the Which
Unto the Isness bow,
And sink the Whyness, Was, ‘and Sich,’
In Howness of the Now.” —*Exchange.*

Professor—“Mr. Smartly, you may
translate the next passage.” Student—
“Nay, indeed, by Zeus, on the one hand
accordingly nevertheless, he said that
on the other hand moreover he was
also without doubt forsooth at least in
truth yet — Professor—“That is very
good, Mr. Smartly. That will do.”
—*College Journal.*

A young man recently received a let-
ter with the following contents: “my
diere Ser, i set my self to rite yu to
let you no how i is. i Am well in helt
but not so well in mine. i am pestered
about yu. mr—yu has gone back
on me, an whi i Nows it so wel i ritt tu
yu and yu hasnt ansird it. i thinks of
yu ever daye and while yu is so fur
away an others has my cumpny tis yu
that has my hart, for my my pen is
bad.”

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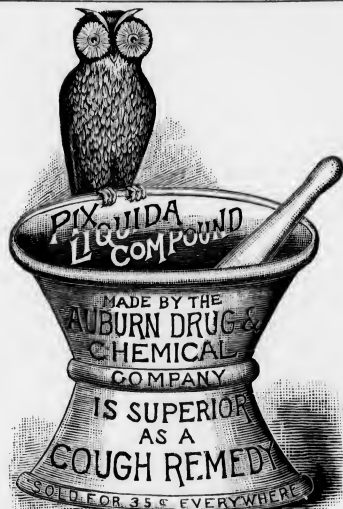
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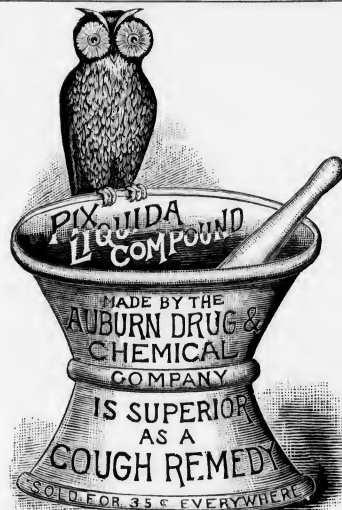
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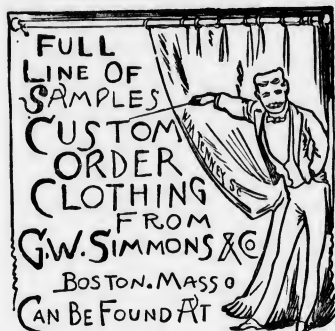
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No. 8.

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Vol. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 8.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

H. J. PIPER, E. W. MORRELL,
A. N. PEASLEE, G. H. HAMLEN,
N. F. SNOW, H. B. DAVIS.
H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.
W. F. GARCELON, Associate Manager.

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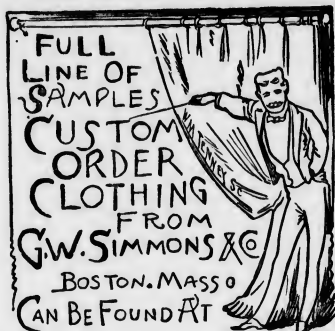
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EDITORIAL.

A QUESTION that often puzzles our students is whether they can afford to give to some or all the various objects that seek their aid. Where every cent represents hard work, either by the student himself, or by some one who is sacrificing much to help him, he feels as if he ought to get its full value in return for it. Consequently, when he is asked to give ten, twenty-five, or fifty cents to help on some object, he often hesitates. He may be generous. We believe he usually is. Any worthy object will command sympathy and assistance here, as quickly as anywhere. But the average Bates student has little money to give away. He is trying to get through college as cheaply as possible, and cannot be blamed for calculating closely. Yet it looks mean to refuse; and so, with an inward sigh, the money often goes. Perhaps on the whole it is best so, for the sum total of all such calls during the four years is not very great, and one can usually practice self-denial enough to save the amount, and be none the worse for it. But the same thing will be met all through life, and, while it is undoubtedly "Better to give than to receive," yet true charity does not give to everything, if



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it did it could soon give to nothing. In some cases it is better to refuse, even at the risk of being misjudged. The true question to be decided in every case is not "How will it look if I help or don't help?" but "Is this the best use I can make of the money?" To settle this requires the consideration of many things, but once fairly decided, no one need fear the consequences of either a yes or a no.

HE that would have friends must show himself friendly," runs the old adage. Surely it contains a grain of sound wisdom that all would do well to heed. For who would not have friends? Certainly only the fool and the churl. No relation in life, outside the family circle, is more helpful and ennobling than friendship. But the true value of friendship depends more upon giving than upon receiving. Not what I expect my friend to do for me, but what I am ready to do for him, measures the real worth of his friendship to me, and also in a large degree the good I receive from it. Far too many are going through life wondering why they have no real friends, and never once dreaming where the blame lies. The truth is, they demand of a friend what they are not ready to give, or what is not theirs to give in return, and consequently they are always complaining that true friendship is not to be found.

The fault is wholly their own. If you are false yourself, or if you surround yourself with a bristling hedge of reserve, suspicion, and selfishness, you have no right to complain because

you have no friends. Friendship cannot live in such an atmosphere. But first be true and worthy of friendship yourself, then be warm-hearted, sympathetic, and self-sacrificing; in a word, "Show yourself friendly," and you will not lack friends, and staunch ones, too.

WE know that every alumnus will be glad when he hears of the noble step that so many of our students have taken during the past month. More than twenty have said: "Henceforth I desire to lead a Christian life." This is the *right* thing to do. It is the honest thing. At no time in a man's life is he more respected than at the moment when, for the first time, he bravely says: "I want to be a Christian."

We shall never forget those meetings—the one in the chapel after prayers, those class prayer-meetings, and those in the Y. M. C. A. room. They made our hearts grow warm, our faith get stronger, and our prayers go up that every one in college may decide for Christ. And why not? Every student is moulding his life after some type. He has his ideals—things that he admires in the lives of others—and these he strives to imitate. He may not be conscious of his ideals. He may not know that he admires that man's shrewdness but yet he wishes that he were more shrewd.

But to apply this, let us make sure that our ideals are right; if they are not, we may be sure that they are wrong. Are yours right? Are they the highest that you can find? Have you chosen the Perfect Pattern?

A STUDENT often makes a mistake in choosing his profession before coming to college. Such a student is apt to be biased in his studies. He imagines some studies will be of more use to him than others. He will, therefore, spend extra time on particular studies at the expense of others equally important. Performing work in this manner, he loses the true meaning of a college course. Moreover, it not unfrequently happens that a student discovers he has made a mistake in choosing his profession. His temperament or capabilities are not suited to that particular work. If, then, he has committed the double mistake of neglecting certain studies to prepare for a profession for which he is not suited, his college course has been signally barren. Every student should, therefore, enter college with the determination of making the most of it as it is. Then, with the knowledge of himself which a four-year's training in college can give, he will be better able to choose his particular profession.

EDUCATION, like money, is not an end, but only a means to an end. The student who makes his studies the sole object in life is sure to be miserably disappointed with his life-work. No man is worse than the intellectual miser. The man who hoards up money often tries to make reparation by founding some benevolent institution, but the old dried-up book-worm can not will away his intelligence. There have been some very good articles written lately on such topics as "Why am I a Methodist?" "Why am I a Free

Baptist?" "Why am I a Catholic?" We wish some one would write on the topic, Why am I an A.M., or an M.D.? We are sure the answer would be "Because, through my profession, I hope to reach the highest sphere of usefulness." This, then, should be the student's purpose. The student who has this purpose, other things being equal, will invariably be the most earnest. No student can afford to throw away his time, and no time can be better employed than *learning* to be useful.

WE are children of imitation. We are then obliged to be spectators before we can be imitators; but there is no necessity of spending the spare moments of a whole college course in idly looking on. This habit of looking on is prominent in the literary societies. There are always a few who attend but never take any part. The habit in this case is not wholly fruitless, for no one can attend either society without receiving some degree of good, yet it is fruitless comparatively to constant participation in such exercises.

But the evil to which the writer wishes especially to call attention is that of looking on while others are taking exercise. Day after day has he seen students engaged in exercise and as many more looking on. Now the difference between these two classes is, that the first receive good and improve their time, but the second, in this case, receive no good whatever and squander their time. There are a few among us with whom this habit is

becoming permanent. Now when they sit down to dinner why don't they look on to see the others eat, and then go away without eating anything themselves? The habit is just as preposterous in the case of exercise as it would be in the case of the dinner.

It is absolutely necessary to take some exercise, but it is not at all necessary to watch others; for if it were it would be necessary to idle away time. Then do not spend time watching others, but take your own necessary exercise and then devote the remainder of your spare moments to reading or to some other helpful employment.

A GOOD field-day, of which Bates may well be proud, passed with none of that friction between classes that sometimes mars its pleasure. All the difficulty there was came in connection with drawing up the list of events. The only way to obviate this is to have a settled list that shall take place every year, subject to no change except by the unanimous vote of the board of directors. This should be made now rather than on the eve of another field-day so that every one may know for what to train, and that no one may attribute a selfish, personal motive to any man's action in preparing the list.

Another thing that would add greatly to its interest would be a more general participation of the several classes. There would be more uncertainty in regard to the victory, and a large proportion of the students would be changed from indifferent on-lookers to

enthusiastic champions of their own class. Let us have the list of events prepared now, and then let every class begin at once the contest for the possession of the cup next year.

MOTIVE," says one, "is the power that moves life's work." Whoever, then, enters upon any kind of work without the right motive, cannot but fail of the highest success. Let each one of those who expect to teach during the next vacation, ask himself what motive he has in teaching. Is it simply because the money is needed? If so, you are sure of failure, and you would be better off on some farm working for your board. Success in a great degree depends upon the interest manifested in the work. If you do not enjoy the associations of the school-room, you are ill-qualified for a teacher.

Teaching is a moulding of character. As the modeler moulds from the yielding clay some beautiful image, effacing all lines which mar and making definite all lines of beauty, so must the teacher learn how, from the yielding clay of human nature, to fashion a symmetrical and beautiful character. He must be master of his art.

Be social; move among your scholars as one of them when out of school hours, but be master in school hours. Be dignified, but don't be a pedant. Visit your pupils in their homes. From an insight into home influences you will be better able to understand what to correct and what to encourage in the scholars. Don't talk about the faults

or dispositions of your scholars, these are subjects for your own personal study and meditation. Don't tell all that you know the first week of your school. You will be put to your wit's end soon enough if you keep a large reserve.

Be a man in every sense of the word. Scholars do as the teacher does, and justify themselves by his actions.

These few thoughts, if well remembered by the teacher just starting out, may save him many a sorrowful hour.

LITERARY.

THE MINISTRY OF POVERTY.

By F. J. D., '89.

THIS is evidently an age of remuneration. In all the vast outputting of human energy, in all the great national and individual nets of enterprise that are broadcast, there is expected at each cast a proportional, adequate, and substantial reality in return. There are people in abundance who have magazines of brains and wealth which they will consecrate at a moment's warning to enterprises deep and high, but before you can induce a conjunction of men to sink a shaft one inch into the earth you must prove there is imbedded in the strata beneath a vein of actual gold. Prove that, and they will splinter the very bones of the globe itself. You can not induce a typical man of these times to chase a wild goose one inch, however fat and pleasing that goose may appear, unless you give the man collateral security for every step he takes and every breath he draws.

This is the age of collateral security; the age of convenience. The spirit of the age is to classify; to put a trade mark upon, and to measure the value of all things in terms of hard cash and marketable realities. This spirit has an active effect to lessen the essential dignity of human nature pure and simple; not that man is depreciated, but that man plus commodity receives a public exaltation and recognition over the man minus commodity, altogether out of proportion to the difference in the men themselves. This discrimination between man and man, based upon credentials that do not measure the essentials of manhood, is harmful, in that it begets a spirit that makes honesty and virtue and nobleness clothed in the garment of the poor, less attractive, and less to be sought for, than a perverted sense of right and a disregard for justice habited in the glittering ostentation of wealth.

When the crusades and pilgrimages of sentiment pointed their enthusiastic fingers towards Palestine, every man wanted to exchange his business for a horse and a sword. Now, when all this energy, and courage, and sentiment, and sacrifice, is consolidated into one tremendous determination to accumulate commodity, you can readily see what a power of personal and impersonal influence there is urging every man to do nothing unless he is assured of a metallic compensation. And you readily see that such a public spirit, inasmuch as it gives to all the desire, and at the same time such is life that the masses must remain inevitably poor, that it operates as a tremendous force

gravitating those in want into a condition of unhappiness and envy. I mention this not to decry the love of possession, but to show the almost superhuman influence that actually surrounds those born in poverty; hindering them from acquiring the higher life of taste, of imagination, of faith, and from attaining a symmetrical manhood and womanhood. And I also mention it to lift into higher vision the man who comes up out of poverty and distress purified, sweetened and ennobled by his adversity. I do not consider poverty desirable, and deplore any attempt to make it seem other than it is. I contend that the man who claims that indigence is a desirable condition does not know of what he is speaking, and is promulgating the philosophy of an idiot.

Wherein, then, is a man justified in representing poverty as a good thing? Because everywhere millions of men and women are crowded together in miserable circumstances, inevitably wedded to want, and, therefore, because such are the unchangeable facts of life; if there is any compensation for that privation, and if there is a possibility of turning that condition into an instrument of real development, then is one justified in representing poverty in colors like the morning and the evening, and in characters as legible as the hills.

There are two ways of encouraging the poor to action and to hope. One is what I call the empirical, or James A. Garfield method. It consists in telling a man who is in distressing circumstances how some one else, similarly

situated, escaped. It consists in taking a man as he stoops over his little trench of earth, and directing his eyes into the heavens of mortal achievement; and as you would trace Cassiopeia and Hercules in the night sky you point him to Garfield and Lincoln, and you say, "Look at these men; they were in just your situation, and see how enlarged and elevated they became."

"Yes," says the struggling man, "a similarity in the burden but not in the bearer." To know that some one has swam the English Channel is poor consolation to a short-breathed swimmer. This method of encouragement by an analogy of circumstances and inconveniences, without an analogy of brains and nerve and heart, and this broadcast teaching that poverty is a sort of indiscriminate human flower-pot for sprouting great and prosperous men, is what I call the James A. Garfield method, good as far as it goes, but fallacious, superficial, and misleading in the generality; for a man may have all the infirmities and inconvenience of genius without having any Websterian or senatorial birth marks upon him whatever.

The other method of bringing courage and hope to the poor is what I call the psychological method. It is disclosed by looking inward instead of outward. * It is a simple apprehension and exposition of how the faculties, and powers, and solid qualities of men are awakened, and strengthened, and inevitably drawn out under the tremendous demands of poverty, and the consequent enlarged soul-capacity and manhood resulting. This view, war-

ranted by the facts of life, returns a compensation for distress to the poorest of the poor.

Now how does poverty practically affect men? It subjects them to an immense pressure; the resulting character depends upon the nature of the man. Many it irrevocably injures. There is a class of strong, combative natures, who under the stress of poverty develop a preternatural shrewdness and hardness, they become as an immense and insatiable pocket which regards every transaction of life as an opportunity to fill up, and which regards every man as a pickpocket waiting for a chance to put in his hand. They are natures remarkable for their insensibility. They neither care for sneers nor sympathy. They can stand alone, and terribly alone they stand, for the deep invisible bonds of love and benevolence, and affection, that unite men stronger than chains, unite them to no man.

Says Juvenal: "Poverty has nothing in it more grievous than that it makes men seem ridiculous to themselves." That poverty should take down pictures and take up carpets is not the worst thing; that poverty should rub the paint from the clapboards and eat through the sills is not the worst thing; that poverty should clothe the man in rags, harden his heart, and fill him with smarting envy is not the worst thing; but that poverty should make a man look ridiculous and insignificant to himself, that is the death blow. Thousands have lost their self-respect through their associations. They live in a careless and miserable condition until it

becomes comfortable and home-like. The vulgarity of their surroundings takes away their heroism. Take away a man's self-respect and you have inflicted the last injury. Some way or other after poverty dwindles a man's possessions it dwindles him, until the eyes of the soul instead of looking out upon the deep sky and the stars shining at each other across mighty distances, looks upon a yard where loathsome creatures wallow in refuse. When poverty takes away a man's self-respect it unclasps the hands of his soul from God, from love, from everything noble and serious, and fills them forever with dirt. Those are the dark spots on the sun. Let us turn to the radiance.

Poverty has a noble ministration. What is it? "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yes, the grandest thing that God and man together could produce came out of Nazareth. An image, a life, that hovers over humanity as the sun over the flowers of the field, rescuing the human soul into a largeness and completeness incorruptible and eternal. So out of poverty come the influences and the elements, the chisels, the dies, and the hammers, which take that soul, disrobed of all earthly state and pomp, and fashion it more beautiful than genius' impress in marble, more lasting than life, and stamp it with an inscription and a story which forever reads to the world that this is a genuine man. From cushioned, soft and sensuous hammocks of luxurious ease; from the apartments where all the palatable things of this earth wait in splendid service to satiate the

senses; from that day spent in desultory combat with ephemeral trivialities, and from "that life that never thinks of its end, that lives in the present and loses the flow and movement of responsibility," poverty appears as a stone-heap surrounded by skeletons and famishing men. But from all the scenes of the past which shine through the centuries, luminous with human devotion, and labor, and sacrifice; from all the monuments that intellect and morality have reared, and where in the light of that day when hearts have bled for hearts, and wherein human emotions and experiences have assumed their largest powers and acted with their most ennobling influences, and in the belief that this world is but an island floating in the infinite ocean of space and that this life is but a ripple upon the wave of being; in the light of all these vindicators of human greatness, poverty appears as a rocky stairway, tiresome but leading upward, winding through the gloom and the darkness, but culminating in the starlit throne of an effective and incorruptible manhood.

Ah, poor man, as you sit in the afternoon, weary and perplexed with life, remember that divine assistance is yours; for religion—that mysterious whisper from the sky to the heart of man—has ceased to be a nebulous uncertainty. Jupiter is no longer swathed in clouds upon Olympus, but omnipotent has dropped an incarnate token of love into the very presence of man, and hungering and thirsting human hearts take hold upon actual divinity through the reality and personality of a living Christ.

SUNSET.

By M. S. M., '91.

The storm king's defeated; outflashes the sun
Hanging low in the west;
One more thrust of his sword, then, his victory
won,

He shall sink to his rest.

Beyond, where the clouds lie in masses of
black,

The dark foe lurks still;

But the victor's warm glory from out the cloud
rack

Fires valley and hill.

Some strange, sudden charm, some weird,
beautiful spell,

Has transformed all the scene;

Was it thus that the prophets and sages of old
Saw heaven in a dream?

Rough hills touched with glory, cloud banks
lying low,

As dusky as night;

Green uplands gold-lit by the west's mellow
glow;

A river of light;

That glides 'neath the trees without murmur
or breath,

Like a river asleep;

Till beyond in the shadows, like life merged
in death,

It glooms dark and deep.

There is silence, deep silence, in earth and in
heaven,

As they wait for the night,

While the angels write "Peace" on the dim
brow of even

In letters of light.

FAITH AS A FACTOR IN CIVILIZATION.

By M. B., '90.

THE Chaldeans consulted their astrologers; the Greeks, their oracles; the Romans, their soothsayers; Americans go to gypsies. Thus in all times have men been trying to peer into the misty future—to exchange faith for certainty. In their anxiety to know

what is before them they do not stop to think that their very ignorance is a part of the divine plan. They forget that faith, which can not exist in regard to what is positively known, is most necessary for true development; that directly dependent upon it are hope, imagination, love, and reverence.

Consider the first of these qualities—hope. It affords almost the sole inspiration to effort; and this not merely to the miserable,

"Who have no other medicine but only hope."

The youth with a high ambition that he works incessantly to gratify, although he fail in his purpose, does much more for the world than if he had never felt a lofty hope.

Even the good things robbed of all surprises would lose half their sweetness. We should weary of them before they were realized. As for imagination, its peculiar realm is the unknown. Recall the words of Shakespeare concerning the function of imagination in poetry:

"And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things *unknown*, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to *airy nothing*
A local habitation and a name."

How much imaginative power music requires from composer and appreciative hearer alike, is illustrated by the humorous story: "How Ruby Played the Piano." Not only does the great composer hear in his mind the song of the birds or the roar of the thunder, but he so expresses his thoughts in music that he makes the listener imagine he sees the birds or the flashes of the lightning. To imagination we are indebted for all excellence in art.

The best paintings and statues are not accurate copies of nature but those in which the artist expresses his own high conception.

Upon this idealizing tendency of the imagination depends, in a degree, love. This, when directed towards one's country is called patriotism. It is that which gives his country's flag such magic power over a man. What is there in the "stars and stripes," be they ever so finely woven, to stir a man's soul? Yet the loyal American soldier will risk his life to save from dishonor the most ragged, bedrabbled cloth on which these stars and stripes are marked, because in that his imagination sees his country.

But the noblest of the qualities dependent on faith is reverence, which the recognized limits of His knowledge inspires in man as nothing else could. Reverence is a characteristic of the greatest minds of all nations, heathen as well as Christian. If the immortality of the soul and the omniscience of the gods had been matters certain beyond the exercise of faith, what question could there have been great enough to develop a Plato or a Socrates? It is said of Demosthenes that if he "was a great orator it is because he was extremely religious. He constantly had the names of the gods in his mouth." Moreover, while imagination has made painting, sculpture, music, and poetry possible, it is reverence that has inspired the most perfect works. The "Minerva of Phidias," the "Madonna" of Raphael, the "Messiah of Handel," the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, were all inspired by reverence, and

even Shakespeare is grandest in those passages which reveal deep reverence for a Supreme Being.

If faith, with the hope, imagination, love, and reverence dependent upon it, has done so much toward the development of individuals, how inestimable must be its influence upon civilization as a whole! Fully to appreciate its importance, one must imagine Greece without her Homer, her Socrates, or her Phidias; Italy without her Dante, her Raphael, or her Angelo; Germany without her Goethe or her Handel; France, without her Racine or her Hugo; England, without her Chaucer or her Shakespeare; America without her Washington or her Webster;—he must imagine the world stripped of the influence of all such men, and then he can see clearly that faith which made them great philosophers, painters, sculptors, composers, and patriots, has been and still must be a most important factor in civilization.

♦♦♦

SLEEP.

By E. F. N., '72.

HOW few are the topics that the poet's pen has not touched and in some sense adorned. How widely varied, too, are the aspects presented by different writers. Few are they who can a subject so carefully as to catch the view of all its sides, as one glimpses the reflected light from many facets of a diamond. Especially is this true if the form of expression be limited as in the sonnet where complete mastery, both of thought and vehicle of thought, is rare indeed, and as grat-

ifying as it is rare. The old school-men are said to have given much valuable time to pondering such weighty questions as, How many angels could stand at once on the point of a needle. Had it been the fashion of that day, they might have spent the time quite as profitably and far more pleasantly in observing the varied ways in which a group of poems would illustrate a subject. We all have had more or less experience of sleep. It is one of the few things in life that does not weary by repetition. We never know just what awaits us when we trust ourselves to the Morphean realms with such unconcern, and yet we go again and again with a dauntlessness that, could we but realize it, we match in no other phase of our experience. And what revelations we have witnessed there. How the prosaic experiences of the "garish day" fade and dim before the untold marvels of the sleep-giving night. What haunting faces, what forms whose counterpart on earth we have never known, have flitted athwart our dream-swept vision as we have lain cradled in the arms of "Death's twin-brother." What scenes we have visited, what "caverns measureless to man" have we roved till on waking it did not seem so strange that Coleridge, inasmuch as he was a poet, should have dreamed *Kubla Khan*. Or in fevered fantasy we have "walked with demons, ghouls, and things unsightly" till waking was a terror and a pang.

Yet what amenities has sleep, "sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care." How many a weary, troubled wight has been soothed to forgetful-

ness by this "balm of hurt minds." What health and healing has innocent sleep brought to sustain life's wayfarers. Little wonder is it that poets sing the praise of sleep. It is one thing, however, to enjoy sleep, and another and far different thing to sing of it. We shall notice sonnet-song only. We shall therefore find less varied treatment than if we included all poetic praise.

First we will listen to Sir Philip Sidney who has early voiced in worthy strains the praise of sleep:

"Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see."

This is a genuine invocation, quaint, yet strong, artificial, perhaps, yet with the singer's personality visible in his song. The artificiality was characteristic of the age, and we doubt if anywhere, save in the literature of the days of "good Queen Bess," we find a sonneteer suggesting the possible vision of Stella's image as an inducement to sleep to become his visitant. But Sidney is ever a lover as well as a poet.

Let us hear next from Samuel Daniel

in a sonnet worthy to be read after Sidney's:

"Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain."

There is here a strain of personal sadness which demands a general rather than a special application, since Daniel appears to have been both correct in his conduct and happy and peaceful in his career. It seems to illustrate the truth that poets can be sad for others as well as for themselves.

We will listen now to William Drummond of Hawthornden, the friend of Ben Jonson. Leigh Hunt ranks him next to Shakespeare as a sonnet-writer, and says of him: "His sonnets, for the most part, are not only of the legitimate order, but they are the earliest in the language that breathe what may be called the habit of mind observable in the best Italian writers of sonnets; that is to say, a mixture of tenderness, elegance, love of country, seclusion, and conscious sweetness of verse." His sonnet to sleep fairly represents him:

"Sleep, Silence's child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppressed;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possessed,

And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
 With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
 Or if deaf god thou do deny that grace
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt be-
 queath;

I long to kiss the image of my death."

Drummond is said to have been the first Scottish poet that wrote in pure English dialect, and Mr. Hallam describes his sonnets as "polished and elegant, free from conceit and bad taste, in pure unblemished English." All these sonnets have points of similarity, both in idea and expression, and well represent the sonnet-writing of that day apart from Shakespeare, who surpassed his contemporaries in this as in dramatic writing.

Scarcely an English sonnet was written, legitimate in form, till in Milton's hand:

"The Thing became a trumpet, whence he
 blew
 Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few."

But Milton wrote no sonnet on sleep, though that "On His Deceased Wife" we would gladly quote had we not drawn our lines this side of it.

So we come to the poet of whom R. H. Stoddard writes as follows: "If Wordsworth had been asked to name the successor of Milton, there can be no doubt, from what we know of him, that he would have named himself." Wordsworth wrote between four and five hundred sonnets, and Milton twenty-four, yet it would be difficult from the former's abundance to equal the worth of the latter's paucity, so rich is the quality of his contributions to English sonnet-treasure. As one of

Wordsworth's good sonnets is to "Sleep," we quote it:

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and
 seas,

Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure
 sky;

I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie
 Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I
 lay,

And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth;
 So do not let me wear to-night away:

Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
 health!"

This is excellent, and we could well have spared scores that he has written for a few more as good as this. Says Stoddard: "He wrote upon all occasions, and many of his occasions, it must be confessed, are of the slightest. To stub his toe was to set his poetic feet in motion, and to evolve a train of philosophical musings upon toes in particular and things in general."

We would gladly linger longer on English shores in our search for sonnets celebrating sleep, but we must now cross the water and in our own land and day see how the sonnet has voiced its praise.

We naturally turn first to Longfellow and find that he has touched this subject with his wonted grace:

"Lull me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful
 sound

Seems from some faint Æolian harp-string
 caught;

Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of thought,
 As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound
 The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound;
 For I am weary, and am overwrought

With too much toil, with too much care distraught,
 And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.
 Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,
 O, peaceful Sleep! until from pain released
 I breathe again uninterrupted breath!
 Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek
 Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast,
 Whereof the greater mystery is death!"

This is beautiful writing that all can appreciate and enjoy. The regular flow of the verse, the legitimacy of construction, the adaptation of form to sentiment, the classic allusion, are all characteristic of the writer, and we have enjoyed them often in other sonnets quite as worthy of his pen.

Let us turn from the Northern singer to him who has been called the "poet laureate of the South," who died not long ago at his retired home among the solitary pines of Georgia. How often may their murmured music have lulled him from wakeful pain to the slumber of which he sings:

"Fain would I quaff the wondrous wine of sleep,
 That wizard wine, so rich with Morphean spells:
 I drink! and lo! the dawn of twilight dells,
 Dew-laden, calm; along whose pathways deep
 Glide shadowy phantoms; some with eyes that weep
 Slow tears, and voices of forlorn farewells;
 And some on whose sweet presence purely dwells
 The love-light none but blissful hearts can keep.
 Then widens the strange landscape, thronged with forms
 Familiar once as morning: here, arch looks
 Flash through heat lightnings of a summer mirth;
 There, tones more musical than woodland brooks,
 When o'er their waves the murmurous May-fly swarms,
 Make lovelier still sleep's charmed heaven and earth!"

This is the most purely descriptive sonnet yet. Accurate in delineation, graceful in expression, in this sonnet Mr. Hayne seems to have dipped his pen where Giles Fletcher and Keats caught some of their happy phrases.

We will next hear Edgar Fawcett in one of his characteristic productions. Mr. Fawcett has been a prolific writer; it has been said of him that "probably no poet of his generation has been more constantly before the public, in the magazines and newspapers." His muse finds stimulus in topics that many writers would deem barren of suggestion, and "he sees outside things with a new eye for color and form, and with vivid instinct for their relations to the realities within; and he sees, too, what need be merely a picture and a delight. . . . His observations of nature abound in appeals to the reader's mental and sensuous appreciation, and he can apply this exquisite perception of his to any sort of beauty with rich effect." Having thus learned what manner of poet he is at his best, let us hear his own voice:

"What footstep but has wandered free and far
 Amid that Castle of Sleep, whose walls were planned
 By no terrestrial craft, no human hand,
 With towers that point to no recorded star?
 Here sorrows, memories, and remorses are,
 Roaming the long dim rooms or galleries grand;
 Here the lost friends our spirits yet demand,
 Gleam through mysterious doorways, half ajar.
 But of the uncounted throngs that ever win
 These halls where slumber's dusky witcheries rule,
 Who, after waking, may reveal aright
 By what phantasmal means he entered in,—
 What porch of cloud, what vapory vestibule,
 What stairway quarried from the mines of night?"

This is fanciful and effective, not unlike Mr. Hayne's in points of treatment. Mr. Fawcett is usually felicitous in his choice of words; he is also as fond of an extra syllable in his sonnet lines as any writer we know. Perhaps it is a weakness, perhaps a grace,—can it be called a mannerism?

Lastly we turn to a gifted writer of sonnets who produces such finished, such technically perfect results as one rarely meets. So exquisite are they that they seem the faultless creations of some "Enamored architect of airy rhyme." Mr. Stedman writes as follows of him: "To Aldrich, now in his sunny prime, the most pointed and exquisite of our lyrical craftsmen,—justly is awarded a place at the head of the younger art-school. He is a poet of inborn taste, a votary of the beautiful, and many of his delicately conceived pieces, that are unexcelled by modern work, were composed in a ruder time, and were thus a forecast of the present technical advance. They illustrate the American instinct which unites a Saxon honesty of feeling to that artistic subtilty in which the French surpass the world. Though successful in a few poems of a more heroic cast, his essential skill and genius are found in briefer lyrics comparable to faultless specimens of the antique graver's art. . . . Apparently spontaneous, they are perfected with the touch of a Gautier." His sonnets exemplify his best work, and "Sleep" is one of the best of these, possessing a grace and spirit which challenge our sympathy as well as our admiration:

"When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay
To that sweet, bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye may mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the
gray.

Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is
still,

No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?"

SUPREMACY OF CONSCIENCE.

By B. H., '90.

WONDERFUL as man is in the combination of his various qualities, each of his faculties when separately analyzed is found to be equally wonderful. Especially is this true of that representative of his moral character, conscience, whose mysterious nature and ceaseless workings have so baffled the investigations of philosophers. If, as Darwin affirms, conscience is only the higher development of some instinct possessed by the lower animals, then the great distinction between man and animal is lost. But if, disregarding Darwin's ethics, we consider conscience to be the peculiar property of man, then he may claim its superiority, not only over any faculty possessed by the animal, but over all the other faculties of his own nature.

The conscience is the Pope of the human race. All the words, thoughts, motives, acts of men of every nation and of every religion are brought before the conscience, as before their Supreme Judge. The king is as much

its subject as the slave. The rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, alike owe it primal allegiance. Whence comes this right of conscience to dictate to all mankind? It comes from God. Our divine origin is here revealed, for man was made in the image of God, and, as a constant reminder of his grand original, there was given him a conscience through which the divine commands could be sent to the soul. Supreme in its right to govern man, the conscience is not supreme in the sense that all obey it. Yielding to conscience is voluntary; hearing its voice, involuntary.

It is often thought that universal obedience to conscience would, of itself, be sufficient to usher in the millenium. But consider a moment. Every man is indeed commanded to obey his conscience, neglect of such a command is a sin. Nevertheless were the dictates of conscience always followed, the world would be far from perfect; for, at the bidding of conscience the Hindoo mother throws her child into the Ganges, religious fanatics send the martyr to the stake, Charlotte Corday murders Marat. It was in obedience to conscience that Paul persecuted the early church, that Calvin ordered Servetus to be burned. It was in obedience to conscience that the Catholics reddened the land of France with Protestant blood, that our Puritan forefathers banished the Quakers, and hung the witches on Salem Hill.

Are these the deeds of the millenium? Crimes the worst the world has ever witnessed, have been committed by

the command and with the approval of conscience. Where then lies the difficulty? Simply in this: That conscience, although supreme, is yet dependent. While it is conscience that bids us do right, and forbids us to do wrong, it is the judgment that declares what is right and what is wrong. Hence, if the judgment errs in its decisions, conscience in urging the right to be followed may be upholding an act in itself wrong. The ideal state of humanity, therefore, is not merely that of obedience to conscience but of obedience to an enlightened conscience; and to this end all advancement in science, all progress, all civilization tends.

But whatever its state of enlightenment, conscience does not fail to maintain its supremacy. Yet as has been said, it forces obedience upon none. Each man is endowed with a will by which he may give or withhold his allegiance to this lord of the soul. But by the ceaselessness and urgency of its demands, conscience sways even a reluctant will. Its character is unchanging, immovable.

For the right, is its watchword. Conscience is the one regulating force of man, directing his path and preserving his character. Conscience is the one regulating force of society, securing all social order. Conscience is the one regulating force of the world, preserving peace between man and man, nation and nation. That this "sense of oughtness," as Joseph Cook calls it, should compel man by its almost inaudible voice to obey its will, should, by its condemnation, "make

cowards of us all," while on the other hand, one of its "self-approving hours whole years outweighs" is wonderfully significant, making plain the fact that while our Lord came to set up no visible kingdom upon the earth, yet in every moral being of His creation, has He placed a King, immortal, invisible, second to none but Himself.

WHAT SHALL BE OUR NATIONAL FLOWER?

By C. W. M., '77.

O, dear to every Englishman,
Is the fragrant-blooming Rose;
And for the bonnie Scotchman true,
Naught like the Thistle grows.

And dear to each true Irish heart
The Shamrock e'er will be;
While they of France love loyally
The stately Fleur-de-lis.

America, the land we love,
What is the flower for thee?
'Mongst all thy fair and fragrant host,
Some favored one must be.

With early Spring the May-Flower comes,
That dainty, tinted flower,
Whose buds have long in darkness lain,
Waiting the waking hour.

In summer-time the Daisy blooms,
Low in the fields of grass,
And billows roll, all white and gold,
Where'er the breezes pass.

And then comes Autumn's glowing flower,
The graceful Golden-Rod,—
In every wayside, nook, and field,
Its branches wave and nod.

But better far, our choice shall be
The Laurel, evergreen;
From East to West; from North to South,
Its pink-tinged flowers are seen.

Erect, unchanged, in sun or storm,
Fit type of Liberty!
America, the land we love,
This shall thy emblem be.

—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

LOCALS.

Foot-ball.

Chestnuts are in the market.

F. S. Pierce has returned.

Don't run over the new terraces.

Gas has been put into the Gym.

C. J. Nichols and Eli Edgecomb have returned.

Both the College and the Latin School have indulged in foot-balls lately.

Prof.—"How do birds drink?"
Mr. N.—"They fill the bill, and—" (finished by the class).

Miss M. G. Pinkham, '88, has been training the Freshman girls on their declamations with much success.

Prof.—"Is that distance too little or too much?" Miss J. (innocently)—
"I should think it was a little too much."

F. J. Chase, '91, Ralph Sturges and E. A. Crockett, '93, are teachers in the evening school.

The Sophs seem to need more light on that trigonometry, by the way they are using that chandelier.

The evening of October 10th was passed very pleasantly by a few of the students with Miss Hodgdon, '93.

Prof. in Zoölogy (reviewing from the first of the book)— "Mr. W. what is a cell?" Loud whisper from the back seat—"That is a sell."

E. W. Morrell, '90, badly sprained his ankle while playing tennis a short time since, and went home to recuperate. We are glad to welcome the disabled editor back again.

A little girl, who may go to college some day, is much interested in the surveying, especially in "that thing that they take pictures with."

The name of W. B. Watson, given in our last issue as one of the directors of the base-ball team, is incorrect. It should be F. C. Watson, '93.

Sophomore (translating French)—"Columbus discovered America in the year one thousand seven hundred—(hesitates)." Professor—"These sentences are supposed to be truthful."

The outside of the laboratory is completed. The stagings are down, and work is being pushed on the interior. To the Seniors has been granted the honor of dedicating it.

Prof.—"What is the utility of hearing?" Student (listening to some one telling him the answer)—"It enables one to understand conversation, and thus gives him a sense of joy."

Two new tennis courts have put in appearance, ready for use, west of the Gym—clay courts, equipped with back nets and all that heart can wish; thanks to the Athletic Association.

Saturday p.m., October 5th, Bates met Bowdoin for the first time since the beginning of the present college year. "The result," says the *Boston Globe*, "was a walk-over for Bates."

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Bates,	10	0	0	6	0	1	—17
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	0	4	2	—6

Nearly all of the students attended many of the meetings held by Rev. B. Fay Mills. Several times recitations were suspended on account of the deep interest felt in these greater matters.

The base-ball team has been partially re-uniformed. They "appeared out" when they played the Bowdoin on the 5th. The battery, Wilson and Emery, '92, have striped jerseys, garnet and gray.

E. Whitney, '76, sent half a dozen base-balls for the use of the champions of '89; a generous contribution, and congratulations have also been received for the ball team, from A. E. Tuttle, '79.

This term is whizzing along like an express train. It stops for Sophomore debates, Freshman declamations, and the public meetings of the two societies only. Don't try to get off anywhere else. No more stops till Thanksgiving.

While Pennell, '93, was sliding bases in the game of October 9th, he so injured a ligament in his knee that he will probably be prevented from playing any more this fall. The injury, however, has been well attended to and is not serious.

We know that the earth has made one complete annual revolution since last October. How? Because it has passed from a fixed point, back to that point again, *i.e.*, it has passed from Freshman "decs" back again to Freshman "decs."

Regular work in the gymnasium began Thursday, October 10th, under the new instructors, Garcelon, Woodman, and Miss Wood, '90, and Pinkham, '91. "Outside dip" and "inside swing" are no longer all Greek to the Freshman. That hard back swing surely ought to be easy for '93, and the gas will shed light on all the other difficult matters.

The College Band is doing good work. The number of members is now eighteen with more to follow. At the annual election of officers on Saturday, the choice resulted as follows: President, H. B. Davis, '90; Vice-President, Pugsley, '91; Secretary, Walter, '92; Treasurer, Beal, '91; Musical Director, Irving, '93; Leader, Libbey, '91; Executive Committee, Cutts, '91, Little, '92, Brown, '93; Membership Committee, Libbey, '91, Beal, '91, Watson, '91, Dutton, '93, Irving, '93.

Monday evening, October 7th, the Seniors had a Jubilee in Hathorn Hall. They rejoiced over the results of Field-Day, over base-ball, and even over "Sighology" and the other ills that Seniority is heir to. The toasts show the trend of their thoughts, *e. g.*, "Field-Day," F. L. Day; "Base-Ball," W. F. Garcelon; "The Continued Essential Sameness of the Ego," Miss Pratt; "The Class of '90," H. J. Piper; "The Class Ivy," Miss Brackett; "The Weather," F. S. Pierce, although he did not know "*weather*" he could speak on that subject or not.

The Athletic Association held an enthusiastic meeting Friday morning, October 18th. A report of the football committee, announcing the names of those who should practice, was read by Woodman, '90. A letter from F. J. Daggett, '89, recommending the introduction of foot-ball, was read and applauded. Another letter from Gardiner was enthusiastically received. It contained contributions and congratulations for the excellent showing of the ball nine this fall. The following are the gentlemen who contributed:

Spear, '75; Clason, '77; Chadwick, '84; Prescott, '86; Wright, '87. Since then, Avery, '88, has donated a generous sum toward defraying the expenses next spring.

Friday evening, October 18th, George Kennan lectured in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Lewiston. Mr. Kennan is well known on account of his articles in the *Century Magazine*, and his lecture on "Camp-Life in Siberia," was listened to with the closest attention by a large audience. Our society meetings were postponed until Saturday evening, and nearly every student was present.

Saturday evening, October 12th, the Eurosophian Society tendered a reception to their new members of '93. All were in the best of spirits and everybody had a good time. After the refreshments a short musical programme was presented and the following toasts were responded to: "Loyalty to Bates," Peaslee, '90; "Our College Sports," Walter, '92; "First Impressions," Miss Hodgdon, '93; "The Class of '93," Dutton, '93; "Prosperity," Pugsley, '91.

On Saturday, September 28, occurred the tennis tournament. It lasted all day, and some of the games were very closely contested and exciting. Those who entered for doubles were Day and Garcelon, '90; Woodman and Garland, '90; Whitcomb and Davis, '90; Pierce and Morrell, '90; Howard and Sawyer, '92; Wilson and Skelton, '92; Sturges and Crockett, '93; Pennell and Woodworth, '93. Day, '90, Garcelon, '90, Woodman, '90, Garland, '90, Howard,

'92, and Sawyer, '92, entered for singles. Howard, '92, vanquished them all, and is therefore declared champion of the college. The finals in doubles have not yet been played.

Field-Day occurred Friday, October 4th. All the records of this year are superior to those of '88. The following is the order of exercises:

Standing High Jump.—Neal, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92. Winner, Putnam, record 4-3; second, Garcelon, record 4-1.

Standing High Kick.—Woodman, '90; Sawyer, '92; Emery, '92; Sanborn, '92. Winner, Emery, record 7-3½; second, Woodman, record 6-10.

Hitch Kick.—Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Emery, '92; Sawyer, '92; Sanborn, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 7-9½; second, Woodman, record 7-5.

Hammer, Heavy Weight.—Hamlen, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Neal, '90; Nickerson, '91; Pugsley, '91; Small, '91; H. J. Chase, '91; Beal, '91; Wheeler, '92; Sawyer, '92; Blanchard, '92; Putnam, '92. Winner, Hamlen, record 58-5¾; second, Putnam, record 57-6.

Hammer, Limited 140 lbs.—Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Morrell, '90; Howard, '91; Mason, '91; Pinkham, '91; Wheeler, '92; Skelton, '92; Sawyer, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 49-9½; second, Wheeler, record 47-8½.

Running High Jump.—Neal, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92. Winner, Emery, record 4-11; second, Woodman, record 4-11.

Putting Shot.—Hamlen, '90; Morrell, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Beal, '91; Small, '91; Putnam, '92; Blanchard, '92; Wheeler, '92. Winner, Whitcomb, record 31-2; second, Putnam, record 28.

Running Broad Jump.—Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Pinkham, '91; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Sawyer, '92; Walter, '92. Winner, Garland, record 17-10; second, Garcelon, record 17-4½.

Throwing Base-ball.—Putnam, '92; Little, '92; Emery, '92; Pennell, '93. Winner, Pennell, record 312-8; second, Putnam, record 293-10.

Standing Broad Jump.—Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Plummer, '91; Cutts, '91; H. J.

Chase, '91; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Walter, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 9-5; second, Putnam, record 8-11½.

Pole Vault.—Woodman, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Emery, '92; Wilson, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 8-6; second, Garland, record 8.

Hurdle Race, 120 yards.—Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; H. J. Chase, '91; Howard, '91; Cutts, '91; Pinkham, '91; Plummer, '91; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Wilson, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 16 sec.; second, Putnam, record 17 4-5 sec.

Mile Run.—Neal, '90; Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Nichols, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Cutts, '91; Plummer, '91; Skelton, '92; Little, '92; Buzzell, '92; Sawyer, '92. Winner, Garland, record 5-14; second, Skelton, record 5-15½.

Three-Legged Race—100 yards.—Neal and Hamlen, '90; Garcelon and Woodman, '90; Day and Whitcomb, '90; H. J. Chase and Small, '91; Plummer and Cutts, '91; Howard and Mason, '91; Watson and Pinkham, '91; Skelton and Wilson, '92; Putnam and Little, '92; Sanborn and Wheeler, '92; Sawyer and Emery, '92; Blanchard and Ferguson, '92. Winners, Day and Whitcomb, record 13½ sec.; second, Emery and Sawyer, record 15 4-5 sec.

Knapsack Race, 50 yards and return.—Garcelon and Woodman, '90; Howard and Mason, '91; Cutts and Small, '91; H. J. Chase and Plummer, '91; Skelton and Wilson, '92; Wheeler and Walter, '92; Putnam and Little, '92. Winners, Garcelon and Woodman, record 21¼ sec.; second, Putnam and Little, record 22 4-5 sec.

Half-Mile Run.—Neal, '90; Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Nichols, '90; Cutts, '91; Howard, '91; Pinkham, '91; Little, '92; Skelton, '92; Buzzell, '92; Sawyer, '92; Emery, '92; Walter, '92; Plummer, '91. Winner, Emery, record 2-20½; second, Garland, record 2-37.

Mile Walk.—Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Nichols, '90; H. J. Chase, '91; Cutts, '91; Skelton, '92; Little, '92; Emery, '92; Wheeler, '92; Sawyer, '92; Blanchard, '92. Winner, Skelton, record 8-42; second, Little, record 8-50½.

220-Yards Dash.—Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Little, '92; Wilson, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 25 sec.; second, Putnam, record 27 sec.

100-Yards Dash.—Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Pinkham, '91; Plummer, '91;

Small, '91; Putnam, '92; Wilson, '92; Emery, '92; Walter, '92; Winner, Garcelon, record 10 3-4; second, Putnam, record 11 1-5.

2-Miles Go-As-You-Please.—Neal, '90; Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Woodman, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Nichols, '90; Hamlen, '90; Skelton, '92; Little, '92; Sawyer, '92; Buzzell, '92; Emery, '92. Winner, Skelton, record 12-40; second, Garland, record 13-30.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Rev. G. S. Ricker has resigned the pastorate of the Olivet Congregational Church, Kansas City, Mo., to accept a renewed call to the Church of the Redeemer, St. Louis, Mo.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Bath, had a very pleasant vacation in Europe last summer.

'73.—C. B. Reade, late clerk of the Senate Committee on Commerce, of which Senator Frye is chairman, has been promoted to the position of Deputy Sergeant of Arms of the Senate.

'81.—W. J. Brown, who was obliged to resign his position as principal of the High School at Sauk Centre, Minn., last year on account of serious ill health, and remove to a warmer climate, is able to commence teaching again, and has been elected Professor of Normal Science in the U. S. Grant University, Athens, Tenn.

'81.—H. E. Coolidge was admitted to the Androscoggin bar at the Supreme Court, October 1st, after a long and thorough examination. Mr. C. was complimented by the Court upon the excellence of his examination and with just reason.

'81.—Rev. F. E. Emerson is pastor of the Congregational Church at Madison, Minn.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard has retired from the New Britain (Ct.) *Daily Herald* and will devote his attention to the introduction and sale of the new explosive called "extralite," in which he is much interested. During his two years' editorial connection with the *Herald*, the circulation of the paper was nearly doubled. Mr. B. will reside in New York, and his address for the present will be 348 West Fifty-sixth Street.

'86.—A. H. Dunn, principal of the High School at Fairplay, Colo., was married September 5th, to Miss S. P. Littlefield of Alfred, Me.

'86.—Rev. H. C. Lowden, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Canton, Me., was married September 6th, at the Free Baptist parsonage, Belmont, N. H., to Mrs. A. F. Lowden of Mechanic Falls, Me.

'86.—H. M. Cheney has been appointed, by the governor and council of New Hampshire, Auditor of the State printer's accounts.

'87.—J. Bailey is at Yale Theological School.

'87.—Miss C. R. Blaisdell has accepted the position of assistant in the High School at Nashua, N. H.

'87.—I. Jordan is at Yale Theological School.

'87.—R. Nelson is at Yale Theological School.

'87.—S. S. Wright has engaged to remain at Gardiner, as principal of the High School, for three years at least, at a salary of \$1500, as the direc-

tors were anxious to secure his services for a definite time.

'88.—A. C. Townsend is at Yale Theological School.

'88.—W. L. Powers has returned to Fort Fairfield, as principal of the High School, with an increase of salary.

'88.—George W. Snow is principal of the Hale High School, Stow, Mass., at a salary of \$800. This is his second year there.

EXCHANGES.

The *Elevator*, *Lantern*, and *Chronicle* appear in an enlarged and much improved form. We congratulate them on this and the corresponding improvement of the subject matter as well.

The *Chronicle* makes no great claims as a literary publication, and is therefore of more interest to the students of the University of Michigan than to others. It contains a well-written sketch of one of their professors, and a short editorial column. The rest is composed of purely local matter with the exception of the exchange column. Under this head some intercollegiate news is given, but none of the comments on other papers that more properly fill this department.

The pages of the *Elevator* contain three strong articles on the position of the negro in the south. There seems to be an inclination to paint the case in rather lurid colors, but some of their points are unanswerable. The

discussion of Romanism and the negro is worthy the consideration of every Protestant North and South. It has in it that true ring that only a crying need calls forth. Romanism will receive the black man and make of him a powerful weapon, if Protestantism stands idle by doing nothing but repelling him from its doors.

The literary department of the *Lantern* well deserves the name. The first article is an appreciative study of the philosophy of Epictetus. After a brief outline of his life, follow concise statements of the great truths he taught, illustrated by carefully chosen passages from his writings, that show him worthy of the place Farrar gives him among the seekers after God. The next is an outline one would hardly look for in a Western paper of the historic town of Concord, Mass. Its history and scenery are made a pleasing background for the drawing of those leaders in American literature which give Concord its greatest title to fame. Its good local and editorial columns make it an exchange always welcome.

Two new exchanges are the *Baltimore City College Journal* and the *Owl*. The former contains a large number of short readable articles. One page is devoted to the societies. In parallel columns, the advantages of each are set forth as a bait to the wary Freshman. We wish for each society such success as it merits. In the latter, the length of the articles is such that comparatively few will take the time to read them. It is otherwise a creditable and pleasing publication.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Hon. Seth Low, of Brooklyn, has been elected President of Columbia College.

Elisha B. Andrews, D.D., LL.D., is the new President of Brown University.

Professor Pickering, of Harvard, will conduct a party to South America to observe the total eclipse of the sun December 22d.

Professor Todd, of Amherst College, is to lead the government expedition to southwestern Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun on December 22d.

The Freshman class at Yale is unusually large. There are 230 in the Academic and 150 in the Scientific department.

The higher institutions of learning in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, as also Italy, have become co-educational.

Professor Richards, of Yale, having examined the records of 2,425 students finds that the athletes fall very slightly behind the non-athletes in scholarship.

H. M. Johnson of the professional athletic association lowered the one hundred yard record to $9\frac{3}{4}$ seconds recently at Denver.

Wellesley College has erected a new art building which it will soon dedicate. There is a gallery in it which is said to be fine and was built for the reception of the Stetson collection of paintings recently presented to the institution.

President Upton, of Brown University, was recently invited to join the

Astronomical expedition to Africa to observe the next total solar eclipse, but declined in order to perfect the plans for the new observatory.

Mrs. Garfield has given \$10,000 to the new Garfield University to be founded at Wichita, Kansas, in honor of the late President.

Union College has this year entered a class of over sixty Freshmen, together with several additions to the upper classes. Among the number of Freshmen is Allen W. Wright, of Indian Territory, son of the former chief of the Choctaw nation, the Rev. Allen Wright, who himself graduated at Union in 1852, under the presidency of Dr. Nott. This is the third son he has sent to Union. One is now a minister among his native people. Another is a "medicine man," and the youngest aspires to the law.

POETS' CORNER.

TO A STAR.

By P. P. B., '91.

In the deep blue heaven shining
Keeping watch o'er earth and sky,
When the golden sun, declining,
Sets in glorious majesty.

Tell me, sentry of the ages,
With thy silvery armor on,
Dost thou know the sacred pages
That have grown so pale and wan,

All the hidden past revealing
Since the earth began to roll,
All the future dark unsealing
Opened to thee as a scroll?

Looking up in adoration
Of thy calm majestic face,
Millions, since its first creation,
Of the noblest of our race

Have beheld thee brightly shining
When the daily tasks were done,
And the sun, his throne resigning,
His appointed course had run.

And alike, thy glory sharing,
All the holy saints of old,
Love and honor to thee bearing,
Blessed thy beaming face of gold.

And when all the stars of morning
Echoed back the angel's song
Then thy beams, the Christ adorning,
Shed a holy light and strong.

Still o'er earth thy light is streaming,
Bright in every beam and ray;
Still thy face is on us beaming
When the daylight fades away.

O'er the farthest pole descending
Over every land and sea,
Light and truth in peaceful blending
Come to own thy majesty.

Still, oh sentry, still watch o'er us,
And the night and morn between;
To the ages still before us
Let thy glorious face be seen.

Till between the earth and heaven
Loud the trump of God shall sound,
Then, thy bonds asunder riven,
Thou shalt rest in peace profound.

FAIRIES OF FRAGRANCE.

By ERIC, '90.

Cradled in lilies and rocked in the roses,
Borne on the wind's wings through sweet-
breathing airs,
Dancing in sunlight, dreaming in moonlight,
Fairies of fragrance come, lightening our cares.

Memories they bring us of glad hours forgot-
ten,
With fair youthful fancies our senses assail.
Whispers the rose-elf with fondest appealing
Once we were friends. Shall our friendship
now fail?

Back at your old home, I grew in your child-
hood
Floated beside you in all of your ways;

Thence I have come to knock at your heart's
door
To brighten your fireside and sweeten your
days.

Thus every flower, breathing its odor,
Is sending a fairy to somebody's breast,
Laden with messages from the dim past land
Lulling the care-driven spirit to rest.

THE HILLS OF SONG.

The land is wide, the way is dark,
No light to guide, no stone to mark,
And night and day there's a weary throng
That presses in vain toward the hills of song.

And happy he who hears afar
A melody free or sees a star,
That shows the path or that urges along
His weary march toward the hills of song.

And best are they who toil and sing
And hope for day, their voices ring
With words to cheer when the way is long,
"While singing we're reaching the hills of
song."
—Ex.

AT THE FALLING OF THE LEAF.

When the maize has ceased its growing
And the farmer finished mowing—
Safely housed the hay and sheaf,
When his labor hard though pleasant
Brings each frugal, honest peasant,
Gifts that take from toil its grief;
Void of fear and without madness
But with wonted rustic gladness,
That so weans the heart from sadness,
He espies the falling leaf.

When the lark and blackbird turning,
And the chill, north winter spurning,
Fly afar o'er rock and reef—
When the first frost of the season
Gives to them a seeming reason
To conclude their time is brief,
Sweet they sing a note of parting
Ready are they each for starting
Swift to southward all are darting,
At the falling of the leaf.

—Ex.

POT-POURRI.

I toss the ball up high in air,
I grasp my racket tightly,
I am a tennis player fair,
I'm pretty, plump, and sprightly.

The ball descends, my racket falls,
And strikes against it fairly,
But that old net stops all the balls;
I get one over rarely.

I never get a single point,
'Twould cost me too much trouble,
But twist my frame all out of joint,
And serve a useless double.

I am a tennis player fair,
My heart is sorrow-laden;
I double, but I never pair,
For I'm a college maiden.

—Ex.

A woman in the waiting-room of the Third Street depot the other day had a great deal of trouble with one of her two children—a boy of seven or eight—and a man who sat near her stood it as long as possible and then observed: "Madam, that boy of yours needs the strong hand of a father." "Yes, I know it," she replied, "but he can't have it. His father died when he was six years of age, and I've done my best to get another man and failed. He can't have what I can't get."—Ex.

MAYBE YOU'VE NOTICED.

I caught a string of beauties
Up on the North Fork to-day,
The finest trout that were e'er pulled out—
But the biggest one got away!

And down in the mill-pond meadow,
The boys that were making hay,
With forks and rakes killed 3000 snakes—
But the biggest one got away!

And so I have heard of liars
Since Ananias' day
There are just a few that receive their due—
But the biggest one gets away!

—Puck.

"Now you're off—watch him—make him throw—he can't pitch—take another yard—that's it, you're safe, r—r-r-r-rh slideslideslidewhatdidItellyou—you're safe of course."—Ex.

I do detest a man that's close,
And furthermore, a-day:
But if a pretty girl is close,
I feel the other way. —Ex.

Grocer—"Take that brat out of here. It's bawled, and bawled, and bawled." Indignant Nurse—"I know it's bald, but it will have hair on its head before you will. Don't cry, baby, he's a horrid, bad man, that's wot he is."

Paddy (to fellow passenger)—"Oi'm siveny years of age, and ivery one o' me teeth as perfect as the day I was born, sor!"—Punch.

"Why are we like Baptists, Evalena?" whispered the engaged Sophomore, in the press coming out of the Art lecture. "I don't know," dreamily breathed the maiden. "Because we have close communion," was the ecstatic solution.—Ex.

"All alone, my dear child? I'm afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He's always at the club when I call." "Yes, mamma, but he's at home at other times."—Ex.

John Ruskin says: "The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things; not merely industrious, but to love industry; not merely learned, but to love knowledge; not merely pure, but to love purity; not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice. . . . What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are."

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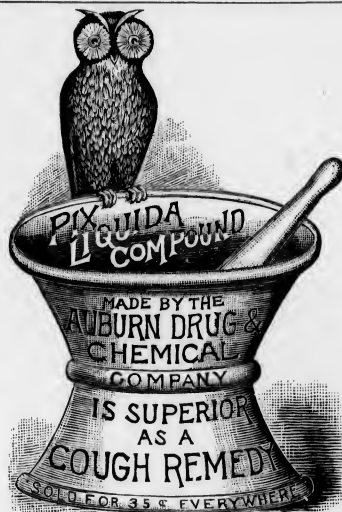
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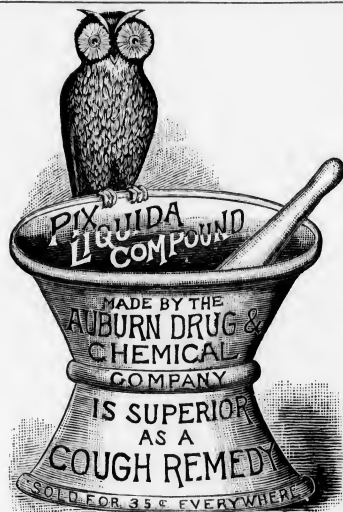
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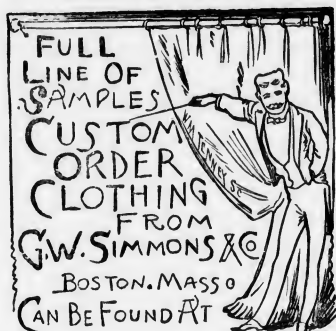
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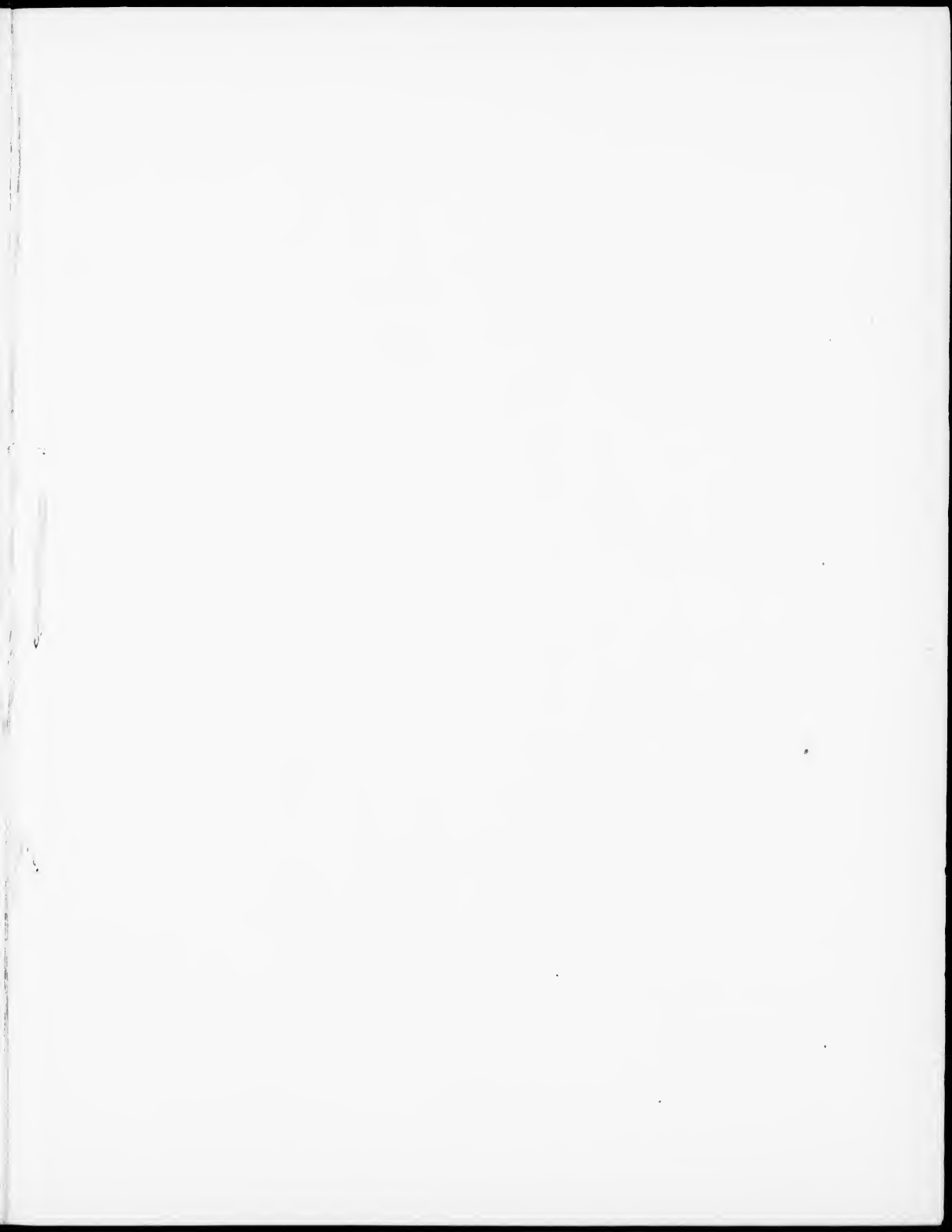
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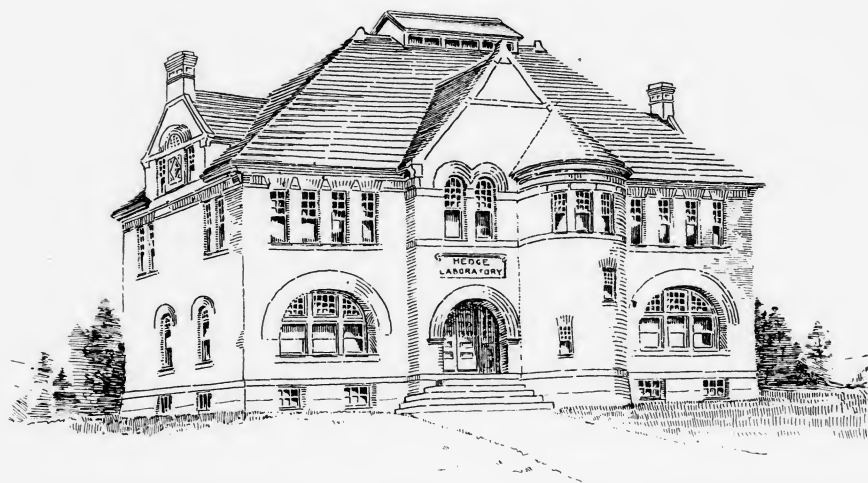
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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

No. 9.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

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A. N. PEASLEE,	G. H. HAMLEN,
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EDITORIAL.

OUR frontispiece this month represents the new chemical laboratory, the Hedge Laboratory, so-called, in honor of the late I. H. Hedge, who furnished the means for its erection. The building is 58x36 feet, is situated at the east of Hathorn Hall and faces the south. It is built of Lewiston brick with a slated roof and trimmings of North Conway granite. Its round-topped windows give to this style of architecture the name of Romanesque, and add much to the beauty of the building as does also the semi-circular tower, ten feet in diameter.

As we enter we find on our left a large airy room for the geological cabinet. On the right is another room nearly as large for a lecture-room with opportunity for performing experiments before the class.

The front of this room, however, is partitioned off to make a small room where may be kept the apparatus necessary for the experiments.

Ascending the winding staircase in the semi-circular tower, we soon find ourselves in the large room designed for individual work in analytical chemistry. This room is intended to accommodate fifty students at work at the same time and takes all the space on the second

floor except a slice taken from the west end for a professor's private laboratory, and one other smaller slice taken off the front at the left of the staircase for entry and cloak rooms.

The building is finished clear to the roof like the gymnasium and is capped by the ornamental ventilator, called a "lantern," which gives more light and air and carries off the noxious gasses. Everything about the upper part of the building is finished in hard wood, ash partitions, ash mouldings, etc., but below, the rooms are plastered, with only a dado of ash about three feet high.

This building is by far the pleasantest at Bates. Its airy rooms and abundant windows make us long for next April when all the work by the carpenters will be done and the work by the students can then be begun.

THERE is a tendency among some students to slight rhetorical exercises. Such never think of learning a declamation or of writing an essay until it is too late to do themselves justice, while others do such work only to get it out of the way; what is the result? One student comes upon the stage and breaks down in the midst of his piece; another speaks and gesticulates without even appearing to know the meaning of his words or to feel the force of his gestures. All is done as if he were a speaking automaton wound up to run a few minutes. Essays containing a jumble of distracted thoughts are handed in to the professor. This is wasting one of the most important opportunities of the college course. The ability to express thoughts clearly and

forcibly, either in written or verbal language is the one great thing all should strive to obtain. Such a power will enable the student to make the best use of his knowledge. Indeed, every one who is an earnest student and has the elements of true manhood in him, want to make the best use of all he learns. Is this your earnest desire? then attend earnestly to those things that will help you most to accomplish your desire. Regard rhetorical exercises with care and always try to do your best.

ONE of our professors has well said that a taste for reading must be acquired before leaving college, if at all; and that if it is not, one of the chief sources of pleasure is cut off. How then is one to read in order to acquire a taste for what is now irksome? There are two extremes to be avoided. Reading only what compels interest gives diversion merely and will never cultivate the taste. Reading only what is abstruse and philosophical is equally narrowing though it makes the mind more thoughtful.

There is a safe middle course in which every student should direct his thought and broaden it. The most powerful factor in this is reflection on what has been read. If the reader of fiction will look for the poetry and philosophy which every good novelist weaves into his work, and will consider how they are also found in every-day life, he will soon learn to admire them for themselves as elements of that life. He can then read more abstract writings and supply from his own mind the necessary connection with men and

things. Let the reader of the abstract look for the flesh and blood in his reading and give it some vital connection. He will then see how one-sided his view has been and can begin to appreciate a more comprehensive literature. In short, let any one try to grasp all the lines of thought in any really valuable book and he will see how it reaches out to interweave with all others. He can no more consider himself a well-read man, who is confined to a few essayists and poets, than he who finds pleasure in nothing but a novel. Begin with books that have some element of interest to you and look carefully for other lines in which you may develop an interest. For the next book, take a work on some of these new lines. It will at first command attention for its connection with a familiar topic and will soon be regarded for itself as a basis for still other lines.

STUDENTS have often been exhorted in our columns to have right motives, earnestness, independence, etc., but never, to our knowledge, have they been exhorted to have this thing—a fountain-pen. Yet this is a thing that every student should have, especially here at Bates where so many of our lectures are dictated and are taken down by the student word for word. They are thus reliable and valuable for reference. Many of them will be useful in after years, and even while Seniors and Juniors we find ourselves looking through our Freshman and Sophomore note-books to find out something about the “hundred greatest men” or

the “hundred best books.” No one who has any writing to do can fail to be benefited by the lectures on Rhetorical Invention given us in the Junior year. Yet who cares to try both eyes and patience over one of these lectures written dimly with a lead pencil and so rubbed that the whole page is of a uniform gray color? What is worth keeping *at all*, is worth keeping *well*.

We should not be behind the literary men of the middle ages who went about with their ink-horn fastened to their waist, when we can have our ink-horns in the top of a fountain-pen and carry it all in one pocket. With a fountain-pen a lecture can be written plainly with ink in a note-book when dictated, thus giving more ease to the hand and more rest to the jack-knife, as pens never have to be sharpened. To be sure, some students copy their lectures, but this takes twice as long; others *intend* to copy them and so put their penciled sheets away in “a safe place” where they do not get lost for perhaps a week or two; but many a student writes his lectures on sheets from a block, puts the sheets in his coat-pocket and goes his way, forgetting all about them. A fountain-pen and a good note-book will save all this time, trouble, and loss. You have pen, ink-bottle, and pen-wiper all in one and can use it for letter-writing, taking notes, copying,—in fact for everything. But most of all do we who are Seniors, as we look back over our dim, rubbed note-books, feel like saying to the Freshmen, “Keep your lectures in good shape; they may be very useful to you.”

WE have at last tasted the joys and pains of foot-ball. Our defeat, however, may be but the signal of victory when next we meet our neighbors between the goals. Such things have happened within the annals of history.

College athletics must receive due attention, foot-ball as well as the rest. There is the will, the spirit, and the backbone in Bates to make a strong foot-ball team. All we need is the "stick to it" and the practice. Foot-ball like base-ball has a place, and one of its places is in the Maine colleges. It is said that in college life a man gets his rough corners knocked off and is smoothed up generally. If this be true, there seems to be no way of accomplishing this quicker than by foot-ball, for if any corners stick out much, one game is usually enough to rub them down or knock them off. Man matched against man is the rule of the game. Sometimes, however, he finds himself matched against several, at other times there is a human mountain resting on his back. Such is life; sometimes we meet only one trouble, sometimes we are buried beneath them. But it is those who show the most determination and put forth the greatest effort who finally gain the goal.

This "never-say-die" spirit is what a man most needs in the world. We say, then, go into the game of foot-ball, play it like men, not brutes; develop the spirit which meets difficulties with a determination to conquer, and Bates may yet have the champion foot-ball eleven.

THE student not intending to teach a winter's school may ask, "How shall I spend the vacation?" There are, to be sure, ways enough in which he may employ his time, but the energetic student wishes to pursue the course that shall yield the most benefit. Then there are two things, at least, to which he should give attention—physical needs and reading. After a term of hard, earnest work, the body needs to be aroused from its inaction and filled with renewed vigor and strength. There is nothing better for this than rambling on the hills, in the fields, and through the woods. Such tramps send the blood coursing through the system, rests, strengthens, and invigorates the whole body. An educated mind in a sound body is what you want; for upon this depends, in a great degree, your practical success in life. Beside this you may do a great deal of reading. There is no better chance for this than vacation. It is reading that "maketh a full man." The man who goes through college with little reading is a great deal like the half-painted picture on the artist's canvas. Both are unfinished. Take hold, then, of these two things—read, that you may become well informed, and ramble in the open air that your mind may work in a sound body.

◆◆◆

In the midst of a heavy northeast gale and a high sea, in Chicago, October 24th, the Evanston life saving crew, composed of students of the Northwestern University, rescued the lives of twenty-nine seamen and one woman.—*Ex.*

LITERARY.

AT EVENTIDE.

By G. B., '91.

The short midwinter's day was done, and
through

The silent village street I took my way,
My daily task completed. Far above
The lowlands rose New England's snow-capped
hills.

There lingered still the setting sun's last ray
Upon the loftiest peak, which yet received
No tinge of warmth therefrom, but proudly
stood

In cold and icy splendor, heeding not.
"Thus is it," thought I sadly, "with my life.
I bear a tiny rush-light through the crowd,
Seeking, where'er a sad or weary one
I see, to pierce the darkness of that heart
With some small ray of brightness, and the
warmth

Of kindly sympathy. They heed it not,
Nor see the tiny beam that on them falls.
How useless one small candle, when the sun
Sends forth its brilliant rays of light in vain."

Thus mused I sadly till I reached my home.
But when the evening meal was over, and
The flickering firelight cast upon the wall
Fantastic shadows, while the lamp's soft shine
Broke up the darkness of the night, I drew
A quaint old volume of forgotten tales
Down from its shelf, and read this legend of
A by-gone age.

In Corinth—called of old
"The eye of Greece"—there dwelt an aged
man,

To whom resorted men from every clime,
For he surpassed in wisdom all who dwelt
In Greece and her fair isles, and had grown
old

In teaching. As he walked one eve beneath
The trees which cast a grateful shade upon
His home, there came a youth, with downcast
look,

To tell of failure in some worthy task
The sage had bidden him perform. No word
Of grief the wise man uttered, but with look
And smile benignant, bade him quickly bring
A ripe fig from the stately banyan tree
That near them grew.

"What seest thou, my son?"
The sage inquired. The wondering boy re-
plied,
"A fig." "Break it, and tell me what thou
seest."
"A little seed." "Break now the seed, and
what
Dost thou behold?" "Nothing," replied the
lad.
The wise man smiled and said, "Where thou
seest naught,
There dwells a mighty banyan tree. The gods
See not as men, and where our work seems
vain
They may behold a mighty tree of good
Upspringing from the seed we sow."

I closed
The book, and looked once more into the night.
The mountain peaks rose dimly 'gainst the sky,
While countless stars unheeded shone upon
Their snow-crowned summits. Yet the stars
ceased not

To shine because unheeded. Why should I
Do less than they? The heathen sage spake
far

More wisely than he knew. "The gods see not
As men." What though I see not day by day
The world grow better for my patient toil?

I'll bear my tiny rush-light through the crowd
With steady hand, nor falter when I see
No spark enkindled by my flame, until
The clearer light of heaven shall show the end,
For at life's eventide, "It shall be light."

JAMES STEERFORTH IN "DAVID
COPPERFIELD."

By J. L. P., '90.

WEAK natures are never self-re-
liant. He who feels himself
incompetent of leadership often seeks
the patronage of another. It was thus
that the young David Copperfield wor-
shipped at the shrine of the idol of his
youth—the handsome James Steerforth.

We see them first at Mr. Creakle's
school, at Salem House, where their
friendship began. The little David,
whose affections had always been more

or less repressed, now poured out his whole soul to his fair, curly-headed room-mate. Steerforth, by his superiority of age, seemed so wise, so all-powerful in the school, and yet so protecting and affectionate, that young Copperfield repaid the interest shown him with something little short of adoration.

Steerforth was David's guiding star. To him David consigned all his store of pocket-money on his arrival; to him nights and mornings he related the contents of various books that he had read. Was not Steerforth too exacting of a sleepy little fellow? Not in David's eyes. For did not Steerforth in return perform his sums for him and protect him from all insults?

We, in the light of his later faults, question whether Steerforth's actions were purely disinterested, or done merely to gratify personal vanity. David is attracted, yes, fascinated, by this warm-hearted youth, whose slightest wish is law. Steerforth recognizes this devotion of David, and glories in it—we will not say maliciously, for none of us can think that of him in his earlier days. But a less pliant nature than David's would have aroused no interest in his school-mate. Perhaps, too,—and it is hard for us to think otherwise,—Steerforth really loved the little fellow, with his affectionate, confiding ways, and returned his confidences spontaneously.

One day, at Salem House, David receives a call from his old nurse's brother, Mr. Peggotty, who brings with him his adopted nephew, Ham. They are rough, but honest, fishermen,

and David's joy at seeing them reaches its bounds when Steerforth, coming in, receives them cordially in his easy, graceful manner. We, too, with David, are pleased to see with what zest he enters into the conversation; with what interest he listens to the description of Mr. Peggotty's house, made from an old boat. He is invited with David to visit Mr. Peggotty's home in Yarmouth, and then the two fishermen depart, carrying with them a pleasant impression of "Mas'r Davy's" school friend.

Their school-days ended and the two friends did not meet for some time. When, accidentally, David did meet Steerforth in the streets of London, his heart beat fast for fear that his old school-mate would fail to recognize him. But Steerforth was the same generous, light-hearted friend. David is invited to Steerforth's home, where he sees him the idol of his widowed mother, and her companion, Rosa Dartle.

Shortly after this, David is warned by his pure-minded friend Agnes Wickfield, against Steerforth, whom she terms his "Bad Angel." She judges Steerforth merely from his influence upon David, and from what she has heard the latter say of him, nothing more; but her woman's penetration is sufficient to perceive the twofold nature within him. But David, blinded by his early love for his friend, will believe no word against him.

We come to the time when the two friends take that eventful trip to Yarmouth, arriving at the very moment when Ham is announcing, in the old

boat, his engagement to the sweet little Emily, Mr. Peggotty's niece.

Steerforth joins as heartily as any one in the congratulations, calls Mr. Peggotty a thoroughly good fellow, and wishes Ham much joy. All the evening he mingles unreservedly in their merriment, telling stories and singing songs, till he has charmed the whole circle. Even bashful Emily, in her little corner by the fire, breaks forth in musical peals of laughter at his merry adventures.

Is it a wonder that David, on his way back to the village that night, felt a sudden shock when Steerforth, in speaking of the honest Ham, said, "That's rather a chuckle-headed fellow for the girl, isn't he?" But seeing Steerforth smile, David thinks he is but joking, and thanks him warmly for entering so heartily into the simple joy of the fishermen.

Steerforth is, for the moment, touched, and calling Copperfield by his favorite name, says, "Daisy, I believe you are in earnest and are good. I wish we all were."

At another time, the thought of the great wrong that he was about to commit seemed to overshadow him, when he said to David, "If anything should ever separate us, you must think of me at my best, old boy."

Gladly would we think of Steerforth in no more unkindly light, but before the unsuspecting reader realizes it, the blow comes. Can we believe that it is Steerforth who has enticed the innocent, too-confiding little Emily from her home? Emily, who is never to return until he has made her a lady; Emily, who left the rough, old uncle

that loved her better than his life; Emily, who left a lover, plain, but with a heart true as steel, for one that was handsome and free, but with a traitor's heart.

Years after, when Emily comes back from foreign lands "a lady," and the mysteries are all cleared, we find that Steerforth had deserted her, and we learn, too, how he had broken the heart and embittered the life of Rosa Dartle.

How much this perfidy and heartlessness were due to his home training we know not; but we may infer that the early indulgences of his mother fostered that self-will and imperiousness which appeared even in his school-days.

His handsome face, his pleasant voice, his fascinating ways,—all proved to be his curse. Better a hundred times, had he never possessed these charms, for then a score of hearts would have been untouched by sorrow.

Let us leave him, then, in the last dark scene of his life, where the angry waves have cast his lifeless body near the home that he has wronged so deeply. There he lies with his head resting on his arm, as he used to do in the old school-days and may we, looking, forget his faults and only "think of him at his best."

LITERATURE AN INDEX TO A NATION'S PROGRESS.

By E. W. M., '90.

WHEN the student turns the pages of a literary work, he looks upon no isolated document but upon a transcript of thoughts, prompted by contemporary or past influences, a medium through which the past speaks to the

present. With this medium he is able to create in imagination the inner man with the moral, social, religious, or political conditions that influences his thought. So, when we look into the whole literature of a nation, we are able to create in imagination the nation itself.

The mere production of literature, however, is not an infallible evidence of national progress. For from the beginning of Imperial Rome down to the middle of the second century A.D., the Roman intellect still flourished, while morality and political importance were rapidly declining. But the literature of this period reveals the slow decline of intellect and the moral degeneracy that destroyed the vigor of the Roman race. One could not possibly obtain a better history of the decline of the Roman empire than the literature of that period.

Now, since we can not depend upon the mere production of literature, we must look to its various kinds, its character, and tendency. The various kinds into which every great literature divides itself, correspond to different moral conditions of the people. The moral condition favorable to heroic poetry is not productive of didactic poetry; nor is the period of drama suited to oratory and philosophy. The literatures of Greece, England, Germany, and France, vividly illustrate this fact. The songs of minstrels in Greece, the early lay poetry of England, the songs of Minnesingers in Germany, and of Troubadours and Trouvers in France were each the forerunners of a more thoughtful kind of

composition destined to follow, when advancing civilization and enlarged experience had given existence to new thoughts and feelings. So in the history of every nation, we find as the moral element developed, that intellectual culture advanced, that literature was gradually assuming a more popular form, and that the people were rapidly advancing in political importance.

Now when we find in a literature this transition from one kind to another, each of a higher standard of morality, do we have an evidence of national progress? Is it the law of nature for a people to advance morally, but decline or stand still politically? No. Moral and political progress go together. Where there is morality there is political importance; and where there is moral degeneracy, there is political decline. Look to Rome. While morality was developing, Republican Rome flourished; but when morality was debased Imperial Rome fell.

There is a wide difference between the literature of a period of national progress and that of a period of national decay. The one looks to the future, the other to the past. The one continually stimulates to nobler actions; the other makes pensive reflection on the past, attacks the present with stinging satire, and hardens against the misfortunes of the times. The literature of Republican Rome is prospective; the Romans then thought only of the present and the future. Their philosophy, oratory, and history, turned the liberal and patriotic mind to the welfare of state, influenced the conduct, and fixed the principles of

men. But that of Imperial Rome is retrospective. The memory of departed freedom gave an air of sadness to the Augustan authors. The Romans now began to live in the past, and to make sad reflections upon the faded glory of mankind.

Every author is in some degree the historian of his own times. Who can read Chaucer and not see England in the fourteenth century? Does not the long line of authors—poets and prose writers—from Chaucer to Tennyson form a complete history of England for a period of five hundred years? Gibbon could draw the materials of his great work from no other source except the literature of Rome.

Thus we find literature is a nation's record. In it we can trace progress or decline. When we find, on studying a literature in the order of its production, that the successive forms each belong to a higher moral condition; that each is the fruit of a more advanced civilization, and that the trend of the whole is "onward," then we may conclude the nation that produced it is a nation of progress.

OLD MEN AT THE FRONT.

By E. F. S., '90.

A CALENDAR was published this year that has had a large sale. It is the "Authors' Calendar"—so called from the group of popular American authors pictured upon it, gathered around a table and lighting up the calendar with their kindly faces as their work lights up the libraries and hearts of every true American family in the

land. On the left of the table sit Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier; on the right, Hawthorne, Holmes, and Emerson. These have been our instructors in literature for the past thirty years. Now we are beginning to appreciate them. We are giving them the honor rightly due. Hear it from the lips of the Longfellow statue; hear it from the pens of our best writers.

Are they young men who have just reached their one score years and ten and are making a stir in the world?

Turn to England. Behold a fine old man felling a stately oak. Again behold him as he stands in the House of Commons pleading the wrongs of Ireland while all England listens. This is Gladstone, the "grand old man" of the nineteenth century who cuts down trees for exercise, reads Homer for recreation, but for work, he molds the world.

Abreast with Gladstone walks Bismarck. In statesmanship, his equal, in diplomacy his superior—the peacemaker of all Europe.

Thus we see that the prominent men of our own time are not only old men but they are doing their best work in their later years. This is what the world needs. Plenty of genuine, ripe fruit from the trees of knowledge, culture, and experience is most wholesome.

Now turn the reflector at a little different angle and send the light back, back through the dark ages, till it shines upon the faces of some of the great men of former times. We shall see that the great man is the man with a great purpose. We read: "By faith,

Moses, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, . . esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.' Great was the eloquence of Demosthenes but his patriotic purpose was greater.

It was Wickliffe's philanthropic purpose that made the Bible what it is to us to-day.

As with Moses, Demosthenes, and Wickliffe, so with Washington, Lincoln, and Gladstone. Each had some noble end in view.

Geologists tell us that the path of a prehistoric glacier may often be traced by the boulders left along its way. So these great men are the boulders that mark the course of that mighty glacier, civilization. On the surface of each is ground the word, purpose. To be at the front, *i. e.*, to be great, one must realize his purpose. How can he do it? By calm, quick eye, by level head, by talents, and by firm, sound judgment.

But these qualities do not come for the asking. They take time. The ovary of an apple blossom contains all the rudiments of the mature fruit, but how much would an apple of that kind be worth? It must grow. So young men possess valuable qualities, but undeveloped. Until one's own ideas are settled he can never expect to be a successful leader of others. Alcibiades, the young man, sent Athens on a foolhardy and disastrous expedition against Syracuse. Alcibiades, the old man, was a valuable adviser to the Athenians.

But let not the young man despair

because he cannot be great at thirty nor President at thirty-five. It gives him more time to improve. He has four strikes instead of three.

As the years roll on, things grow better and better adapted to having old men at the front. The general no longer rushes furiously against the enemy at the head of his troops, urging them to heroic deeds by his own bravery. But now he plans the campaign beforehand, and by the orderly manipulation of troops and arms he gains the victory. Civilization becomes more quiet, more even. Not war now but reason gains the end desired. And much depends upon the state of a country. France, at the beginning of this century, was hot-headed and bloodthirsty. She produced a Napoleon. England, at the present time, is cool and reasonable. She has brought forth a Gladstone. America, the queen of nations, the loyal lover of the stars and stripes, is young yet. But her sons are growing; they walk with firm step; they hold their heads proudly aloft; and may the twentieth century find Columbia's old men at the front!

A SNOW STORM IN THE COUNTRY.

By A. A. B., '91.

WHAT can be drearier than the landscape that Autumn has forsaken. Her once brilliant leaves are scattered, brown and sear, over the frozen earth. The forests bare and silent echo not one merry note of their summer denizens. Fields, that a short time ago were waving their golden-

heads of barley are now an unsightly plot of stubble. The fences wearied by their summer's toil of keeping the refractory sheep from the scented clover, now lie stretched at full length on the earth. The meadows, in sorrow for their faded flowers, have put on mourning, and only a few bare stalks have enough courage left to stand upright. The solitary farm-house crouches, dull and gray, under its gaunt, waving elms.

Who but the veritable king of fairies would undertake the transformation of such a scene? Who but the Snow King could make the earth once more a scene of beauty? The Sun has already abandoned the fruitless task and retraced his steps to more genial lands. But the Snow King well knows his power. Across the leaden sky are seen fleecy clouds flitting from their polar home. These winged harbingers rapidly multiply; and soon, rolling up in solemn majesty, comes the court of the Storm King himself. The serried ranks of his retainers quickly skirt the whole horizon; and, as the wind whistles out the command, the work begins. Charily the flakes come at first as if regretting to find so cheerless a home. Then they come larger and larger until every point of their crystalline beauty is distinct to the careless eye. Untold wealth to the mortal that could preserve those starry gems! But the Snow King is jealous of his treasures and dissolves them under man's too inquisitive touch. The whole company of white-winged fairies are now scattering the gems on the dusky, grimy earth.

Rising and falling in the air, at one moment they place a dunce-cap on the

gate post, then, posing an instant before it, some sportive boxer gives it a whisk and Master Post's head is again bared to the storm.

These little snow fairies are good judges of men. They are heaping the snow in a long, high drift up the path; while Sam, who has an antipathy for work of all kinds, is gazing dolefully out. One frolicking elf whisks a handful of snow against the pane, then the whole train, with a merry whistle and whirl throw up a huge white wave in the track of the road. Their attendants do not supply the flakes fast enough, so they send away, and ranged in a column, sweep the snow from the lawn of the work-loving neighbor and put a graceful curling cap on the steadily rising mound. Often have they heard Sam complaining: "That drift allus follered the line of the road," and so, fickle constant, they endeavor to keep his saying true. Then for the elms!

But wait. People are too inquisitive in watching the transformation and the North Wind and Jack Frost are delegated to shut in the prying eyes. Together they whirl away; the Wind flings an armful of snow against the window and then breathes upon it to tint it a delicate sea-green; Jack paints the other panes with a swift, fanciful brush, and away they go to join the party under the trees.

How ghostly the two lines of elms are with their long tossing branches! The Snow King has ordered a new robe for them and now the little elves are fast at work. They softly lay the crystals on the complaining boughs;

and the trees, angry at the loss of their summer garments, switch their heads and toss the flakes rudely away. Never mind! they are used to that. Plenty of flakes left! Then they whisper to the Wind to bate his breath a moment while they try again. The snow fairies pelt every limb, every twig, with a soft handful and the groaning, grouty old Tree puts on a more amiable face, as he sees on his form a more delicate and varied robe than the one lately mourned. He even holds out his last remaining leaves to receive a covering of the new sparkling treasure. But the sprites have not yet forgiven him for his first obstinacy, and bend his long boughs to the white bank below. Then the workers try their skill at architecture, and dash the flakes against the tall trunks. Let Venice boast of her marble palaces and Greece her sculptured columns. None but the God of Winter ever had a temple like this. The pillars of the long avenue are encrusted with diamonds and overhead is a canopy of vines and flowers all clothed in the same glittering gems. The fairies dance out from their canopy and dash for the pine forest.

Another host has already transformed these into snowy domes; but now the reinforced company bend their energies to make a cave, with the sober old pine for cover and support. What a cozy home for the rabbit that leaps lightly along, stamping his royal signature on the welcome snow at every bound! He clears the drift at the side, and snugly ensconced in his retreat, rubs his downy coat and blinks merrily at the snow fairies to thank them for this home.

The field of stumps where the rude choppers have left a blemish on the landscape next claims their attention. In a moment it is transformed to a park of statues; here and there is the tall peaked hat of an old colonist and hard by the flowing robes of some mediaeval queen.

"What better than a triumphal arch," the elves shout as they scurry away to the birches. The old trees turn paler than ever at the sound. They have bent at the fairies' beck before; and, really, it seems too rough for their stiff joints. Some are too old for such sport. But the mischievous rogues are getting a new zest for their work; and down bows many a supple birch until his head once more touches the earth. What fun! In a moment more he is covered with a coat of snow and his plaintive rebukes are smothered. The oaks and beeches bend their heads together and humbly receive their sparkling burden.

The squirrel peers through the door of his house, and daintily lifting his warm toes, chatters away with the elves, while he lunches on his well-earned stores. The chickadees, with their black caps, hop cheerily about before and ask when their cousins, the snow-birds, may be expected.

All day long the busy fairies work away. The æsthetic Snow King will have no unsightly object left to mar his handiwork. The thrifty farmer's woodpile has become a huge loaf cake; old tumble-down fences are royal glittering hedges; and poor widow O'Brylles clothes-rack is a huge fantastic toadstool, thrifty enough to do credit

to the Carboniferous period, and surely no plant of that age had half its crystalline beauty. The forsaken martin-houses have donned a feathery cap as if to recompense the loss of the summer visitors. The Storm King holds undisputed sway all day long. The fairies have engaged the wind and cold to keep all intruders in-doors until their work is finished. The boy, who, too eager to essay his snow-shoes, ventures to the door, only gets his cap whisked off over the drift and out of sight while the sentry wind slams the door in his face.

But now night is coming on, and the Snow King has agreed to meet all his retinue on Mount Washington this evening. All the North was to be transformed to-day and the King must hear the report from his faithful retainers. So he takes his ice-chariot, sends his airy messengers on again and in an hour has rolled his dark clouds from sight. But the sprites, loth to leave their beautiful work, wait just a moment for their god-mother, the moon, to come and view their latest picture. Soon the rosy streaks on the horizon proclaim her coming. How brightly every tiny crystal sparkles in response to her beams! Then the lingering sprites with one mad frolic bid her good-night and scud away to join the host on the mountain.

White and peaceful lies the earth in the moonlight. Above and below are the bright sparkling stars.

The children blow till their cheeks ache, to clear Jack Frost's beautiful figures from the window, and their eyes grow bright in wonder at the glittering

scene. And many a rough, weather-beaten farmer, as he gazes out before making fast for the night, finds his heart responding to the evening's beauty; feels a warm glow of peace and good-will within him as he enters in his journal this visit of the Winter King.



THE LEGEND OF THE DAPHNE.

By C. W. M., '77.

In the lovely vale of Tempe,
Towards the sea,
Where Peneus flowed and gladdened
Thessaly,

Daphne passed her happy childhood,
Free from care,
Fresh as earliest beams of morning,
And as fair.

Over hill and dale she wandered,
Blithe and gay;
Climbed the hill-sides, there to watch
The sun's first ray;

Saw the fiery horses driven
'Cross the blue,
And behind the western mountains
Pass from view.

Other maidens told her stories
Of their love,
Many a suitor tried in vain to
Worthy prove;

But to none would Daphne listen,—
Light and free
As the breezes of the spring-time,
She would be.

But it chanced, one early morning,
As she stood
On the gentle slopes of Ossa,
Near the wood,

That Apollo stood before her,
Fair of face;
As the newly-risen sunlight
Filled the place.

"Child of morning, I have found thee,"
Then he cried,
"Though thou long hast slighted others,
Be my bride."

Daphne's heart was strong within her,
 And her eyes
 Sparkle with a sudden anger,
 As she cries,

"I know neither love nor bondage,
 I am free,
 And my freedom I will never
 Yield to thee."

Then Apollo's face grew angry,
 And he tries,
 Drawing near, to seize the maiden,
 But she flies.

Over hill and dale and brooklet,
 Light and fleet
 As the falling leaves in Autumn,
 Fell her feet.

Nearer came the swift Apollo,
 Till, at last,
 The brave Daphne's strength and
 courage
 Failed her fast.

Then, as she drew near the borders
 Of the stream,
 With its waters, in the sunlight,
 All agleam,

"Father dear, Peneus, take me,"
 Soft she cried;
 And the river bore her onward
 With its tide.

Then the golden-haired Apollo
 Mourned and sighed,
 That his folly drove the maiden
 From his side.

"Now is gone the light of morning
 From the day;
 Now, alone, I must forever
 Wend my way."

As he spoke, upon the borders
 Of the stream,
 Grew a bush, with clustering branches,
 Evergreen.

And the fragrant, blooming bush keeps
 Daphne's fame,
 For it has, forever after,
 Borne her name.

A PERFECT MANHOOD.

By H. J. P., '90.

WE are creatures of growth. Every generation builds upon the manhood of its predecessor. Concealed in every heart are the forces that have influenced the centuries past and those which will influence the centuries to come. A heart that has ever throbbed to the impulses of truth and right, throbs on forever. Every generation has overcome some evil, but man's conception of right has floated down to us through the centuries like a strain of divine music, sometimes loud, often faint, but always growing sweeter and purer.

Denying progression, not a few point to manhood indexed by the art and literature of Greece and Rome. The height of their culture was, however, only a gilded ambition. We behold a nation rearing colossal domes and life-breathing statues and then spattering them with the blood of their rulers and citizens. Their very conception of greatness caused their destruction. Still from their ruins rose a new dispensation, presenting a higher ideal, a more perfect conception of manhood, and a grander trust in God.

Slowly dawns this new day. Centuries pass with scarcely a ray of light. But gradually its glistening pencils penetrate farther until they play on hauberk and lance and glittering helmet of the crusaders dashing on towards Jerusalem. Through their zealous activity, the cultivation of mind was advanced, higher chivalric orders established, aristocratic fealty broken and a free peasantry attained, the power of the clergy increased, the

standard of womanhood raised. All honor to the crusaders; yet they lacked many qualities for which they fought. A band of Christian soldiers, while marching to deliver their holy city, do not hesitate to burn, to plunder, and to massacre. The knight who sang the virtues of his lady on bloody fields of battle did not spare the honor of the captive maiden. Grossly imperfect, they nevertheless take one of those steps in advance for which nature is constantly preparing.

Born of the crusades, thought growing broader and more comprehensive, made possible two great events that gave a mighty impetus to the advancement of manhood. These were the Renaissance and the Reformation. The Renaissance was a new birth indeed. People began to realize their right to think and demanded the privilege of expressing those thoughts. Manhood began to exhibit itself in science, in art, in literature, and the guardianship of its own soul. Larger grew the demands of the people until they culminated in the Reformation. However much the views of the Reformation differed from truth, they kindled in the human heart, always susceptible of good, a flame that spread over all Europe. Subject to the criticism of centuries, they have come down to us purified and refined. To them we owe our present institutions and that long line of heroes whose souls shine out brightly in the galaxy of noble manhood.

Our history is the victories and not the defeats of the past. Universal peace prevails, larger freedom of thought and

action abounds, a better system of education reaches rich and poor alike, an abundance of pure literature is accessible to all, and the influence of the home is more cultured and refined.

Thus down through the centuries to the present, the prospect of manhood has grown brighter and brighter; but have we reached perfection? Perfection! who can fathom it? What we once considered perfect is such no longer. We have already reached a standard of which the greatest never dreamed two centuries ago, and in like manner, our grandest ideals will live to be commonplace.

God, understanding our need, has given us an example of perfect manhood—the hero of Calvary. To be perfect, then, is to be Christ-like. Shall we ever attain it? I cannot tell, but he who reads history between the lines can take only a roseate view of the future. The past undeniably declares, the right must ultimately prevail. What though nations fall, purer ones will rise from their ruins. What though ages pass, is manhood so slight a thing that centuries may not be given to its development?

In the future, then, lies our hope; in it also lies our responsibility. Live so that all succeeding ages may be inspired to chant the grand symphony of progress. Behold, this is the price of true success; aye, this is the price of eternity—a perfect manhood.

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In England there is only one undergraduate paper published, *The Review*, of Oxford. In the United States there are over two hundred.

LOCALS.

Receptions.

Foot-ball.

Examinations.

Sophomore debates.

"*Cor unum, via una*," is the Freshman motto.

Twelve of the Seniors had a very pleasant trip to the Fabyan House, N. H., October 18th.

A little boy, seeing the Seniors go to the telescope house, exclaimed, "Oh, look! They are going to see Judas!"

W. C. Buck, '87, B. M. Avery and F. A. Weeman, '88, H. L. Knox and W. E. Kinney, '89, have been at the college since the last issue.

Thoughts suggested by Astronomy: Senior Boy (red-headed)—"My 'albedo' is six to two." Senior Girl—"You are real bright, ain't you?"

The Freshman class is the largest ever at Bates. Mr. Jordan, from Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me., makes the present number fifty-two.

The following we clip from the *Lewiston Journal*:

"I predict that within another year the plans will be made and the foundations laid for a splendid library building at Bates College," said a Lewiston man, who usually makes few mistakes.

There is more musical talent in the college now than ever before. The band, newly organized under the leadership of Mr. Irving, now consists of nineteen members. Mr. Irving hopes to make the number twenty.

The following comes from the lips of a disappointed Senior: "Previous

promises probably preclude the present possibility of Polly's presence." We think if he could be disappointed enough, he would rival even Placentius.

Miss B. (reciting in Zoology)—"The organic world is more complex than the inorganic." Prof.—"What do you mean?" Miss B.—"I mean that it has more molecules." Prof.—"You do not mean that, do you?" Miss B.—"Then what do I mean?"

On Monday evening, November 4th, occurred the President's reception to the Freshman class. The weather was fine. Nearly every member of the class was present. The young ladies of the other classes were invited, and all passed a very enjoyable evening.

The Hedge Laboratory is nearly completed. It is the finest of the college buildings. The dedication by the Senior class will occur either at the end of next term or at the beginning of the summer term. Then the laboratory will be occupied for chemical work.

A fine crayon picture of Professor Stanley has been hung in the chapel. How often will that picture remind us of one who was a warm friend of the student and a sincere, devoted man. No one tried to aid the students in obtaining work for vacation more than Professor Stanley.

Some time ago Mr. H. B. Nelson, '90, conceived the idea of establishing a Young Men's Christian Association building on Bates College grounds. This would be an excellent thing. The room now used for religious worship is inconvenient, and not fit for the pur-

poses of the Y. M. C. A. To the accomplishment of this purpose, Mr. Nelson will now give his attention. Towards the sum of \$30,000 he wishes to raise, he has himself given \$100. It is hoped that every one interested in Y. M. C. A. work will aid in this enterprise. The alumni are especially invited to contribute. During the vacation Mr. Nelson's address will be Bates College. He will be glad to receive communications from any one interested in his work.

The base-ball team was entertained by the manager, W. F. Garcelon, at his home, on Tuesday evening, October 22d. On Wednesday evening, October 30th, they were invited to the home of O. J. Hackett of Auburn. Mr. Hackett is very much interested in the good prospect of the coming year's work.

By the manly conduct of the team in the field last year, our nine won the respect of the public. We consider this a greater victory than that of the pennant. The present nine will struggle hard for the pennant next season, but may they also endeavor to maintain the standing of the Bates team in the estimation of the public.

Declamations by the Prize Division of the Freshman class were given at the chapel, Wednesday evening, November 6th. The audience was the largest ever present. The parts, ranging from the ordinary declamation to the dramatic recitation, gave a variety pleasing to the audience. The prize was awarded to Miss Annie Bean of Gray. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Dishonest Politician.—Beecher.

F. C. Watson.

Ingersoll's Speech at Chicago.

Burdock's Music Box.—Anon.

W. M. Costley.

A Flight Against Time.—Tourgee.

B. W. Owen.

Alma G. Bailey.

MUSIC.

What the Train Brought.—British Workman.

Grace P. Conant.

The Lover's Errand.—Longfellow.

Annie Bean.

Eulogy on Webster.—Long.

E. L. Pennell.

An Apostrophe to Water.—Denton.

N. C. Bruce.

MUSIC.

An Appeal to Young Men.—Garfield.

E. A. Crockett.

Hand-Car 412.—Heard.

Ina Gould.

Rhyme of the Duchess May.—Mrs.

Browning.

Mary A. Peabody.

The Shadow of Doom.—Celia Thaxter.

Lelia F. Goff.

MUSIC.

DECISION OF COMMITTEE.

The public meeting of the Euryso-phian Society was held at the College Chapel, Friday evening, November 8th. A crowded house listened to the best musical programme ever given at Bates. The selections were good and all so excellently rendered that no one could help giving attention. The clarinet solo by Mr. Irving could not be easily beaten. The orations showed a great deal of care and deep thought in preparation. In fact all the literary parts showed the earnest work the Society is doing in the literary line. The paper was of a literary character and free from distasteful illusions. The following is the order of exercises:

PART I.

Overture—The Prairie.—P. Bouillion.

Orchestra.

PRAYER.

Solo—Angel's Serenade.—Braga.

F. S. Pierce.

Viola Obligato.

H. V. Neal.

Declamation—Protest in Faneuil Hall.—George William Curtis. J. R. Little.

Discussion—Ought Our Common School System to Include Facilities for Industrial Education.

Aff.—H. B. Davis. *Neg.*—F. J. Chase.

Clarinet Solo—Air Varie II.—E. S. Thornton. A. P. Irving.

PART II.

Recitation—Women All at Sea.

Miss H. A. Pulsifer.

Oration—Repose in Strength. A. N. Peaslee. Viola Solo. H. V. Neal.

Paper. Miss N. G. Bray, Scott Wilson.

Quartette—Let's Dance and Sing.—Wentworth.

F. S. Pierce, K. C. Brown, W. M. Dutton, R. A. Sturges.

On the evening of November 15th the Polymnians held one of their most successful and enjoyable public meetings. The musical parts of the exercises were all very good. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Given, his first solo was omitted. The declamation and recitation were both exceedingly well rendered. The debate was good, especially the argument of Mr. Piper, which fairly bristled with well presented points. The orator showed a sympathetic appreciation of his subject, as well as deep and clearly expressed thought. The lesson of the poet was well given. The paper abounded in keen hits, which were enforced by good reading. The following was the programme:

PART I.

Piano Duet—L'Albarte.—Behr.

Misses Jordan and Fassett.

PRAYER.

Violin Solo—Selected. Fred A. Given.

Declamation—Raynor. W. S. Mason.

Recitation—Annie Laurie.—Phelps.

Miss E. E. Fairbanks.

Duet—Then Turn Thy Thoughts to Music

Soft.—Ingraham.

Miss Fassett and Mr. Stickney.

Discussion—Should Our Government Adopt the Postal Telegraph System?

Aff., N. G. Howard. *Neg.*, H. J. Piper.

PART II.

Violin Solo—Selected. Fred A. Given.

Oration—The Ideal in Nature. C. J. Nichols.

Poem—An Alpine Myth. F. B. Nelson.

Piano Solo—Aufforderung Zum Tanz.—

Weber, op. 65. Miss Fairbanks.

Paper. Miss M. Brackett and A. D. Pinkham.

The following are the officers of the classes for the ensuing year: '90—President, H. B. Davis; Vice-President, F. L. Day; Secretary and Treasurer, Dora Jordan; Chaplain, T. M. Singer; Marshal, F. S. Pierce; for Parting Address, H. J. Piper; Poet, Jennie L. Pratt; Historian, W. F. Garcelon; Prophet, W. H. Woodman; Odist, F. B. Nelson; Devotional Committee, H. V. Neal, F. L. Day, W. F. Garcelon. '91—President, W. L. Nickerson; Vice-President, Miss A. A. Beal; Secretary, Miss Maude Ingalls; Treasurer, A. C. Hutchinson; Orator, N. G. Howard; Poet, Miss Grace Bray; Odist, Miss M. S. Merrill; Prophet, I. W. Parker; Chaplain, G. K. Small; Historian, Miss H. A. Pulsifer; Marshal, F. W. Plummer; Executive Committee, F. S. Libbey, Miss L. M. Bodge, F. W. Plummer; Devotional Committee, H. J. Chase, Miss L. M. Fassett, W. B. Cutts. '92—President, Scott Wilson; Vice-President, V. E. Sawyer; Secretary, Miss V. E. Meserve; Treasurer, A. P. Davis; Chaplain, C. N. Blanchard; Orator, L. M. Sanborn; Poet, E. E. Osgood; Marshal, W. H. Putnam; Historian, V. E. Sawyer; Prophet, A. D. Shepard; Toast-Master, H. E. Walter; Odist, Miss S. E. Wells; Executive

Committee, W. B. Skelton, Miss J. F. King, H. E. Walter; Devotional Committee, E. E. Osgood, Miss S. E. Wells, A. P. Davis. '93—President, J. F. Fanning; Vice-Presidents, F. L. Hoffman, Miss M. G. Wright; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss A. G. Bailey; Executive Committee, Miss C. B. Little, Miss A. L. Bean, M. W. Stickney.

The *Lewiston Journal* of November 9th comes out with a long article headed "Bates Observatory." The prominent citizens ask: "Shall Bates have an astronomical observatory? Shall Lewiston and Auburn be a scientific center in eastern New England?" These were the questions considered in a meeting at the Lewiston Board of Trade rooms, Friday evening, November 8th. To give an idea of the public interest in the establishment of an astronomical observatory by Bates on Mt. David, as exemplified in the meeting, we can do no better than to clip the following items from the *Journal*: "The Board of Trade believes that Lewiston would be benefited financially, educationally, and in point of standing among the cities of America by the founding of an observatory at Bates College; nearly every man present was ready and anxious to help; the ladies are interested and pledging their help; it is the duty of every man, woman, and child in these two cities and in Androscoggin County to make certain this grand project, for it is to educate the youth of coming generations and to more firmly establish in prosperity one of the noblest schools of learning in America." At the close of the meeting a committee of nine

was chosen to draw up subscription papers and circulate them for securing the amount required to meet the conditions upon which the gentleman in Boston makes his liberal gift. Though the deficiency does not exceed \$4,000, yet a proposal was made that it would do no harm to raise \$5,000. Many subscriptions have already been made, and the deficiency will soon be met.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'68.—G. C. Emery.—The "Academic Algebra" of Bradbury and Emery is having marked success. It has been introduced by Phillips Andover Academy and Roxbury Latin School. The Boston Text-Book Committee and the Cambridge High School have recommended its adoption.

'70.—C. E. Raymond is editor of the *Bristol Herald*, Bristol, Conn.

'71.—Hon. J. T. Abbott, United States Minister at Bogota, has forwarded to the State Department at Washington a long paper on the commercial relations of Columbia with the United States.

'72.—Rev. F. W. Baldwin has resigned the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., to accept a call to the Trinity Congregational Church at East Orange, N. J.

'77.—Miss J. R. North has resigned her position in the Rockland High School, to accept a situation in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'77.—G. H. Wyman, Esq., of Anoka, Minnesota, is County Attorney of Anoka County.

'78.—Dr. F. H. Bartlett is director of the Physical Department in the Thirty-third Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in New York.

'80.—W. H. Judkins, Esq., of this city has been appointed by the Governor one of the committee under the resolve of 1889 relating to the removal of the Maine State Prison.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox, M.D., and wife, of Princeton, Minn., have a daughter, born October 17th.

'81.—C. S. Cook, Esq., of Portland, was married October 23d to Miss Annie J., daughter of the late Hon. Isaac Reed of Waldoboro.

'81.—Rev. F. C. Emerson is pastor of the Congregational church at Madison, Minn.

'81.—Hon. W. T. Perkins has been elected Superintendent of Schools of the County of Burleigh, North Dakota.

'84.—D. L. Whitmarsh, principal of the High School at Lisbon, has received from his pupils a fine copy of Shakespeare's complete works. Mr. W.'s work as a teacher is very highly appreciated by the patrons of the school.

'85.—Rev. E. B. Stiles, missionary in India, has given, in a recent letter to the *Morning Star*, an interesting description of his new home in Midnapore. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stiles belonged to the class of '85.

'86.—C. E. B. Libby, of Locke's Mills, has been elected President of the Oxford County Educational Association.

'86.—E. D. Varney, principal of Bryant School, Denver, Col., is to have a new school building which "will rank," says a local paper, "among the

very best of Denver's school structures." Denver is noted for its magnificent school buildings.

'86.—Rev. F. W. Sandford has closed a three years' successful pastorate of the Free Baptist church of Topsham.

'87.—H. E. Cushman, of Tufts Divinity School, preached Sunday, November 10th, in the Elm Street Universalist church of Auburn.

'87.—F. W. Chase, principal of the high school at Belfast, has been elected President of the Young Men's Christian Association recently organized in that city.

'87.—Miss L. E. Stevens has been appointed Librarian of the Women's Reading Room in Lewiston.

'88.—A. E. Thomas has accepted the principalship of Austin Academy at Strafford Ridge, N. H.

'89.—E. L. Stevens is principal of the high school at Absecon, N. J.

'89.—A. E. Hatch was married to Miss Helen M. Jordan of Lewiston, October 22d, by Rev. L. S. Williams.

STUDENTS.

The following is a list of the addresses of some of the students who intend to teach during the winter vacation:

	'90.	
H. V. Neal,		North Turner.
C. J. Nichols,		Winthrop.
A. N. Peaslee,		Ashby, Mass.
W. F. Garcelon,		Wells.
	'91.	
A. C. Chapin,		West Harpswell.
W. B. Cutts,		York.
F. C. Emrich,		North Haverhill, N. H.
F. S. Libbey,		Locke's Mills.
F. L. Pugsley,		Chebeague Island.
C. R. Smith,		Wells Branch.
N. G. Howard,		West Southport.

'92.	
C. N. Blanchard,	Swan's Island.
'93.	
W. C. Marden,	North Troy.
C. C. Spratt,	Deer Island.
W. D. Jordan,	Willimantic.
L. E. Moulton,	East Madison.

EXCHANGES.

Many of our exchanges come laden with the usual weight (?) of shallow, love-sick jingles, falsely called poetry. It has no real sentiment as its foundation and is therefore weak and inane. Why college students should conceive and publish such wordy nothings is a mystery. An occasional real poetic thought is doubly valued for its rarity.

The *Brunonian* has done much toward raising the standard of college verse. One incentive for drawing out the poetical faculties of the students is the prizes that are yearly offered in that department. Many other valuable features make it an always welcome exchange. We can heartily second the following from its editorial column, having been made familiar with the plaintive appeals to which it calls attention :

If a college paper cannot command support, it is probably unworthy of support. Editorials, week after week, on the obligation of college men to their representative journal are infrequently productive of any considerable good; it is only when the paper shows itself alive to the needs of its constituency, and manifests a disposition to supply those needs, that it can confidently hope for substantial returns. More than one college journal comes out of a great city printing office with little to please anybody but a printer. Somehow, these papers seem to have no appreciation of what should be their *raison d'être*; apparently

the editors are weary of their official positions and continue in office since it is almost easier to remain than to resign. They should come to realize that they are their college's representative at other colleges, and be inspired straightway with the idea of their responsibility.

The *University* is received this month for the first time. It has an excellent portrait of the Hon. Seth Low, President-elect of Columbia College, and a short account of his life. There are also two full-page engravings of college buildings, and one of a scene from the "Electra" as it was presented at Boston last spring. A number of columns are devoted to the athletic interests of our larger colleges, as must be the case with a paper designed to interest the different institutions. There is also a thoughtful article on "The Religious Element in American Colleges," which considers carefully and well the cause, condition, and remedy of collegiate irreligion. We quote a little in regard to its remedy :

Let each college have its chaplain. He should be neither a young graduate nor an old gentleman in feeble health. He should be of mature years, and his sole duty in college should be to act as chaplain. He should be paid as well as any professor, with a salary only second to that of the president. He should reside in a comfortable house on or near the college grounds, and be able to entertain with simple but abundant hospitality. A man thus equipped should be held responsible—not that all wickedness should forever shun the college—but he should know, first, what every boy under his pastoral charge thinks of Christ, and he should understand the condition of life of every undergraduate. Thus informed, he should make himself the friend of all the students. Every student should feel certain that he could go to him in his troubles with absolute confidence.

This is all very well if only that rare

man who has the power of gaining the respect and confidence of college men can be found in sufficient numbers to supply our numerous institutions of learning. A man without that power would be worse than useless in the position.

The *Williams Weekly* fills well the position of the newspaper of the college, leaving the literary work for the *Monthly*. Just now, when foot-ball is being so universally revived in New England colleges, these foot-ball "don'ts" may be of interest and certainly command the sympathy of Bates men for their gentlemanly tenor and manly grit.

Don't under any circumstances lose your temper, and never strike a man however provoking or brutal he may be—to strike is to show temper, to show temper indicates loss of coolness; loss of coolness loses the game.

Don't forget your home training has been refining and gentlemanly.

Don't lose touch of the man opposed to you. Stay with him, bother and worry him, so that to tackle the ball, he must get rid of you.

Don't tackle around the neck—the neck is very slippery and hard to hold—make your effort for his hips.

Don't loiter; get into your place immediately on the ball being downed.

Don't talk; leave your captain to do all the coaching and talking. Your duty is to listen for the signal, and act accordingly.

Don't lag or slacken in your playing, but work hard and continuously until the game is called.



Flattery is an instrument that every man of the world should know how to use. The most cunning and irresistible flattery, at the proper time, is silence. The most skillful flatterer is who listens well.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The class of '93 at Williams is the Centennial class of that institution.

Cornell University was awarded a gold medal by the Paris Exposition for its educational exhibit.

The Senior alumnus of Harvard is George Bancroft, the historian. He belonged to the class of 1817.

Prize competitions, class honors, and the marking system have been abolished at the University of Michigan. Another step in the right direction.

The Junior class at Westminster College, Pa., has chosen the following suggestive motto: "*Nulla musca nobis sunt.*"

The Sophomore class at Wellesley had a hard time electing officers this year. There were fifty-six candidates for president and each candidate had one supporter, which took all the class.

The Harvard Seniors elected McClement Garnett Morgan (colored) as class orator. C. C. Cook (colored), the class orator of the Senior class at Cornell, declines the honor because of the manner of his nomination, refusing to allow the "method of College politics" to be used in connection with his name.

When Canon Farrar visited this country a few years ago he remarked that the graduates of American colleges rank among the very first, and he seems to have been much impressed for he has recently sent his son to Lehigh University to complete his education, after which he will study engineering at the Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y.

POETS' CORNER.

ANACREONTIC.

(From the French of Theophile Gautier.)

O poet, do not fright my love
By ardor's too impassioned flame,
Until it flies, a timorous dove
And leaves me bathed in rosy shame.

The bird that through the garden sings,
Before the least vague sound would flit.
My passion—that is dowered with wings—
Will vanish, if you follow it!

Mute as a marble Hermes cold,
Below the arbor linger here,
And from his bower you shall behold
The bird descending without fear.

And soon your brow shall near it feel—
While breezy waftures charm the sense—
A fluttering of soft wings that reel
In white aerial turbulence.

And on your shoulder, tamely meek,
The dove at last will perch in bliss,
And quaff with his pink, balmy beak
The dizzying rapture of your kiss!

—University.

DEATH.

"Give me but death," I heard a sad heart sigh
Beside a night-black river, and thereby
I knew a poor blind soul, baptized of pain,
A broken lily swept by storm-blown rain,
That, loving good, and seeing not, must cry
"There is no God, and therefore I will die;
Give me but death."

Again I heard an angry voice defy
The living God, and saw one strive to fly
In self-struck death his Maker; but in vain,
For God made Death his everlasting chain;
Through Death's dread halls I heard God's
voice reply
"Man, love thou Life; if thou love not, then I
Give thee but Death."

Christ, will Thy voice ne'er call from out the
sky
Thy wandering sheep within thine arms to lie,
Made pure from sin? Lord Jesus, I am fain
To be with Thee forever, who didst deign
To suffer death, and now dost reign on high.
Lord, Thy great love hath made it gain to die;
Give me but Death.

—Syracusan.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Two bright rain-drops fell together
Toward the summit of a hill:
Happy passage till they sever,
Finding each a separate will.

To this river, to that river,
Each one starts his different way.
"Wait," cried one, "I must deliver
One brief word while yet I stay.

"This dear friendship sure will brighten
All my journey to the sea;
Speak, my friend, and will it lighten
Some small care as well for thee?"

Then came o'er the hill-top flying
Words a few, but none more sweet:
"On your memory I'm relying;
May we in the ocean meet."

—Dartmouth Lit.

NOVEMBER.

I come, alas, unheralded!
The world is sorrowful to see
October's sunset gold and red
Shorn ruthlessly from field and tree;
For it forgets that sunshine lies,
As ever, on these autumn days;
That subtler, deeper harmonies
Group in the gentle morning haze;
That stars are just as thick at night,
And day-skies blue as summer seas;
That life is still as warm and bright,
And love has more than memories!
Ah, friends, believe, I mean no harm;
My heart, like yours, beats true and warm.

—H. R. P., Brunonian.

AN OVERTURE.

A momentary hush, while all is still,
Then it rises, gently sighing
Soft as summer wind, half dying,
Then outswelling, grandly swelling
Upward pours the rhythmic flow;
Faint again the echoes grow
Like the breezes on the hill.

I hear the tones and think of thee,
For the full-toned viols are singing
Songs to thee, and through them ringing,
Comes a minor, sweeter, finer
Tone that meets no ears but mine,
And I know the voice is thine
Whispering low to none but me.

—Undergraduate.

POT-POURRI.

ZOOLOGY.

Oh, Organism of lowest grade,
Thou Gregarina, tell,
Why dost thou vex our mem'ries so,
Thou'rt nothing but a cell (sell).

Oh, jelly-like Amoeba
Of Protozoan pedigree,
An ectosarc and endosarc
Form thy personality.

And thou, who are so near of kin,
Pale Infusoria;
Thy brothers all have silly heads,
But thou hast cilia (sillier).

And fie upon thee, Hydra!
With thy tentacles profuse,
Thou'rt soft, and green, and sensitive,
A jelly-fish obtuse.

To kill the Lernéan Hydra
Proved a task for Hercules;
But Science turns thee inside out
And outside in with ease.

But Science' dearest pet art thou,
Fair Sea Urchin, because
Five pearly wedge-shaped teeth hast
thou
In just as many jaws.

Though the jelly-fish and polyp
Time may from memory drive,
We'll ne'er forget the Urchin,
With its teeth and jaw-bones five.

D. J., '90.

Professor in Greek: "You know, gentlemen, we are indebted to the early Greeks for our conception of the centaur, and yet, hem-in, I have sometimes thought that I recognize pretty well-defined specimens of the half-man and half-horse nowadays, hem-m. Mr. R. you may read."—*Ex.*

"I wish I was a star," said a Cornell Junior dreamily, to a companion. "I wish you was a comet," she replied, coolly, "for then you would come around only once in 1560 years."—*Ex.*

THE SENIOR.

The Senior stood in Psychology class,
Tall and graceful and fair
Earnestly striving, in vain, to pass,
Flunking with sorrowful air.

Physical, psychical, mental and all,
Every power had fled,
Amazing, imposing, astounding his gall,
Burly his frame, big his head.

The Senior sat in Psychology class
Small and humble and meek,
Never again will he think he can pass
By trusting alone to his cheek.

—*Oberlin Review.*

Dear Father, I am well, and am studying hard. We have just reached "Demand" in Pol. Econ. The supply is always equal to the demand. Please send me fifty dollars. Your affectionate son.—*Ex.*

A DIFFERENCE.

When Rome was great
And ruled in state
The nations here below;
The weather-seer,—
'Twas very queer,
Was *augur* then, you know.

But we, to-day,
In blunder way,
Don't smooth the matter o'er;
We speak it out,
And call the lout,
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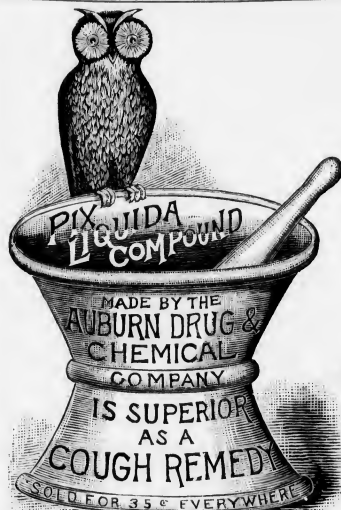
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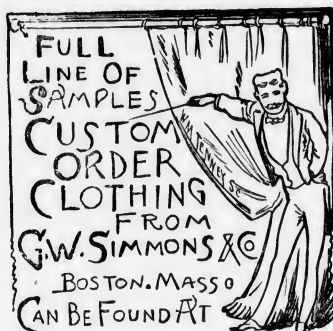
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VOLUME XVII.

THE
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Published by the Class of '90,

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LEWISTON, ME.

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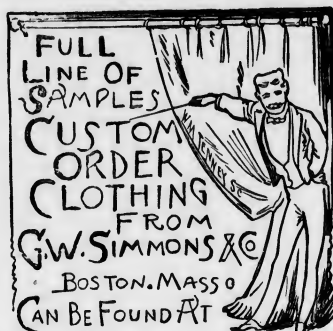
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THE BATES STUDENT

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COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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A. N. PEASLEE, G. H. HAMLEN,
N. F. SNOW, H. B. DAVIS.
H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.
W. F. GARCELON, Associate Manager.

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EDITORIAL.

LET not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as one that putteth it off." It is the last part of this quotation that we as a retiring board of editors take for our text, for with this number of the STUDENT completes the sixteenth year of its age, and we leave our pen, scissors, and paste-brush—yea, and our waste-basket and fire ready kindled upon the hearth—to our successors. It is with a feeling of sadness that we thus leave the familiar sanctum, yet the feeling is not unmingled with satisfaction, for we feel that the STUDENT has gone forth throughout the year a truthful messenger to all our friends; at other college sanctums also it has been a welcome visitor, feeling itself quite at home with Cadets, Orientals, or even with the Echoes.

With a catalogue and the STUDENT before him, the young man about to enter college gets a good composite photograph of the typical Bates man. The catalogue furnishes the idea with a skeleton, the STUDENT clothes the bones with flesh and blood. It gives roundness to the form and a pleasant expression to the face. It even gives to the phantom, thought and voice. The college magazine is almost our only

means of communication with the outside world. It holds a dignified position. It tells of new edifices created because demanded, of improved methods in teaching, and of progress in general. Moreover, like the old Saxon Chronicle, it is the one complete record of all college events. Does an aspiring Sophomore wish to know what great questions have been debated in time past? Let him consult the *STUDENT*. Does some one in the eighteen nineties wish to find how Bates stood in base-ball during the past decade? It is all recorded.

Thus we have endeavored not only to make the *STUDENT* a true-voiced messenger to the world and a faithful chronicle of all events, but we have sought to keep its columns always clean and its standards high. With this farewell to our readers, we bid a cordial welcome to '91. May the *STUDENT* prosper during this Happy New Year.

IT is one thing to understand and believe a truth, and quite another to assimilate it and make it our own. I hold in my hand an apple, round and ruddy; I turn it over and see all parts of it; I press it and find it smooth and hard; I smell it and find it fragrant; I taste it and find it sweet; but it is still outside myself. Finally I eat it, and, through the wonderful process of digestion, it becomes bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, a part of the living, working organism which it helps nourish and build up. So it is with truth, the proper food of the soul. I may examine it as I do the apple; I may see it in all its bearings and assent

to it as true; but until I eat it, digest it, and make it a part of myself, it has no more effect on me than the apple in my hand has on my body. It is for this reason that the kindergarten methods are so successful with children. They are brought face to face with the truths taught, and so are able to grasp them as they could not if they heard them from others or learned them from books. Tell a child that fire will burn, and he may believe you; but let him once touch the fire and he will know it for himself. In the first case the truth believed was outside himself, a detached fragment that did not much concern him; but, when he proved it by touching the fire, it became a reality to him. Through his experience he had assimilated it, and it became wrought into his consciousness as it could be in no other way. Now it is just this intense realization of the truth that we must have, if it is to mould our characters and build us up to noble words and deeds. We must seek it out, come in contact with it, and ponder upon it until it is interwoven with the very fibers of our being. Only so have the men that have moved the world by the truth they have proclaimed, obtained their mighty grasp on those truths. Only so will the truth make us powerful.

A FAITHFUL student takes satisfaction in works passed over. It is right that he should feel something of pride in work faithfully performed. No student should lay aside studies that will make him blush when contemplating the work performed on them.

The value of thoughtful application cannot be overestimated. As with the student so it will be in all his after life. A student who forms the habit of shiftlessly performing work cannot become a successful man. College work is preparatory for life-work, not only in regard to studies but also in habits and method of work. The faithful man, and he only can be the successful man.

THE rhetorical work is counted for one-fourth of the term's rank, and it is fairly questioned whether it receives a corresponding part of the student's time. Perhaps not one could say that one hour from every four devoted to regular study was given to this department. The reason is not far to seek. It is work that can be postponed, that does not require to be done every day, and, more than that, which can be hurried through at the last moment. The inevitable result is superficial work, a surface view of the subject, and imperfectly finished themes,—essays and debates which the student himself might see to be faulty in thought and arrangement, and could profitably rewrite if they were not already overdue.

Does this pay? Is rhetorical work of so slight importance? One would hardly say so. To read the best authors on the subject in hand, to consider it with fellow-students, above all to think as earnestly and consecutively as is in one's power, and to express the results of such thought clearly and forcibly,—to do all this is to cultivate a habit of mind which every college graduate ought to possess but which really few

have acquired. It means hard work, but no real man should shrink from that, and it means big pay as well. It means systematic work, and work in which the student must compel himself to be systematic. It thus has a double value, the training in thinking and writing and the training of keeping one's self at regular work.

METHOD is essential to every one, perhaps less to none than to the student. He who works without method, never has time to do his work. He dabbles first at one thing and then another. At last his duties become so multiplied he cannot possibly attend to them. Then disappear the things that ought to characterize every student's life, promptitude, punctuality, and economy of time. Certainly no one wants to fall into this condition. But how avoid it? Do one thing at a time. Says Lord Burleigh, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once." Never put off what ought to be done and can be done to-day. Follow Franklin's precept, "Resolve to do what you ought, and then perform without fail what you resolve." Such a course secures promptness and economy of time. These are requisites of successful action. It is astonishing to see how much the energetic, prompt, and time-saving business man may accomplish. It would almost seem the more he has to do, the more time he has to devote to outside affairs. It is just the same in student-life. By methodical working and economy of time the student

who has a great deal to do, seems to accomplish it with much less effort than the student who has little to do, but works without method. One thing at a time, economy of time, promptitude, and punctuality. Let these be the elements of your method, let energy characterize every act, and then you will be able to accomplish more with satisfaction than you otherwise possibly could. Follow this course through life and success is assured.

IN words and acts we find our thoughts expressed. First thoughts, then words and acts to express them. What power they have! A single thought may give pleasure or sadness, strength or weakness, kindness or anger, composure or terror. They prompt every act. Yes, they mould our very lives. By them we are known on earth, by them we are judged in heaven. Too great stress cannot be laid on the importance of purity in habits of thought. Our minds are our own, and we have the power to train them to habits of purity and nobleness, or not. How much more ennobling is the mind accustomed to think in paths of purity than the mind prone to grovel in gutters of vulgarity. There is nothing more degrading than a filthy mind. It exerts no influence for good, only for the worse. But the pure mind is a fountain of godliness. Whoever comes in contact with such a mind, feels the presence of something pure and ennobling. Let us, then, keep our thoughts pure. Trifling and indecent conversations are fit pastimes

only for the lowest minds. Let us avoid such and train the mind to dwell on the beautiful, the good, and the pure. Then, like our thoughts, our words and acts will be pure and ennobling.

THE following is the proposal of the American Protective Tariff League for 1890:

The American Protective Tariff League offers to the Undergraduate Students of Senior Classes of Colleges and Universities in the United States, a series of Prizes for approved Essays on "The Application of the American Policy of Protection to American Shipping engaged in International Commerce." Competing Essays not to exceed eight thousand words, signed by some other than the writer's name, to be sent to the office of the League, No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before March 1, 1890, accompanied by the name and address of the writer and certificate of standing, signed by some officer of the College to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful Essays have been determined), marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the Essay. It is desired, but not required, that manuscripts be typewritten. Awards will be made June 1, 1890, as follows: For the Best Essay, One Hundred and Fifty Dollars; for the Second Best, One Hundred Dollars; for the Third Best, Fifty Dollars. And for other Essays, deemed especially meritorious, Silver Medals, of original and approved design, will be awarded, with honorable mention of the authors in a public notice of the awards. The League reserves the right to publish, at its own expense, any of the Essays for which prizes are awarded, and will print the Essay receiving the first prize among its annual publications. The names of the Judges will be announced hereafter.

There is no reason why Bates should not compete as well as other colleges. We hope to see Bates represented next spring.

THE silence of our statesmen on topics which need agitation if not legislation, must truly be a subject of surprise to one who looks upon our government as one working for the best interests of the people at large. The liquor question, which is continually forcing itself into the halls of legislation, both state and general, is met with a rebuff which drives it forth only to again make an attempt at a hearing. Party leaders cry tariff as the leading issue. But tariff is not a party issue. Situation in the country determines the opinions which people hold in regard to this question. The discussion of the tariff we do not cry down as bad in its tendency, but on the contrary as good, yet the question arises as to whether it is the best use of time which could be made, when there are other more important questions. Statesmen attempt to solve the liquor question by high license. But license means compromise, license means permit. The old doctrine that the way to encounter and overthrow an evil is by compromise was long ago exploded. Compromise with evil means for the good to yield all, the evil to yield nothing. The history of Clay's action in this line is an open book for all such would-be statesmen to read.

Again license is permit. It makes crime respectable. Pass a high license law, and even the Vice-President of our country will open a bar in his fashionable hotel, The Shoreham. Not such would have been his action if the law had held liquor dealers as criminals subject to its penalty.

Again the business of brewing liquors is fast passing under the control of foreign companies. What this means is well worth profound thought. What we need is statesmen, who, like Adams, throw aside the ties of party, who stand upon the platform of truth and right, whose watchword is God, whose welfare is their country's.

LITERARY.

NIGHTFALL.

By G. H., '90.

The sun goes down behind the hills;
The courtier clouds don liveries gay;
The sky a golden glory fills,
Then slowly, softly, fades away.

Dun grow the clouds and dark the sky;
The solemn, silent night comes on;
The lights flash out from far and nigh;
For good or ill, the day has gone.

PANSY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By E. F. N., '90.

KIND reader, do not peer too deeply into this little narrative to find some hidden purpose or moral, for we assure you that there is none. Like a stoneless raisin, it is created only for present enjoyment. It may serve to illustrate how trifles often bring about greater results, yet the only thing really in its favor is that it actually happened. Pansy, its heroine, and Pansy junior, as well, are still alive and may be interviewed, if desired.

Without further apology we wipe the ink from our pen and leave the reader alone with the story of "Pansy."

Pansy was always very pretty, and she looked especially so that wintry afternoon, as she sat in the old-fashioned, high-backed rocker, gazing expectantly out of the window. Down the street come the school children, with their piles of books and slates—the little ones ahead, with copper-toed boots and mittens sewed to their sleeves, and behind them the older scholars in a group around their teacher, bidding him good-bye. For though the “new master” has been there only one term, his pupils have become so attached to him that they do not see why “he doesn’t stay here always instead of going off to college, where we’ll never see him any more.”

This teacher is Mr. Lane—whom Pansy was expecting—a tall, manly youth of twenty-three or four, with a frank, honest, rather handsome face, dark hair, and dark blue eyes. Mr. Lane is a Senior in Setab College, but Pansy is only a tortoise-shell kitten.

Pansy is the sole property of Mr. Lane. It came about in this wise. Early Christmas morning he had found her, a mewling, shivering kitten, on his door-sill (nobody knew how she came there), and had carried her down to breakfast declaring that she was his first Christmas present. “There is an old superstition,” said Mrs. Harmon, his landlady, “that the first present one receives on Christmas day will bring good luck through all the year. People have known it to be true through even a longer period.” So Mr. Lane kept the kitten and jokingly called her his “Christmas lucky bone,” but Mrs. Harmon called her by the name we have

already given you, and declared that her face looked like a big, round pansy.

By this time the scholars have said their good-byes and a step is heard on the piazza. Pansy knows it and jumps quickly down from her chair; Mrs. Harmon knows it and hurries out into the kitchen, saying to her husband, “Be quick, father, so we can have supper as soon as Mr. Lane gets his coat off. It’s ‘last day,’ you know, and he’ll be tired and hungry.”

Mrs. Harmon bustled about making everything ready, getting the steak done to just the right brown, and setting the big pitchers of milk and the steaming brown bread in convenient places on the table. She was like a mother to the poor homeless college boys who came, each year, to teach the winter school in their district.

“Won’t I feel fine showing the boys my N. Y. cat,” said Mr. Lane, entering just then, with Pansy on his shoulder. “They’ll never dream that N. Y. can stand for North Yarmouth.”

“And we’ll put her in a hat box that came from New York,” said Gracie Harmon, helping on the fun. “How about calling her middle name *Hattie*?”

So time, supper, and sleep passed rapidly away, till at length Mr. Lane found himself hurriedly trying to make the connections between Mr. Harmon’s market wagon, the ticket office, and the morning train, and getting there just in time. Six hours later and he is surrounded by college students as he stands before the door of Stowaway Hall at Setab College.

“Hullo, Tom, are you really back?”

"Why didn't they tack on eight or ten more weeks?"

"Where's your whiskers? Been teaching a winter school for three months in the country, and haven't got any whiskers? Preposterous!"

"How many girls did you have?"

"Got anything for me in your trunk —"

But just then the hackman came back with a box in his hand to add *his* question, which was, "Didn't yer leave yer hat in the carriage, sir?"

II.

When Tom Lane left "his hat" in the hack that winter afternoon, he little dreamed how much happiness his Pansy would bring to him. He was rather faithless as regards Christmas superstitions, but time would tell.

It is now the 30th of June — the last day of college-life for about fifty of Setab's former inhabitants. Everything about Stowaway Hall wears an air of confusion, — trunks adorn its corridors and doorsteps, boys rush up and down stairs in full dress and half dress costumes, everybody wants somebody else to come and sit on his trunk. In fact one would almost believe that Old Stowaway itself was preparing to leave to-morrow morning on the 6.30 train.

Pansy is the only calm one in the building. She lies comfortably dozing on a soft cushion stuffed with hens-feathers, with a Psychology by her side which she had been reading, no doubt, when she fell asleep.

It is evening. Pansy's master has finished his packing, arrayed himself

in his best suit and gone out. She watched him go, but it did not disturb her for, strange to say, Tom had often dressed up in his best suit and gone out lately.

By and by steps are heard on the gravel walk and thinking to herself "That is Tom coming home," she trotted out to meet him. It was Tom, but he was not coming home for he went right by without even looking toward the door. The fact was that Tom was so absorbed in a dainty bit of flesh and blood by his side, that he did not know nor care whether there were ever any more doors or not.

"I wonder who that is with Tom," thought Pansy, and with true feminine curiosity she trotted along behind to see.

"That was a fine lecture to-night," said some one; and Pansy thought to herself, "So Tom has been to a lecture. I wonder if there is a lecture every evening when he goes out."

Tom was very happy that night. He always was when he was with Margaret Horton. Yet he was also sad. For is he not to leave Setab to-morrow and Margaret as well? If he could only feel sure of his treasure — feel sure that she belonged to him, then indeed it would be all happiness and no sadness. So Tom reasoned to himself, but he did not have courage to reason thus aloud.

Poor Pansy is getting very lonesome. Nobody takes any notice of her, and she is getting farther and farther from home. She runs up to her master and gives a frightened little mew.

"Why that is Pansy as sure as you live!" exclaimed Tom, taking

her up in his arms and stroking her soft fur.

"Do let *me* take her," said Margaret. "I would give anything if she belonged to me."

"You would," said Tom, attaching a world of importance to the little sentence so carelessly dropped. "I am so glad for I want to tell you to-night how she *can* be yours, and everything else that is mine, too. Let us go home this way," and they turned into a street which no one but these two would ever think lead toward home.

"It's all right, is it?" asked his chum, as Tom bounded up the stairs and into his room that night. And for answer Tom picked up Pansy and gave her a hug, saying fondly, "Pansy did it. She is my Christmas lucky bone, sure enough."

III.

In one of the oldest and pleasantest regions of New England, on a high hill, overlooking fertile farms at its feet and the ocean beyond, stands a large, old-fashioned church. Nearly as broad as long, with its square old belfry-tower it seems, like those fine old farm-houses with their monstrous chimneys, to bid to all a cordial welcome.

Imagine yourself standing before this church on a wintry Sabbath morning. The air is cold but clear, the smoke goes straight up in clouds, testifying of the hot fires in the two wood stoves, and the Sabbath stillness is broken only by the occasional tinkle of a sleigh-bell moved by some restless horse impatient at the length of the

sermon. But now the people begin to pour out of the church. That must be the minister talking to that kind, motherly-looking woman at the door. It is Tom Lane and this is his first place.

Since we left him at Setab five years ago, he has been through the theological school, and last Christmas he married Margaret Horton declaring that she and Pansy were the best Christmas presents he had ever had. Pansy still survives, and one of her daughters has recently gone to abide with the Bentons—a circumstance at first significant only because it furnished a happy home for a needy young cat, but later resulting in a shower of blessings on the home of the needy young minister. For first the basket which conveyed Miss Pansy to her destination came back full of handsome nodheads; then came several dozen brown flaky doughnuts, and now Mrs. Benton is saying, "It is only a little, but I thought perhaps you would like it. Tell Mr. Benton it is in the cellar-way. The grape-basket not the peach-basket, tell him." As he goes down the hill, Tom murmurs to himself—probably some favorite phrase in his sermon—but no, it is this, "the grape-basket not the peach-basket," "the grape-basket not the peach-basket."

As he unfastens his horse and backs him out of his "stable" behind the two tall white birches, the same words help to regulate the gyrations of the fiery steed and to keep him at an even pace on the "home run." But what wonder is it that the good people look

at each other in surprise and say, "Is Mr. Lane going crazy?" when the minister passes with scarcely a bow and the words "the grape-basket not the peach-basket" in place of his usual cheery good morning. At last Tom himself, overcome by the ludicrous, laughs outright, saying, "Well, I declare this 'grape-basket not peach-basket' puts Mark Twain's 'punch, brother, punch, punch with care,' all in the shade. But let me see, I shall be forgetting. How was it—the peach-basket not the grape-basket? was that it? Poor Tom! All certainty of recollection had failed him. He tried deduction and induction but all in vain.

"Aren't you late, Tom?" said Margaret, meeting him at the door.

"Perhaps so. I had to stop at the Benton's for this basket," said Tom, setting a grape-basket on the piazza. (He had decided to take the grape-basket not wishing to appear too avareicious). Then he started for the stable with Pansy and two roly-poly kittens playing saucily with her tail and well deserving the cuffing she gave them a moment later, saying to herself, no doubt, *in catta lingua* "Spare the paw, and spoil the kitten."

"It is full of beautiful golden butter," said Margaret, as Tom entered, "all done up with a towel around it as if it was ready for the market." Why was it that the last of this sentence struck fear to Tom's heart? Perhaps he had got the wrong basket after all. Perhaps it was the peach-basket not the grape-basket.

That night Tom dreamed that there was a flood and he was floating around

in a peach-basket. Starving, too, he was for all their food had been packed into a grape-basket and given to a marketman to pay some debt. When morning came you may be sure Tom lost no time in getting this great trouble settled.

"Mrs. Benton," he said, as he stood in her kitchen at about seven o'clock A.M., did you really intend this basket for us? It is such beautiful butter, and my wife says it weighs nearly ten pounds."

"Oh yes, said Mrs. Benton, "that is the right basket and it doesn't weigh any more than the kitty did."

So Tom went on his way rejoicing, thinking to himself "Another piece of good fortune and Pansy at the bottom of *this* too." Then he thought of the other two kittens and wondered if all his congregation would rate beauty and intelligence in a cat at so many pounds avoirdupois.

As Tom and Margaret unpacked the basket, a piece of paper met their eye. Margaret said she had seen it the first time and had supposed it to be the bill. So she felt sure that they had the wrong basket. The paper read, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and it bore in place of signature, a daintily sketched pansy.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

By A. N. P., '90.

THE cobwebs of the brain will gather even in the brightest and best ventilated school-room; and there is nothing like a mountain climb in the crisp evening air to clear them away. Accordingly as I came from

school, I was glad to feel the bracing wind and to listen to its invitation to the distant hill-top. There was promise of a glorious sunset and a view of some old mountain friends.

The roads were rough and covered with a little mealy snow. Turning from the road to the pasture, the footing did not improve. A low, thick growth of lambkill covered the swamp and served to lift up the snow and tangle the feet. But what mattered that when the air seemed to bear one on its wings and Nature offered something of interest at every step.

Near the road on a rock, a squirrel had dined from a frozen apple, but had left it half finished and scampered away as some intruder rudely entered his wayside inn. Who or what was his unwelcome guest? Perhaps some hawk or owl was looking for a tooth-some bit above the newly fallen snow. Perhaps he thought that disappointed fox-hunter, stalking gloomily homewards, would take him as a substitute for Master Reynard. Or, indeed, he may have just hurried into the wall as I came too near.

The swamp and underbrush was soon passed, and then came a sharp climb over ice and rock. Looking back, I saw the reflection of the sun on distant windows and feared I should not reach the top in time to see it sink behind the hills. I hurried along, and just before gaining the crest of the ridge was rewarded with a beautiful sight such as winter only gives. There had been an ice-storm on the mountain, though we had known nothing of it in the valley below. Every twig was big

with its wealth of water crystal, and the red light of the sun changed a group of small birches to a veritable Aladdin's palace. The ice-covered spears of grass across the field glistened and twinkled like dancing fairies loaded with diamonds. I climbed to the top of Nemosett and stood on the ledge by the old flag staff. The sunset was not especially fine, and a keen wind was blowing. So, with a look of kindly remembrance at Watatic and Wachusett, and a hasty glance at the jagged hills around, I started down the other side of the mountain. When I was half way down, the delicate colors running high up in the sky, made me wish I had waited a little longer and seen the rich after-glow of the winter sunset. Down I came over rock and swamp to an old road beside a mountain brook. I soon reached the public highway and home, having won from the tramp an appetite for supper and my evening's study, with a pleasant memory of a mountain climb.

THE FOREST POOL.

By A. N. P., '90.

Ofttimes amid the forest aisles, dim-lighted,
There lies a shallow pool;
Its bottom strewn with leaves and buds, frost-
blighted,
Loosed from the old tree's rule.

It seems all foul and dead, robbed of its beauty,
The water-covering spread;
Serves only to increase the saddening impress,
That everywhere is shed.

But let the eye forget all this. Look deeper,
It then shall see below,
Another scene of grandeur and of wonder,
With life and youth aglow.

The pillars of the forest stand gray-mantled,
 With regal emerald crowned.
 And deeper still the sky's blue vault is mirrored
 In calmness pure, profound.

So is it in the lives we see around us;
 We find there what we will,
 The leaves of a dead past and all its errors,
 The heavy lines of ill:

Or else the purpose that is grand and noble,
 The heart that still beats true,
 The better hope still kept in every bosom
 To kindle life anew.

And under all the kindly eye discovers
 The promise infinite
 Of broader future, in the years to follow,
 With nobler actions lit.

Then seek the best in every fellow-mortal,
 Search out the hidden heart.
 There lies reflected deep the heavenly vision,
 The true man's counterpart.

DO PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS EDUCATE?

By H. J. P., '90.

IN a rapidly growing country like our own, the subject of education is of paramount interest. Our ancestors understood very well that the stability of our government depended on the purity of our principles of education. While our nation furnishes the best method of instruction at present possible, the fact that certain religious sects educate their children apart is sufficient to demand our attention. Since the Catholic church is the only religious denomination that has extensively adopted the system of parochial schools in this country, a question of parochial schools is practically a question of Catholic parochial schools.

Before discussing the expediency of parochial schools, let us understand

what education means. Education is a quickening of the mental and moral endowments. It seeks to draw forth and cultivate the human faculties. It stimulates inquiry and gives the mind full freedom to investigate and decide. Any system of education that falls short of that fails in its mission and is harmful in its influence. Of course it is not possible for every grade of schools to teach all the technicalities, but they should at least give the impetus, and by no means restrict the mind in its investigations.

Taking the above as our premise we discover that the parochial schools signally fail in their method of imparting knowledge. It is not in accordance with the doctrine of the Romish church to allow free investigation. The pupils are taught to trust unquestionably the knowledge of their superiors; they must not think of learning what is forbidden them to know. Many books are forbidden them to study and their souls' welfare depends on their obedience. Such blind acquiescence destroys their love for study and deadens their mental activity.

State schools seek to make their students competent men and loyal citizens; parochial schools seek to make their students disciples, and their work is therefore accomplished even though they do not learn them to read and write. The Pope's encyclical declares: "If the holy church so requires, let us sacrifice our opinions, our knowledge, our intellect, the splendid dreams of our imagination and the sublime attainments of human understanding." The parochial schools may very much limit the

amount of instruction, and nevertheless meet the purpose for which they were established. It therefore not unfrequently happens that a student thus instructed is not able to compete with his more fortunate neighbor who was educated in the state schools. The diversity of purpose of the two systems makes the method and quality of instruction entirely different.

We would naturally think that the parochial school method was better suited for ecclesiastical than literary purposes. But we find that the same blind obedience that checks mental acquirements also deadens spiritual activity. The most lawless of our citizens are, therefore, these same ill-taught persons. This system becomes thereby not only a subject of public interest, but one of public concern.

A gentleman who has visited parochial schools states that many of the text-books are altered in order to enhance their religious doctrines. Especial attention was given to the text-books on history. In the ancient histories, all the persecutions by the church were omitted. A rosy hue was thrown around those dark ages in which the terror of the inquisition ruled prince and people alike. It is evident that, since the ideas of the church are *semper eadem*, it would not be prudent to let the light of the nineteenth century shine on these dark pages of history. There are also peculiar statements in regard to the history of our own country, in which the early settlements of the Jesuit fathers make a conspicuous foreground. Every opportunity is grasped whenever

it is possible to exalt the faith and doctrine of the church. Such prejudiced text-books do not tend to make unprejudiced minds.

Proclaiming that her doctrines are *semper eadem*, the Catholic church is pre-eminently conservative. There is at Rome an essential department of the Papal Court called the "Congregation of the index." To this tribunal are substituted all publications that are in any way suspected of heresy; if they teach what the Pope does not desire to be taught, they are rejected. It was this tribunal that rejected the teachings of Galileo, and finally imprisoned him because he attempted to prove that the world was round. For ages, this same tribunal kept the land in darkness and superstition, and sought to suppress all scientific and religious investigation. This same tribunal exists to-day, and it is only necessary to refer to the Boston school trouble to prove that it still seeks to exercise its authority. Again, in the twenty-seventh article of the Papal encyclical is found this remarkable statement: "The public schools should be under the control of the Romish church, and should not be subject to the civil power, nor should they be made to conform to the spirit of the age." Not subject to civil power nor conformable to the spirit of the age! It is this conservatism and the denial of free investigation which has made the Catholic people what they are. They learn to be fed with intellectual food and never seek to feed themselves.

What is the inevitable result of such a method of training? It dulls the

sensibilities and weakens the reasoning powers. It destroys personality, the only guarantee of individual manhood. It perverts the character and keeps the people in a most wretched and pitiable condition, pursuing, generation after generation, the same menial labor of their forefathers.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By G. H., '90.

MRS. F—did not wish to live. She had always been one of those hard working women to whom little of ease and less of play ever come. Her husband was a farmer; and, during the first few years of their married life, had been a hard drinker, leaving his young wife to struggle alone against the twin discouragements, drunkenness and poverty. But his reform ten years before had brought joy and hope to her heart, and for a time she had worked on bravely, even cheerfully, to help save the farm and the little that was left.

But her arms, from the time the first little one nestled in them, were never empty, and now there were many to feed and clothe, with extra work oftentimes to help eke out the scanty means. What wonder, then, when the ninth baby came, sick and weak as she was, that the burden seemed greater than she could ever take up again. Not even her strong mother-love could hold her back. And so, with sorrowful hearts and reverent hands, under the flowers and grasses of the little church-yard, they laid her tired body away for its last long rest.

The neighbors wondered among themselves, as neighbors will, what the family would do now. It did not seem possible that they could be kept together. Their father certainly could not hire the work done, and the oldest of the children was a girl of only sixteen, whom we will call Carrie, who had never seemed strong, nor done much work, so of course she could not take her mother's place. And then there was the youngest not yet a month old. Surely they must be separated.

But Carrie upset all their plans and prophecies by declaring, "Mother did the work and I can," and so it was settled. The baby was given to its grandmother, and the rest were kept at home. Bravely she took up the work where her mother's tired hands had laid it down, and bravely she carried it forward. Her ignorance of the common duties of housekeeping made her work doubly hard, and the responsibility of guiding a whole household without any previous experience, was worse than the work. Her grandmother was a tower of strength to her, but often she bore her burden alone, for there were many things she could not share with another, and she had not yet learned to know the great Burden Bearer so near to us all.

The difficulties and trials with her work and with her brothers and sisters, the headaches and heartaches, the failures, disappointments, and discouragements that tried her soul, only herself and God knew in their full extent. How often her task seemed far beyond her strength, how often in the long night-watches her pillow was wet with

tears, how often the eyes of Giant Despair glared on her out of the darkness, only the recording angel might reveal. She was a girl like other girls, and had a girl's plans and hopes and love of pleasant company and a good time. How hard it was to lay them all aside, let those who have done the like tell. But through all she struggled on, putting away every temptation to give up or turn back.

And, slowly at first, but surely, came her reward. Out of chaos order began to dawn. The younger children learned to trust and obey her, and the household machinery began to run smoothly once more. Her father, a quiet but observant man, soon learned to appreciate her efforts, and to express his appreciation in his way, which she knew well how to interpret. And when he found, as time went on, that things in the house went even more smoothly than when his wife was alive, he became proud of the daughter who had so unexpectedly developed into a homemaker.

In a little more than two years she was left alone at the head of the household with her grandfather added to it, for her grandmother had followed her mother to that land whence none return. Between the two had always existed a strong bond of love and sympathy, which the last two years had only strengthened, and when this was broken, Carrie felt it even more keenly than the loss of her mother. Alone she must carry her burden now, unless—the thought that came to her was hardly tangible at first, in her grief and loneliness. But it came again

and again, enforced by a longing which daily grew stronger, for some one strong and loving, to whom she could go and find peace and rest. Her grandmother had known and loved and trusted such a One, and had often spoken of Him, and of the help He freely gave. Why might she, too, not find Him a Helper? So, uncertainly at first, hardly daring to hope that He would receive her, but more and more confidently as the days went by, she began to go to Him for help in her need. And at last, one evening, among loving hearts that were praying for her, with bowed head she rose to her feet to show that she wished henceforth to follow the lowly One of Nazareth. As she walked home that night, a new light seemed to have come into her life, and it made her heart happier than for many a day. Why should she not be happy? She had found a refuge now, One strong to deliver and mighty to save. Now, for the first time, she was beginning to realize the blessed meaning of the promise, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To her it was like the first rosy streak of coming morning after the darkness of the night. A new hope, a new love, a new joy were dawning in her heart, bringing promise of a glorious day.

All this took place not long ago. To-day if you knew where to look, you would find her still cheerfully doing the work that has fallen to her lot. She is not yet perfect by any means. Often there comes a longing for the advantages which others, and even her

own brothers and sisters enjoy, but which are denied to her. But it is resolutely put away. Her work is at home, and there she means to stay till it is done, giving her young life to her family. Yet doubtless she will go on to the end of life unconscious that she done anything noble, or even uncommon.

But already she is reaping the reward of her self-denial in the respect and love of all who know her. You may often hear their words of praise, and know by their glistening eyes that their hearts speak through their lips, for they believe that she hath done what she could.

ENCHANTED LAND.

By H. J. P., '90.

How oft when childhood's hours were bright,
And all our dreams of life were grand,
We spun, with silvery threads of light,
Our gossamer webs of fairy-land.

With shadows grim shut in to-night,
I fight with cares ne're thought of then;
When, like a rushing river's night,
My childhood's thoughts flow back again.

Once more in fairy-land I dwell;
A rosy hue its hills adorn,
I hear the far-off herdsman's bell,
And songs of birds at early morn.

The meadow brook goes babbling by,
Its borders fringed with fragrant flowers,
While on its stepping-stones I spy
My youthful land's enchanted bowers.

I gaze into its mirrored sky
And see the faces loved of yore;
Forget that grassy mounds, close by,
These silent forms have covered o'er;

Forget the cares, the years, the change,
And build my fancy-world anew;
Its sunny sky no storm-clouds range
To mar the depths of summer blue.

No blighted sheaves, nor withered flowers,
But harvest fields of golden grain
Are still the hope of summer hours,
And gentle spring-time's prattling rain.

Again in fancy's fevered dream,
I pluck the heads of ripened grain,
And, stooping, crown those laughing locks
That tender earth could not retain.

Oh, fairy-land of youthful dreams!
Why need thy golden ties disband?—
Lo, through the clouds the sunlight beams;
The heart is our enchanted land.

UNFINISHED WORK.

By H. B. D., '90

THERE is one fundamental law running through all the departments of nature, namely, that nothing perishes except that it may give new life. The grain of corn is covered with the earth, dies and disappears in order that there may spring up the blade which in turn bears the full ear. The acorn must decay and die before the germ which it contains can develop into the sturdy oak. Animal life is brought into existence, lives its allotted period, dies and gives place to other animal life.

Now this law of nature we find to be in harmonious action in human affairs. The opinion of one man, or a body of men exists, controls the course of other men and passes into forgetfulness only that it may give birth to new opinions. The results which follow from the working of this principle, I choose to call unfinished work.

Religious, civil, industrial, and educational movements feel the strong undercurrent of this universal law. The continued controversy in regard to the supremacy of the church or state — which? — had led to the birth

of new, and, as the church considered, dangerous opinions. Agitation, the granting of indulgences and other circumstances, at length brings forward a champion of the right. Luther appears, denounces the church, exposes its practices, and defies its power. One man stands, on ground like this, not long alone. Supporters are aroused to his aid. Despite the efforts of the church and the Pope to silence him and stay his work, Luther's voice still thundered forth his denunciation until a natural and peaceful death silenced him forever. 'A work well and courageously completed, you say. Ah, but wait. From the Reformation of Luther kindled the tempest which shakes, to its very foundations, the Catholic church. And in the midst of its whirl and destruction is the signal downfall of the power of the church over the state, family, and the soul. It gives birth to free thought and the exercise of right convictions. Such a work can never be finished. Later England dictates to a few Puritan believers their mode of worship. Flight from the exercise of power is the only alternative. Here in a foreign land they obtain religious freedom and freedom of speech. This accomplished for themselves the work of the Puritans is completed? No, from their settlement in Massachusetts springs a nation having the principles of freedom as its corner-stone.

Thus it is that civilization advances. One belief fulfills its mission, only to give birth to a more helpful one. One mode of society gives place to a more advanced mode. But underlying this

advanced stage is the never-to-be-forgotten thought, that, preceding customs, manners, tastes, and beliefs, are those upon which succeeding manners, customs, and society are to build their more enduring structure. As the same bricks may be used to construct many different buildings of varying styles of architecture, so all the opinions of the ancestors of one race are to be sifted, and from them formed the opinions of the descendants. It is in this way that society is to so organize itself that it may be able to meet successfully all the civil and social problems which may be presented for its decision.

The question of slavery, which despised and deprived of their rights more than three millions of our people, was decided only by the loss of thousands of lives and the destruction of an immense amount of property. But when the slaves were freed from bondage the work for the negro race was by no means finished, nor is it now after so long a period of peace, nor will it ever be as long as one negro or his descendant remains among us. There are questions to be settled, measures to be taken in regard to the negro, his civil rights, and his educational opportunities, which render the work in his behalf impossible of completion.

The social and industrial relations of capital and labor have cost men their whole life-time of study after a plausible solution of the problem. The efforts of these men will be felt in the final decision of this question of the day. To make the subject more practical, it is the aim in life to be an

important factor in the great movements of the world. Small, indeed, must be the ambition, the desire for success, the enthusiasm of that man who labors only that his work may be completed at his death.

The world is coming more and more to depend for its advancement and new avenues of thought upon educated men and women. It is, then, the students of to-day who are to determine the lines of thought to-morrow. No man's work is completed when he leaves the stage of action. It is but just begun. It is then to lay the foundation, to begin some work which shall aid, uplift, and forward coming generations; to begin some unfinished work, that should be the aim of every man and woman.

LOCALS.

Teaching!

Preaching!!

Loading!!!

A Merry Christmas to students and alumni.

Woodman, '90, is teaching at East Boothbay.

Smith, '88, is spending the holidays in town.

Moulton, '93, has recently accepted a school at Pittston.

Parker Hall has not been entirely deserted. There have been eight permanent residents.

The boys in the Senior class took Thanksgiving dinner at the home of Professor Hayes.

The library is well patronized by the students this vacation; it is open every day.

On account of ill health, Pugsley, '91, was obliged to give up his school at Chebeague, and Hutchinson, '91, has taken his place.

Two new alcoves have been put into the library. Nearly all of the spare room is now occupied; a new library is one of the prospective buildings that must soon become a reality.

The new laboratory is nearly completed. Its neat appearance on the outside does not cast reflections on the inside. The apartments are conveniently arranged and tastily finished.

The editorial board of the *STUDENT* for 1890 will be: W. L. Nickerson, Miss G. Bray, Miss A. A. Beal, F. L. Pugsley, F. J. Chase, N. G. Howard. The business manager is C. D. Pinkham. We wish the board success.

The Sophomore debates which occurred the last of the term were of an excellent character. The following were awarded prizes: W. B. Skelton, N. W. Howard, J. R. Little, Scott Wilson. The ten chosen to participate in the champion debate, were: W. B. Skelton, C. C. Ferguson, N. W. Howard, E. E. Osgood, J. R. Little, Scott Wilson, H. E. Walter, Miss V. E. Meserve, V. E. Sawyer, O. A. Tuttle.

The Latin School opened December the tenth with its usual number of students. The following students from the college are teaching there this term: Davis, '90; Plummer, '91; Wilson, '92; Skelton, '92. The Latin

School is considered the best fitting school in the State, and it has, for a long time, made a practice of choosing students from the college to teach in its several departments.

College opens January 7th. We hope to see all the students return with happy faces and full pocket-books. We cannot refrain from urging that as many as possible of the students be here the first of the term. To be sure we have four weeks' work for which we are not required to take tests; but these four weeks are quite as important as any in the term, and should not, if possible, be omitted.

The students that have been here during vacation have passed some very pleasant evenings at the home of Professor Wood. They have met three evenings out of the week to study history. United States, German, and Italian history has been taken up. Each student was assigned a particular topic which he was supposed to be especially prepared to talk about. The ten greatest questions of interest to our nation were discussed; the most important dates in history, and the ten greatest European questions were also decided upon. Withal it has been a very interesting and instructive plan of study.

It has been hinted that the reason so many of the colleges are throwing open their doors to women is that, in this age of foot-ball, base-ball, and general athletics, somebody is needed for the faculties to teach.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'72.—A farewell reception was tendered Rev. F. W. Baldwin at the vestry of the First Congregational Church in Chelsea, Mass., Wednesday evening, November 20th, on which occasion a purse was presented to him containing \$210 in gold coin. Mr. B. was installed as pastor of the Third Congregational Church, East Orange, N. J., on Friday, December 20th.

'73.—E. P. Sampson, principal of Thornton Academy, Saco, has been elected president of the York County Teachers' Association.

'73.—I. C. Dennett, Ph.D., of the University of Colorado, is delivering a course of lectures on Roman Archaeology.

'75.—J. R. Brackett, Ph.D., of the University of Colorado, is delivering a course of lectures on Oriental Literature.

'78.—Mrs. Agnes M., wife of Rev. F. D. George, of the class of '78, died Thursday, November 28th, of heart disease. In October, 1884, Mr. and Mrs. George went to India to labor as missionaries, but were compelled to return in the spring of 1888 on account of the failing health of Mrs. George. Mr. G. is now pastor of the Free Baptist church at New Hampton, N. H.

'79.—M. C. Smart, principal of Stevens High School at Claremont, N. H., was married November 28th, to Miss Fannie P. Lincoln, of Saco, Me.

'81.—O. H. Drake, principal of the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield,

was married at Wiscasset, Tuesday, November 26th, to Miss Lelia E. Plumstead, of the class of '89.

'84.—W. D. Wilson, of Tuskegee, Ala., died December 24th, of heart disease.

'86.—W. A. Morton, M.D., who has just graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School, thinks of entering upon the practice of his profession in Richmond, Va. Mr. M. has been visiting friends at the college.

'86.—Rev. F. W. Sanford has received a call to the Free Baptist church at Great Falls, N. H.

'87.—W. C. Buck is principal of the High School in Broadbrook, Conn.

'89.—H. L. Knox has been elected principal of the High School at Lisbon Falls.

EXCHANGES.

With the present number the class of '90 closes its connection with the *STUDENT*. With the opening of the year, the class of '91 will assume its management. We extend to them our heartiest wishes for their success in every department of the work. Each department affords pleasant work and none perhaps more than the Exchanges. It arouses greater interest in the work of our own college to see what other institutions are doing. What this is in some instances there can be no room to doubt. When the Exchange editor has seen the same item of news (?) in twenty-five or more publications he is forced to believe it true.

We have endeavored to conduct the Exchange column on the principle of

just criticism. It is difficult to criticize fairly and to avoid the two extremes of finding fault and bestowing nothing but praise. Probably no college paper deserves either, wholly. When we have seen cause for unfavorable comment, it has been given candidly, and, with the exception of one rather insignificant sheet, received as intended.

Other journals have treated us with uniform courtesy, and have shown the kindest appreciation of our efforts to make the *STUDENT* what our college paper should be, — an index of student-life at Bates. We are glad to think that the favorable comments they have made are deserved especially for the reputation of the institution we represent, and which we proudly consider second to none in the influences that make a life of earnestness and activity. We appreciate the spirit that prompts it, as that which should animate all intercollegiate work whether athletic or mental. We thank you for it, fellow editors, and hope that '91 will merit and receive the same consideration at your hands.

BOOK NOTICES.

AMERICAN WAR BALLADS. Edited by George Cary Eggleston. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

These two volumes of "War Ballads" are a collection of the songs and ballads of the early Colonial wars, the Revolutionary war, the war of 1812-15, the war with Mexico and the Civil war. Not infrequently we find our best national poets represented. I have never found so excellent an opportu-

nity of comparing the growth of poetic thought as in these ballads. The early ballads are quaint and peculiar; often words had a different pronunciation than at present. Their thoughts and method of expression lacked the poetic beauty which our later-day poets possessed. But, however much they differed in this respect, they agree in true loyalty to their country. And, after all, the main purpose of a poet should be to have something worthy to sing.

The ballads of the Civil war are both Southern and Northern, thus giving another excellent opportunity of comparing the inspiration and purpose of both North and South. There are very fine gems of Southern poetry true and loyal to their mistaken hope.

The notes that accompany the ballads are of much use and interest.

The illustrations are among the finest of the kind we have seen.

We congratulate the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons for the neat and tasty manner in which their "Nuggets" appear. It is a pleasure to have such works in one's library.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Edited with notes by John Bigelow. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

No comment from us is necessary to enhance the merit of such a world-wide book as the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. The notes accompanying this volume are very instructive and entertaining. Again we wish to congratulate the publishers for these neat little nuggets.

ULYSSES AMONG THE PHÆACIANS from the translation of Homer's *Odyssey*. By William Cullen Bryant. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

This little volume begins with the fifth book of the *Odyssey* and contains an account of Ulysses' landing on the Phæacian shore, and his reception by the Phæacians. Bryant is universally considered the best translator of the *Odyssey*. While keeping closely to the original, there is no lack of poetic thought and rhythm.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Roman Catholic University at Washington opened on November 13th.

The Dartmouth Faculty have assumed supervision of the *Ægis*, the Junior annual.

Ex-Minister Phelps, on the 1st of January will again take his chair among the professors of Yale.

The thirty-third convention of the Association of College Presidents, of New England, was held at New Haven, November 7th and 8th.

Although only ten per cent. of Cornell's graduates were women, yet they have won sixty per cent. of the fellowships.

Johns Hopkins is trying to establish the cap and gown. Nearly fifty men have agreed to wear the costume through the streets.

This year there is a much greater number of intercollegiate foot-ball games than usual, and the meaning of it is simply this, that American college foot-ball has come to stay.

Dr. Andrews, of Brown University, at a recent banquet tendered him by the Providence Commercial Club, made a speech in behalf of co-education for Brown.

Of 250 applications for Clark University this fall, but 70 were able to pass the examination. The university proposes to do considerable original work in the department of Physiological Psychology.

No student of Williams College, not a member of the foot-ball or base-ball teams, and not a representative at athletic meetings and tennis tournaments, is permitted to wear a "W" on his sweater.

Several German university towns are making preparations to celebrate in 1890 the three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope.

POETS' CORNER.

PERFECT LOVE.

"Perfect love casteth out fear,"
Said one who with Jesus had been;
Then, loving heart, have good cheer,
For perfect love casteth out sin.

—G. C. H., '90

DEVOTION.

The stern and awful fury of the blast
Had spent its force, and died away at last
Behind a golden West. Like creatures blind
The pines still swayed their arms before the wind.

Beyond the craggy cliffs a ragged sea
Dashed bold and high, and dashed unceasingly.
With hands behind my head, in thought I lay,
Bathed in the light of cold, pure silver-gray.
I watched the angry clouds go scudding by,
And haste across the distant, star-specked sky;
The rising moon tipped every foam-streaked wave

With glory, while the pebbles in a cave,
High-arched and mossy-flecked, made gentle sound

Of softly swashing to and fro. The ground
Was damp with nightly dew; the earth and sea
Breathed forth a sound of tranquil melody.
My inward soul was touched and moved to shame

By such devotion. Mortals strive for fame,
Renown and fleeting glory, caring naught
For thankful praise to him who praise has taught,

While Nature's voices vie in sounding notes
Of praise to Him who made their thousand throats.

—Nassau Lit.

DAWN IN DECEMBER.

The darkness thrills
On distant hills,
With mornings faintest glow;
And slowly yields
Its well-fought fields,
Before its chosen foe.

The stars grow dim,
And faint the hymn
That they together sing.
And through the sky
Swift heralds fly,
On light's untiring wing.

Now from the east
The day's high priest
Sends up a warning ray;
And earth grows bright
Beneath the light
Of the oncoming day.

TIME AND SORROW.

When time has robbed thee, Sorrow, of thy sting,

Then can we press thy cold, pale lips to ours,
And cherish thee, as we do faded flowers
From some far grave, that dearest memories bring;

Then hallowed floods of thought around us fling

A peaceful tide, that every pain o'erpowers;
Lending a precious solace to our lonely hours,—
When soul meets soul beneath thy sheltering wing.

We thank thee, Sorrow, as we thank a friend
Who gives us comfort when all hope has fled;
We hold thee sacred as our years extend—
Thou art the link between us and the dead.
Thou to our pathway softened shadows lend;
Our offerings to thee are the tears we've shed.

—Nassau Lit.

POT-POURRI.

The price of a broken heart seems
to vary with the price of the breaker.

When round her waist your arm you reach
And feel a bliss too deep for speech,
Consider how your face will bleach,
When you are called to pay for breach
Of promise.

What fine color ought a collector to
wear—Dun.

One would not suppose water could
be cut or broken yet we have cut-
waters and break-waters.

Why must a laundry be a sorrowful
place? Because even the irons are *sad*.

A youthful and chipper member of
the Freshman class was detected read-
ing from a translation in the recitation
room not long ago. After being
called up and roundly censured he was
finally asked why he used a trot, and
forthwith floored his astonished inquis-
itor by ejaculating, "Oh, it's English,
you know!"

Most horrible groans,
Most terrible moans,
From my neighbor.

I rush in dismay,
Some help to convey
To my neighbor.

I open the door
And stand there before
My neighbor.

He stares in amaze,
"Elocution," he says,
My neighbor.

A FRESHMAN'S PLEA.

I am sitting, mamma, mourning, in my little
study here,
With the echo of your censure still a-ringing
in my ear.

Yes: I know it is a shame that I have ruined
all my clothes,
And I know it's very brutal when I deal my
fellows blows,
Yet I can't stand like a coward with my class-
mates in the fight;
Why, I hear them now a-shouting: there's a
rush I'm off! Good-night.
Well, we won! I knew 'twas nonsense, but
I'd have that cane or die.
Little Moses went in the rushes, mamma, pray
why should not I?

—Brunonian.

THAT COUSIN.

Who goes with him whenever asked,
Who in his beaming smile hath basked,
And never hath her friendship masked?
His cousin at the Sem.

Who hath a center station found
Between a sister's love profound
And her whose name has sweeter sound?
His cousin at the Sem.

When lips get mixed with quite a vim
Who ne'er demurs, nor has a whim,
Who's always pretty good to him?
His cousin at the Sem

Who's never cross and never gruff,
Or never give him a rebuff,
Who's his relation—just enough?
His cousin at the Sem. —Ex.

A QUESTION OF GENDER.

They met at a church reception;
A ninety girl was she,
He came from o'er the ocean
And registered nine-three.

In the course of the conversation
She spoke about her brother,
Said "He's a Michigander,
You ought to know each other."

Up spake the foreigner then,
His English rather loose,
A blush o'erspreading his features,
"Are you a Michigoose?"

—Cornell Era.

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
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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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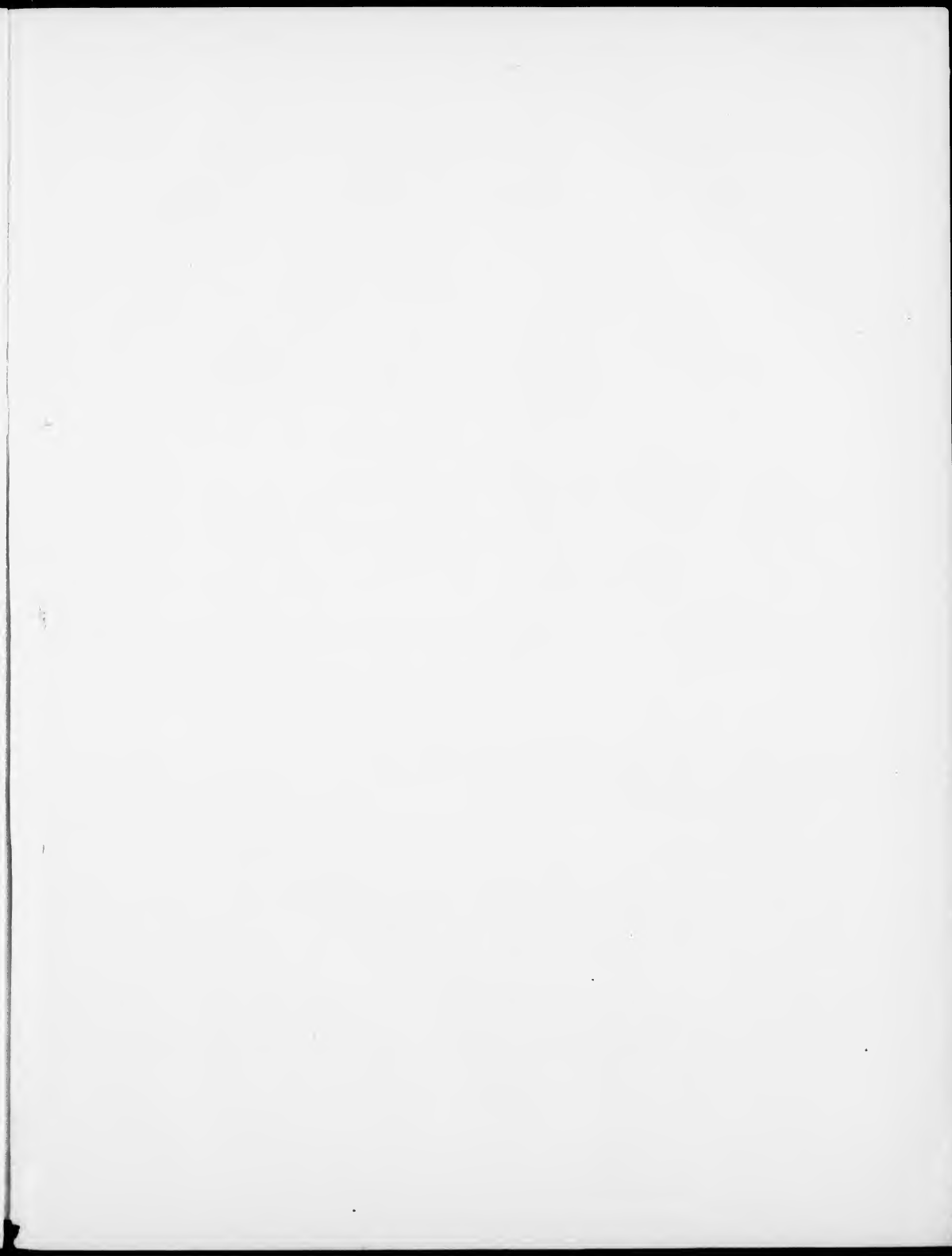
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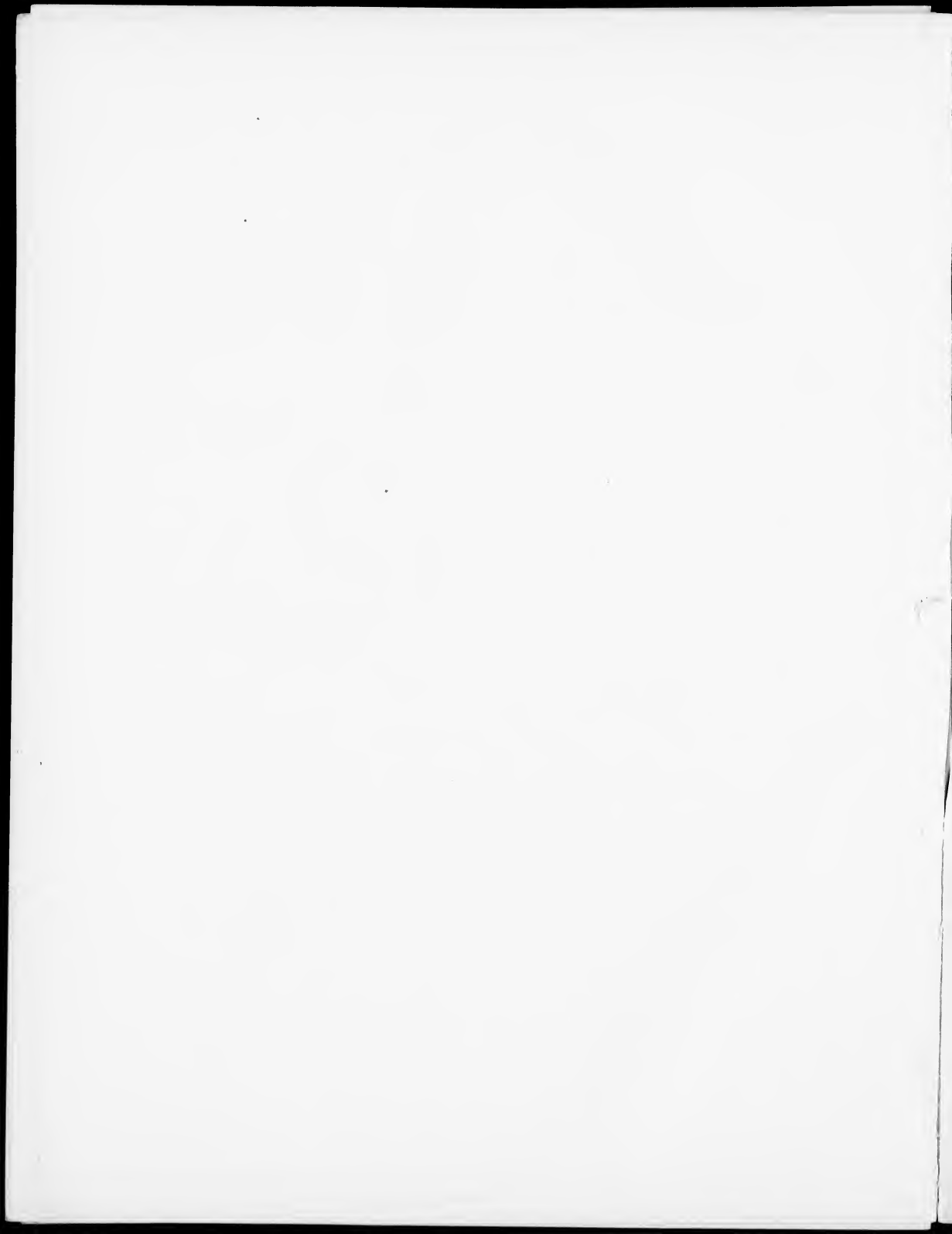
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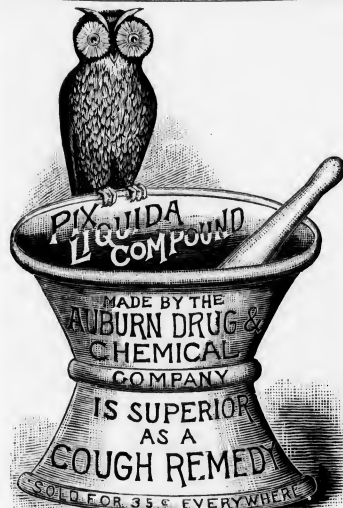
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